THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 4.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Now that the election is over, so that we can say things without being suspected of partisan motives, we want to express an opinion in which every American's sober second thought will induce him to concur. We think that the use of the national flag as the political emblem of a single party is a thing to be absolutely reprobated and discouraged. The flag is a concrete symbol of American nationality, and as such it belongs to every party and every citizen alike, and not to any single sect or faction. To let it stand for anything less than the glory of the whole Republic is to kill in one half of our people the reverence with which they have been taught to think of it, and which has led thousands of them to shed their blood for it and for what it has always represented. Now we hear of persons in the West who have been ostentatiously using it for a door-mat; but we may be sure that it was the party emblem, and not the flag, for which they wished to show their supreme contempt. We trust that this thing will stop and never be repeated, and that the partisan misuse of the most sacred of our national emblems will be hereafter universally regarded as not only unpatriotic, but as little less than wicked

❀

The new one-dollar silver certificate was apparently designed by a New Woman; for in giving, on the back, the portraits of George Washington and Martha Washington, the Father of his Country is relegated to the second place, while his spouse is conspicuously first. If all traditions be true, this is about the relative position which the two actually occupied in domestic life, but we see no reason why the Government should take official cognizance of it.

We have come to look annually about the holiday season for the dainty little Thumb-Nail Series so artistically conceived by Mr. George Wharton Edwards and published by the Century Company. The new issues are entitled *Tracings*, by E. Scott O'Connor, containing apophthegms on life, love, and death; and *Break o' Day*, by Mr. Edwards himself. We print a reduced facsimile of the cover design. It may not be generally known that the design of THE BOOKMAN cover was drawn by Mr. Edwards.

❀

Literary criticism overheard at the club:

"Mary Wilkins? Why, yes, there's one pretty serious defect in her stories—they contain so many brave women and pure men!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A well-known artist of this city received, not long ago, a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular, the artist sat down and wrote the following letter:

The —— —— Dried Fruit Co.

GENTLEMEN: I am offering a prize of fifty cents for the best specimen of dried fruit, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender.

Very truly yours,

—— ——.

❀

Before his death, M. Vanier, Paul Verlaine's publisher, made a strenuous effort to get permission to have a memorial to the poet set up in the precincts of the Luxembourg, and in this he was seconded by many literary men of eminence. Unfortunately, however, Verlaine's posthumous volume *Les Invectives* contained much violent abuse of several of the gentlemen who would have to pass upon the application; so that the whole project, very naturally, fell through and has been abandoned.

❀

The London correspondent of the *Evening Post* of this city lately explained Lord Beaconsfield's pro-Turkish policy as largely due to his natural sympathy with a Semitic people. We commend his interesting discovery of the Semitism of the Turks to the consideration of ethnologists and linguists who have evidently been in error on the subject all these years.

❀

The title of George Macdonald's new novel is *A Slave to Sin: the Story of a Minister*. It will be published in the autumn of 1897 by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

A few months ago Colonel Higginson wrote a suggestive little essay on "Literary Trade Winds," pointing out how much stronger American influences were in Great Britain at one time than at another, and how British influence on American literature varied in like manner. An interesting illustration of this theme can be found in the announcements of the leading American periodicals for next year, in which there are very few serials promised by British authors. There is *The Martian*, of course, in *Harper's Magazine*, and there is to be a story by the author of *Dodo* in *Harper's Weekly*. But Mr. Howells, who has recently concluded a brief serial in the *Century* and a long one in *Harper's Weekly*, will next year contribute continued stories to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Scribner's*. To *Harper's Bazar* Miss Maria Louise Pool and the admirable writer who signs "Octave Thanet" also supply novels. To *Harper's Weekly* Miss Wilkins is to contribute *Jerome*, and in the same paper will be Mr. Bangs's sequel to *A House Boat on the Styx*. Mr. R. H. Davis's first novel will fill six months of *Scribner's;* and Mr. Frank Stockton is to begin a fantastic tale of the future in the June *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Marion Crawford's *Rose of Yesterday* is to run for six months in the *Century*, in which magazine Dr. Weir Mitchell's revolutionary tale, *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, is to be continued through the year; and "Charles Egbert Craddock's" *Juggler* is the serial of the *Atlantic*.

❀

The December number of the *Atlantic* contains an exhaustive study of "Mr. James Lane Allen and his books"—such an article as Professor Matthews speaks of as appearing only at rare intervals—and in this case the article has the weight of a signature, which will surely please Professor Matthews. For the first time Mr. Allen's work is treated in a critical and authoritative manner, and he is fortunate in having a most sympathetic student in Miss Edith Baker Brown, the writer of the article. Speaking of Mr. Allen's literary method, Miss Brown says, "It has not the least strain of novelty. A full classical outline both in style and narrative sends us back fifty years for its prototype. And here we pause; here we are near to our secret; for when since the days of Hawthorne and Thoreau has fallen such an accent in American letters?" Then, after quoting an exquisite passage from the opening story of the saintly parson in Mr. Allen's *Flute and Violin*, she says:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Surely, not since Hawthorne in American prose, or Thackeray in English classics, have words flown so straight, yet on so light and effortless a wing! And beside the unhurrying and perfect quality of Mr. Allen's prose, there is also another way in which his art, as shown in these first stories, looks back to fashions now somewhat in disuse. His work has a harmony that is the result of an ideal bent in taste, which chooses its material with a very delicate selection and always with Beauty as an end. The tradition of Beauty—it is that which Sainte-Beuve calls the classic heritance. And it is only when the tradition is so faithfully preserved as it is in Mr. Allen's work that we realise how it has been dimmed by the other ideals that art has proposed to itself of late. Take the story of 'Sister Dolorosa.' Here there is so much regard for harmony in the strict classic way that, despite Mr. Allen's local pretensions, the very landscape of the story becomes a symbolism of the human problem rather than just a local background. And in all the art of the story one cannot help seeing Pater's resolute 'tact of omission,' which is never tempted from its purpose by an effect of the realistic sort."

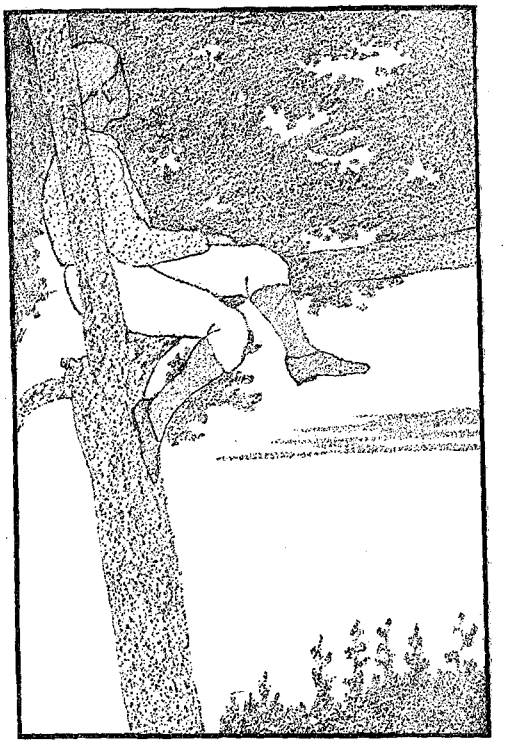
❀

But it is when we come to the writer's analysis of Mr. Allen's latest book, *Summer in Arcady*, which, she says, "makes an epoch in his artistic career," that her most characteristic quality is in evidence, the power to seize and convey the vital significance of her author. It is difficult to select for quotation from a paper whose every sentence possesses that tempting quality, and we must content ourselves with its conclusion.

"In reviewing Mr. Allen's work, one characteristic grows more clear. We have it in the unusual blending of realism and poetry; of a sincerity, which is the foe of sentimentalism, with a passion for beauty that brings it to the service of ideal ends. This is its significance for the realistic art of the hour, which too often forgets the purity of the aristocratic pretension. There is another way in which, as was said, it has an almost unique place in American fiction: it dares the vital word. A critic has said that *Pembroke*, of all American novels since *The Scarlet Letter*, has struck the deep chord of master literature. If *Summer in Arcady* moves us with some such essential power, there is a coincidence to record. Both it and *Pembroke* are the products of perhaps the two most indigenous civilisations of the New World. That, as literature, they have drawn from deep sources, proves that the more enduring art is of older birth than yesterday. We cannot raise art on an unsettled civilisation any more than on an iconoclasm that would dispense with the past standards of enduring beauty.

"It is so that we use Mr. Allen for a very final moral; but this is because his work has those final qualities which we believe will make it last."

The publication of Mr. Allen's *The Choir Invisible* has been unavoidably delayed, and the book will probably not be ready before Christmas.



Messrs. Copeland and Day are about to publish *A Boy's Book of Rhyme*, by Clinton Scollard, for which they have secured a very happy cover design. The design, which is given above, was drawn by a new artist, Miss Emma Kaan, and is said to be her first attempt in this field. Here is one of Mr. Scollard's bits of boy's rhyme, which may very well have suggested the conception of the cover design. It is called "Whispers."

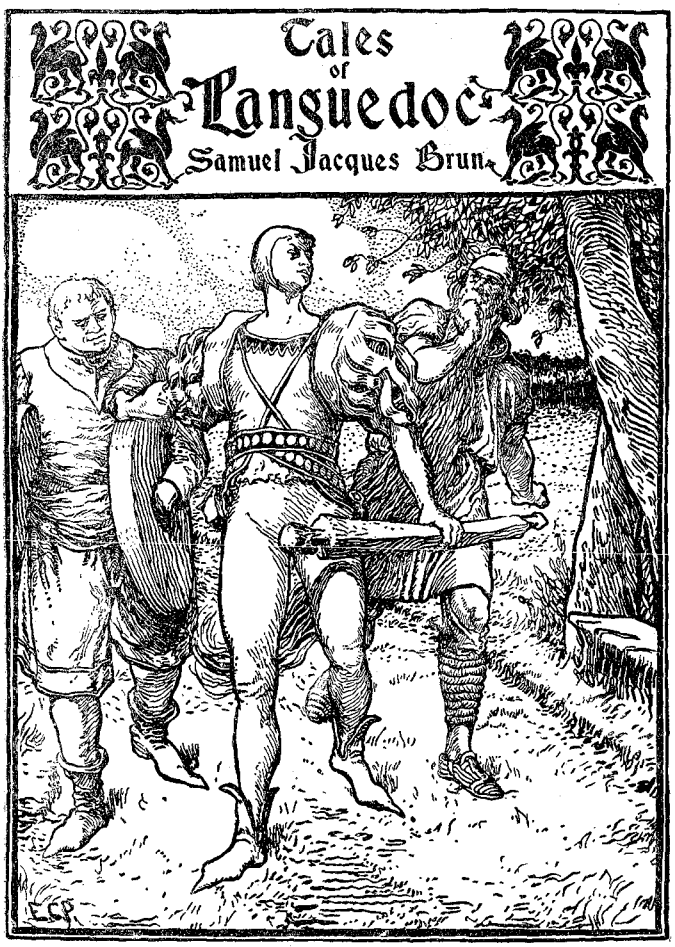
"Whenever I go up or down
Along the roadway into town,
I hear a busy whispering there
Among the trees high up in air.

'It's clear to one who's not a fool
That trees have never been at school;
And if you ask me why I know—
It is because they whisper so!"

❀

Dr. Conan Doyle, who has been much occupied with dramatic work of late, is shortly about to write for *McClure's* six short stories, dealing with the old historical buccaneers and pirates. Such a subject in the hands of Dr. Doyle should find spirited treatment. His new novel, *Rodney Stone*, will be published at once by the Messrs. Appleton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COVER DESIGN BY ERNEST PIEXOTTO.

The English version of M. Huysmans's novel, *En Route*, which was reviewed in our last number, has finally been published in this country by the Messrs. Benziger Brothers, of this city.

❀

Professor Saintsbury is, we hear, busy correcting the proofs of his new work, *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, the first volume to be issued of the series of "Periods of European Literature," which he is editing for the Messrs. Blackwood. No connected survey of European literature of the kind proposed exists in English, or, it is believed, in any other language. Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. H. D. Traill, Professor Raleigh, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, Mr. David Hannay, and Mr. Oliver Elton are to contribute a volume each to the series.

A new *Life of Byron* is promised us. The writer, who has been collecting Byron treasures for years and has now abundant material, has already shown, in a recent and very successful work, his special competence for such a task, involving as it does a patient search after obscure biographical and literary matter, and a shrewd investigation of it.

❀

Two or three years ago, when Mr. Du Maurier was lecturing in a northern county town, he gently chaffed John Bull on the score of his British contempt for all who had the misfortune to be foreigners. A deliciously naïve confirmation of his remarks was given after the lecture by a girl, who, on being asked what she thought of Mr. Du Maurier, answered, "Oh, he is charming; but what a pity he is a Frenchman!"

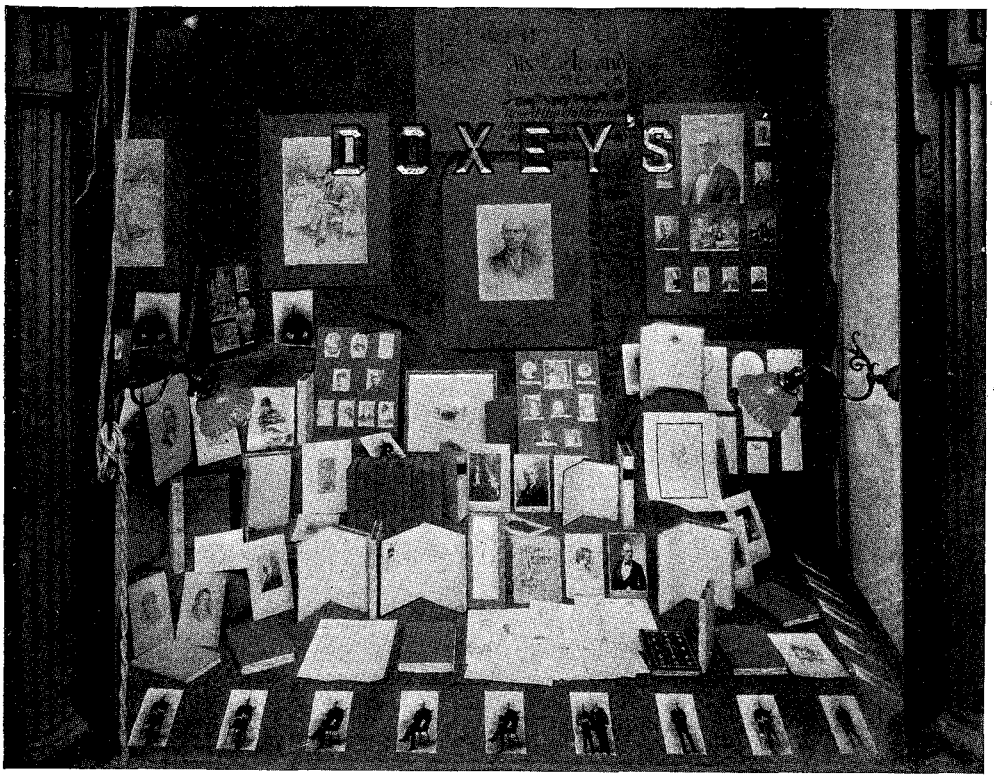
❀

A French paper says it is not generally known that Mr. Du Maurier was connected, through his French ancestors, with the famous sea hero, Jean Bart.

❀

Mr. Ernest Piexotto, whose drawings in *The Lark* first attracted attention to him, has remained in the pictorial field, and has drawn upwards of forty illustrations for a volume of folk-lore stories of the South of France, entitled *Tales of Languedoc*, by Professor Samuel Jacques Brun, of the Stanford University. We have seen these illustrations, and there are a fine sympathy and vitality running through the scenes and characters portrayed. Mr. Piexotto is an artist who has been likened to Pennell and Vierge. It seems that the Far West has not been able to retain Mr. Piexotto, and he is now, or will be in a few days, in New York, where he has come to do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A EUGENE FIELD EXHIBIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

illustrative work on the magazines. We reproduce, as an example of his art, the cover design drawn by Mr. Piexotto for the *Tales of Languedoc*.

❀

Another book which has been illustrated by Mr. Piexotto, and which was announced some months ago in these columns, has just been issued by the same publisher, Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco. *The Itinerant House, and Other Stories*, by Emma Frances Dawson, has received high praise from several critics who have read the work, and we shall take pleasure in acquainting our readers with the contents of her book, as well as of that of Professor Brun, in our next number.

❀

Mr. William Doxey is becoming famous for his window exhibitions of the works, manuscripts, posters, etc., of well-known authors and favourite fads. In our September number we gave a picture of an exhibition of the decadents, and Mr. Doxey has allowed us to follow this with a picture of an exhibition in his window of the various editions, autographs, and miscellanea of Eugene Field. There are some amusing inscriptions on several of the books displayed in the window. Here is one from a copy of a large-paper edition of Field's *Second Book of Verse*:

"When I was broke in 'Frisco in 1894,
Amusements and experiments I had in goodly store;
I rose at five o'clock A.M. and went to bed at eight,
And in between I sat around and talked with Cousin Kate.
Yes, Eastman is a model host, and loves to whoop things up
With lunches, billiards, horses, and foaming wassail cup;
His neckties, bosom-shirts, and coats and pantaloons I wore
When I was broke in 'Frisco in 1894.

"January, 1894. EUGENE FIELD."

❀

The announcement that Yone Noguchi's songs, under the title of *Seen and Unseen; or, Monologues of a Homeless Snail*, are to be put forth in San Francisco by a new publishing firm, Messrs. Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett, can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not fail to bring California a little nearer to the literary world; and it may be that what young men of taste have done recently for book-making in Chicago, Boston, and New York may now be rivalled in the West. Mr. Burgess is known best here as the editor of the *Lark*, and Porter Garnett is one of "Les Jeunes" who have given that extrageneous opuscule its vogue among the elect.

❀

Yone Noguchi, the young Japanese poet whose strange songs have been exploited in the *Lark*, the editor of which is his friend and "discoverer," is just twenty-one years of age and a graduate of the University of Tokyo. He comes of gentle blood in Nippon, where he has two brothers—one a civil engineer, the other a Buddhist priest. He was for a time secretary to the editor of a Tokyo magazine, to which he has since contributed articles on California scenery that have attracted much attention in the island kingdom by reason of his radical and audacious use of Japanese words and phrases; and he has been alternately attacked and defended for his unconventionality. For twelve months he edited a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco with a few friends, the staff doing the entire work, including lithographing, on the income gained from a bare hundred subscribers. The remainder of the two years that Yone Noguchi has been in America has been spent in retirement on "The Heights," Joaquin Miller's ranch in the foothills back of Oakland. Here he has led the life of a recluse, in meditation, like some hermit priest, rarely visiting the city, with "its dusty manners, its dusty souls, its dusty bodies," walking in his garden, haunting the cañon rivulet, writing his poems and dreaming his dreams, alone with Basho Saigio and the Old World poets, whose literature it is his mission to give to Occidental readers.

❀

Mr. Burgess's slight revision of Yone Noguchi's contributions to the *Lark*, made necessary by their author's excusable errors in English construction, has not disguised the strength and strange beauty one might expect from an exile struggling to express his melancholy in a strange and half-known tongue. These shifting dreams of the young poet are phrased with remarkable originality: his virile metaphors and luminous adjectives are so startling that the sublime often narrowly escapes being ridiculous. Under an appearance of incoherency there are apparent everywhere hints of his philosophy, an Oriental mysticism too vague and subtle to be called symbolism—a meditative monologue of the fancies bred by the beauties of this "strange shadowed world." We quote one of these musings from his forthcoming book:

"At night the Universe grows lean, sober-faced, of intoxication,
The shadow of the half-sphere curtains down closely against my world, like a doorless cage, and the stillness chained by wrinkled darkness, strain throughout the Universe to be free.
Listen, frogs in the pond (the world is a pond itself), cry out for the light, for the truth!
The curtains rattle ghostlily along, bloodily biting my soul, the winds knocking on my cabin door with their shadowy hands."

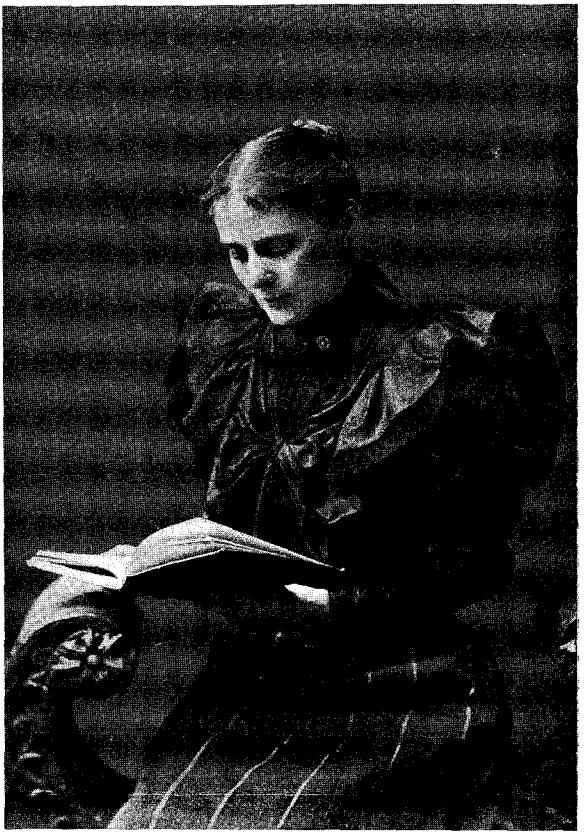
❀

Gertrude Atherton has earned the distinction of being almost the only person of letters who was capable of promoting discussion in America during the election troubles. Her letters to the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* in London have given birth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to angry articles in nearly every prominent paper in America, and the day is infrequent when her depreciation of the American is not made the text for some fresh attack. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, dedicates her next book, *Patience Sparhawk and her Times*, to M. Paul Bourget thus:

"To M. Paul Bourget, who alone of all foreigners has detected, in its full significance, that the motive power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American' is Individual Will. Leaving the ultra-religious element out of the question, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the man, the woman of this section of the Western world, each, consciously or unconsciously, believes in, relies on himself primarily. In the higher civilisation this amounts to intellectual anarchy, and its tendency is to make the Americans, or, more exactly, the United Statesians a new race in a sense far more portentous than in any which has yet been recognised. As M. Bourget prophesies, destruction, chaos may eventuate. On the other hand, the final result may be a race of harder fibre and larger faculties than any in the history of civilisation. That this extraordinary self-dependence and independence of certain traditions that govern older nations is as quintessentially a part of the women as of the men of this race I have endeavoured to illustrate in the following pages."



LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

❀

Henry Seton Merriman, whose new novel, *In Kedar's Tents*, will be the serial feature of THE BOOKMAN next year, has a fine piece of comedy called "Of this Generation" in the current number of *McClure's Magazine*. *The Sowers*, which has been the most notable novel published this year in England, is selling as rapidly as ever, and is also attracting a wider attention in this country. No serial of exciting adventure and intrigue, with the possible exception of Anthony Hope's *Phroso*, has been written for a long time that can be compared with Mr. Merriman's new work.

❀

Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose little volume of poems entitled *A Quiet Road* is reviewed on another page, is of Celtic origin, and has lived all her life in Maryland. She is a resident of Baltimore, and shows the same reserve and delicacy of feeling in shrinking from anything like publicity which impressed us in the poetic personality hidden behind her first book, *A Handful of Lavender*. Miss Reese belongs to the diminishing circle of writers who prefer to let their work speak for them. But we are certain, judging by the interest that has been taken in her work by some of our readers, that the reproduction of her photograph, which is herewith given, will be welcome to many.

❀

In a recent article, published in these pages, Mr. James Lane Allen spoke of "Uncle Remus" as being only one of two names in all the range of American fiction that have attained anything like universality of acceptance; the other character being, of course, "Uncle Tom." The enviable creator of "Uncle Remus" lives a quiet life in a retired nook at the West End of Atlanta, Ga. Like the author of *Lorna Doone*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"UNCLE REMUS."

his greatest passion is not the literary passion, but the tender care of his rose garden, which is said to be the finest in Atlanta, and blooms with beauty from May to December. The routine of his life is marked by simplicity, serenity, and peace. As might be expected, he has had offered him from time to time eminent positions, but nothing can draw him away from the shelter of his home, where his genius has grown ripe, unmolested and untrammelled by the cares, the fret and fever of onerous responsibility. For twenty years Mr. Harris has occupied himself in editing and contributing to the Atlanta *Constitution* with one hand, while with the other he has written those stories that have endeared him to thousands of readers all over the world. As a literary man he is disappointing in appearance; one needs to get behind the exterior and touch those human qualities in his nature which have wormed his books into the affections of countless readers, old and young.

❀

There is no third "Jungle Book" this year from the Century Company's press to captivate the young people; but who could better take the place of the nineteenth century Æsop in their affections than "Uncle Remus"? Mr. Harris's *Daddy Jake*, with Mr. Kemble's illustrations to enliven its pages, will be a welcome guest in its new holiday dress. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have published a new book by Mr. Harris, entitled *The Story of Aaron*, a sequel to *Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country* and *Mr. Rabbit at Home*. It is issued in the customary square octavo shape, and contains twenty-five very amusing illustrations by Oliver Herford. Aaron is a new figure in the Thimblefinger stories, who purports to be a negro, but is really an Arab, and possesses the mysterious power of talking with animals.

❀

The same firm has just published a new novel by Mr. Harris, entitled *Sister Jane, her Friends and Neighbours*. Critics who have read the work have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most elaborate and ambitious novel yet produced by Mr. Harris, and welcome it as a notable addition to American fiction. Except "Uncle Remus" himself, we are told that no person has stepped out of old Southern life into literature quite so natural and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unblurred as "Sister Jane." To these books, old and new, must be added a history of Georgia, which the Messrs. Appleton are publishing in their Stories from American History Series.

❀

The remarkably interesting "Recollections" which Mrs. Phelps-Ward has contributed during the year to *McClure's Magazine* have been published in a book entitled *Chapters from a Life*. These "Chapters," as they have appeared in the magazine, have proved to be full of biographical and literary interest, and now that they are published in book form cannot fail to be exceedingly readable and to be very valuable for their glimpses, and sometimes more than glimpses, of the great New England writers with whom Mrs. Phelps-Ward came in contact. Particularly interesting are the graphic portraits of her distinguished father and mother, of Professor Park and other Andover celebrities, and of Mrs. Stowe, whom she names "the greatest of American women." The attractiveness of the book is further enhanced by the addition of portraits and other illustrations. The above portrait of Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and that of Mr. James T. Fields used on another page, are taken from this volume through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS-WARD.

❀

A Singular Life has reached its twenty-fifth thousand, and the publishers report that the demand for it continues unabated. The popularity of this story has also effected in a large measure the resuscitation of many of Mrs. Phelps-Ward's other books, notably *The Story of Avis*.

❀

We have not seen it mentioned anywhere, and yet it is a remarkable fact not to be overlooked, that Mrs. Phelps-Ward's theme has had a great deal to do with the success of her novel. The theme is the loftiest that could be chosen by any writer—namely, that of an attempt to portray a Christian gentleman. Mrs. Phelps-Ward makes this an open secret, it seems to us, in the name which she gives her hero, "Emmanuel Bayard," a duality of conception which is the incarnation of the loftiest type of manhood—in a word, the blending of the divine and the human.

❀

The essays on "Books and Culture" which appeared in the pages of THE BOOKMAN during 1895 from the pen of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and which were marked by a constant current of delightful appreciation from numerous correspondents among our readers, have been issued in book form in a companion volume to the *Essays on Nature and Culture*, published in the spring of the year. The volume of the work has been increased one half, so that instead of the original twelve essays we have now twenty-four in the final shape which the book has taken. The works of four great writers—namely, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe—have been almost exclusively used by way of illus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tration throughout this discussion of the relation of books to culture. For to know them, says Mr. Mabie, "is not only to know the particular periods in which they wrote, but to know our own period in the deepest sense. No man can better prepare himself to enter into the formative life of his time than by thoroughly familiarising himself with the greatest books of the past; for in these are revealed not the secrets of past forms of life, but the secrets of that spirit whose historic life is one unbroken revelation of its nature and destiny."

❀

It is gratifying to notice that *The Reds of the Midi*—one of the most stirring narratives of the French Revolution that have ever been written—has gone into a fifth edition already. The most wild predictions have been made regarding its coming popularity in the next few months, especially in England, where it has met with the warmest appreciation; and yet so great is the enthusiasm which its thrilling pages of adventure beget that one is tempted to join in the anticipation of widespread recognition which it undoubtedly deserves.

❀

A new book by Stephen Crane has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, entitled *The Little Regiment*, which recounts several episodes of the American Civil War in the manner of *The Red Badge of Courage*. The publishers claim for this new volume an equal, if not a greater success than its famous forerunner, which is now in its thirteenth edition. We understand that the adventures of the *Red Badge* hero (with apologies to General McClurg) are completed in these stories. The same author's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* is in its fourth edition.

❀

Mere Stories, a new collection by Mrs. Clifford, has been so great a success in England that the publishers have decided to issue a cheap edition, in similar form, of the same author's previous volume of stories entitled *The Last Touches*. The publication of Mrs. Clifford's new volume in this country has been unavoidably delayed, but it will be issued immediately from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

An unfinished romance, *Gaston de Latour*, by Walter Pater, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, the second posthumous work of this writer issued since his death, a little over two years ago. While it must be a matter of regret to those who appreciate Pater's writings that this is incomplete, the fact remains that anything from his pen is sure to be of unusual and distinctive value, and is the more welcome for that reason. A good deal has been written about Mr. Pater during these two years, but there are still some things worth saying. Of all Mr. Pater's characteristics none was so marked as his love for exactitude, for distinction. Just as he himself declared that he cannot away with the otiose and the facile in thought, so he had no leanings to the madness that marks much of the Decadence. He might himself live in

> "Closet long to quiet vowed
> With mothed and dropping arras hung,"

but in matters æsthetic his sympathies went out toward the larger and freer utterances of Plato and Shakespeare. When some one once tried to convince him of the surpassing excellence of Huysmans and his style, Pater's only criticism was "Beastly man!" If he wandered far and wide among the byways of literature and art in revivifying the dying Roman Empire and creating strange, exotic figures out of the Middle Age, he yet kept always before him a sane and healthy criterion and was guided by an unerring judgment in matters æsthetic; for he had formed himself upon the great masters of speech and form, and they did not permit him to be led astray.

❀

And what, after all, was Walter Pater's message to his age? He had given it to the world in the early chapters of *Marius the Epicurean*; he uttered it again but a few weeks before he died. Some one in his company, with remnants of ill-digested Positivism yet strong upon him, had asserted that men lived by the memory of the great names *du temps jadis*, such names as Cæsar and Leonardo, and that it was by the study of their deeds and sayings that one acquired strength of character. But Walter Pater struck out strongly: "No, that should not be your ideal. Men who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER PATER.

lived in times past, however great, cannot be to you what those around you can be. You should learn," went on Pater, playing nervously the while with his cigarette box—"you should learn to live in the men and women of your own immediate surroundings; their words, their looks, their very dress should be to you the thing that really absorbs your interest. Learn to live in and with your *entourage*, so that it may become to you vivid and real. To be alive to every influence around you is better far than the example of any one in the past, however great." This was only another way of expressing the ideal that Marius set before himself, "To be perfect with regard to what is here and now;" only a re-statement of the conclusion of the *Renaissance*. If Walter Pater possessed anything so *bourgeois* as a mission or a message, assuredly this is what it was—philosophy interpreted by one's fellowmen. "Philosophy without effeminacy" was the boast of Pericles concerning his native city. "Philosophy by and through a love of youth" was the reply and corollary of Plato; and this, or something very near thereto, was the conclusion of his loving interpreter of our own day, Walter Pater.

❀

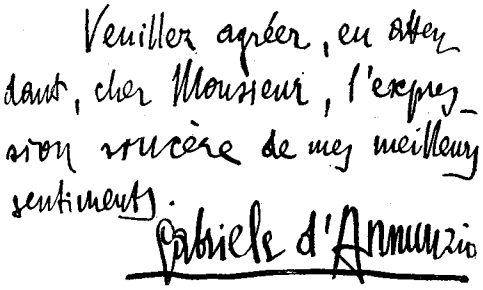
The demand for Miss Montrésor's stories in England is still increasing. The Messrs. Hutchinson have in preparation the ninth edition of *Into the Highways and Hedges*, and the fifth edition of *The One who Looked On*. A second and large edition of her latest book, *False Coin or True*, was called for immediately. She has been much pressed to write short stories for the magazines, but has refused all offers. She is concentrating her energies on a new novel which will be of about the same length as *Into the Highways and Hedges*. A large price has already been paid to secure the American rights of the new novel. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are her American publishers.

❀

Pierre Loti's new book is a novel entitled *Le Ramontcho*, the scene of which is laid in the French Pyrenees. It will be published in the *Revue de Paris*, commencing in December.

❀

In March last THE BOOKMAN gave lengthy space to an appreciation of the Italian novelist Gabriele D'Annunzio, the result of which has been to create an interest in this country for the author and his books. Messrs. George H. Richmond and Company have just issued a translation of his masterpiece, *The Triumph of Death*, which is noticed on another page. They have now completed arrangements with the author to publish all his works, including the Trilogy of the Romances of the Rose, the Trilogy of the Romances of the Lily, and the Trilogy of the Romances of the Pomegranate. The first novel of the last trilogy deals with the life of Eleanora Duse. D'Annunzio is now hard at work on a drama, entitled *The Dead City*, for Sarah Bernhardt. His autograph is given below for the first time on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Arthur Hornblow, who translated *The Triumph of Death*, will also render the other works of D'Annunzio into English for Messrs. Richmond and Company.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yours very Sincerely
Louise Chandler Moulton

Mr. Bret Harte has completed the manuscript of a new short story called *Under Karl.*

❀

Mr. George H. Ellwanger has prepared a new anthology entitled *Love's Desmesne*, which is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is a most carefully selected and painstaking collection, based on entirely new lines, being largely *chrysanthema*, or selections from living poets relating to the particular theme, a large majority of these selections not being familiar to the general reader of modern love poetry.

❀

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's literary output this year is represented by a series of delightful and chattily written travel papers gathered under the title *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers; and a collection of child verse entitled *In Childhood's Country*, which is about to be issued by Messrs. Copeland and Day. This latter book is greatly beautified by the charming full-page illustrations which Miss Ethel Reed has drawn for the volume. As our readers know, we are very much interested in Miss Reed's work, and we mark in these pictures a development toward simplicity and a clearer imaginative grasp of her subjects.

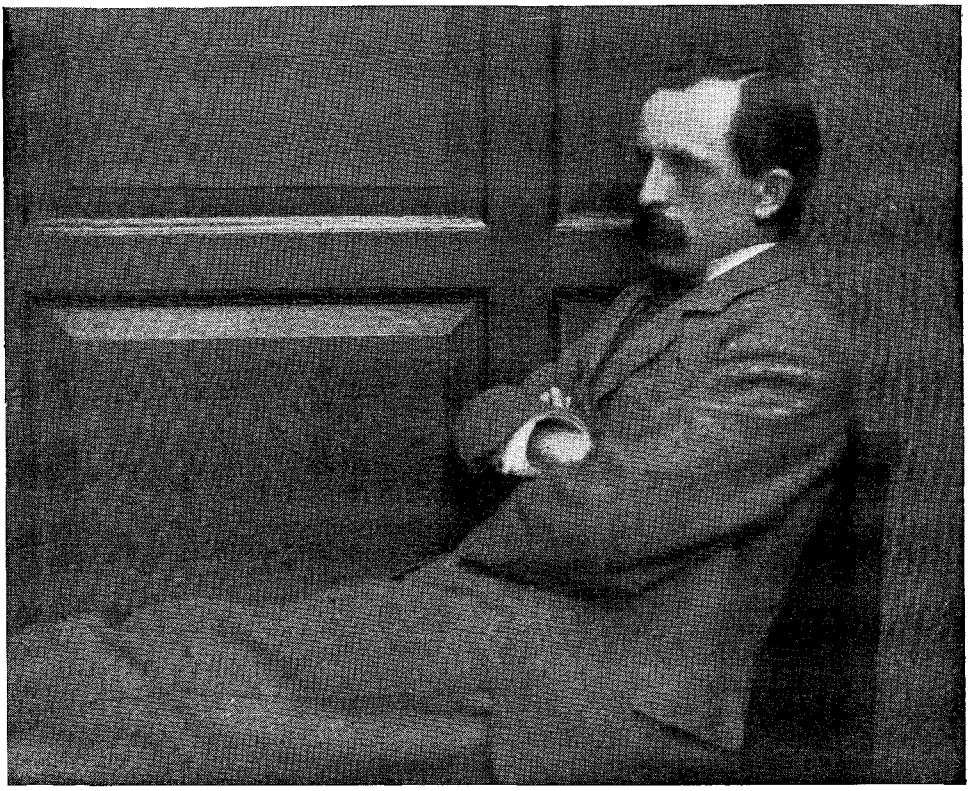
❀

Mrs. Moulton's tastes are very catholic, and the faults of a writer do not repel her if she finds anything like genius in his work. Many a young English author has received his first effectual recognition in this country by her contributions to the American press. One of her earliest and staunchest friendships was with Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, and Mrs. Moulton crowned her loyal service to her friend after his death by collecting his poems in a beautiful volume with a touching and all too brief memoir. Mr. Zangwill once surprised Mrs. Moulton by complimenting her on the optimistic feeling which her later poems show. She could not understand it; all her friends, she said, deplored an opposite tendency in them. "Ah, no!" said Mr. Zangwill. "You write of the pain of leaving this beautiful world, which you picture so charmingly. Now the pessimist declares that the world is not beautiful, and that he would be glad to leave it." To which Mrs. Moulton replied that Mr. Zangwill had helped her to know herself.

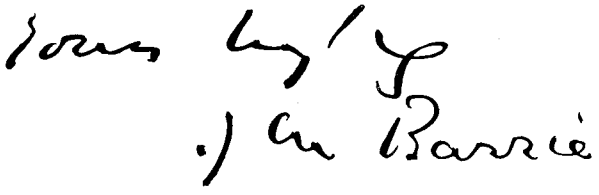
❀

Speaking of Mrs. Moulton's poetry, what pictures might be made out of the italicised lines in the two verses which we quote from what is her finest poem, "The House of Death"! It has been quoted over and over again, but these two verses are well worth repeating and lodging afresh, or it may be for the first time, in the memory of some of our readers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a copyrighted photograph by Frederick Hollyer.



" There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls.

* * * * *

" With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between."

❀

Among those who have received early recognition and encouragement in American journals from Mrs. Moulton's generous pen is Mr. J. M. Barrie. With the exception of an authentic paper in one American periodical, now the *Outlook*, no prophetic criticism and reliable account of Mr. Barrie had made its appearance in this country until Mrs. Moulton wrote her graceful tribute to the young author of *A Window in Thrums*—*The Little Minister* was then running as a serial in *Good Words*. That was five years ago.

❀

On the evening of Thursday, November 5th, a dinner was given to Mr. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll by the members of the Aldine Club in New York. There was a large assembly of publishers, editors, and authors, over which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presided. In spite of the announcement which Mr. Barrie made, that this was the only dinner he had ever allowed to be given to him, and that he felt like getting under the table when called upon to make a speech, he won all hearts by his quiet,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressive manner and quaint, playful humour. In the course of his remarks he said that he had been asked many questions by the American reporters, but that the commonest one was, "What are the names of your books?" The next day he would see the titles displayed in the newspapers, and would read with pleasure that he was "Mr. Barrie, whose books have drawn laughter and tears from all of us." "One reporter," he went on, "was charmed by my *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. I said he was very kind to say so, but Dr. Nicoll corrected him. Then he explained that, of course, he meant *The Stickit Minister;* and when he found that he was again mistaken, declared that what he really meant was that charming serial now running in the *Century* called *Silly Tommy*."

❀

The most interesting question that Mr. Barrie had put to him, however, was, "What do you think of the American girl?" "I did not tell them," said Mr. Barrie, "and I am not going to tell you. I shall tell it to no one except the American girl herself—I think I have already told it to one or two." This led Mr. Barrie to speak of the higher education for women in America. "The thing that has struck me most of all about your country is your colleges and universities. They are the most splendid things in America. But the ones I liked best of all were the colleges for girls, and the college for girls I liked best of all was Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., and the Smith girl I liked best—no, I won't tell you! The only speech I ever made in my life I made at Smith College a few weeks ago. I don't know how I got on the platform, but there I was with nine hundred girls in front of me. By and bye I became conscious of some one talking in an eloquent voice, and when I recognised it as my own, I was dumbfoundered. I visited other colleges after that, but I made no more speeches. Those Smith girls made me promise not to address any other colleges for girls!"

❀

Dr. Nicoll took for the subject of his remarks, which followed Mr. Barrie's, "The Present State of Literature in America." This has been printed by request in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, in place of Dr. Nicoll's customary letter from London. With reference to the beautiful incident mentioned at the close of this speech we may say that the boy referred to was none other than Mr. Barrie, and we understand that the story is told in the life of his mother, *Margaret Ogilvy*, about to be published by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. and Mrs. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll sailed for England on the *Campania* on Saturday, November 7th. The photograph of Mr. Barrie which we present to our readers is one that was taken by Frederick Hollyer in London before Mr. Barrie left England on his visit to America. The natural and unstrained pose of the photograph is explained by the fact that it was made when Mr. Barrie was off his guard, and not "sitting" for his portrait.

❀

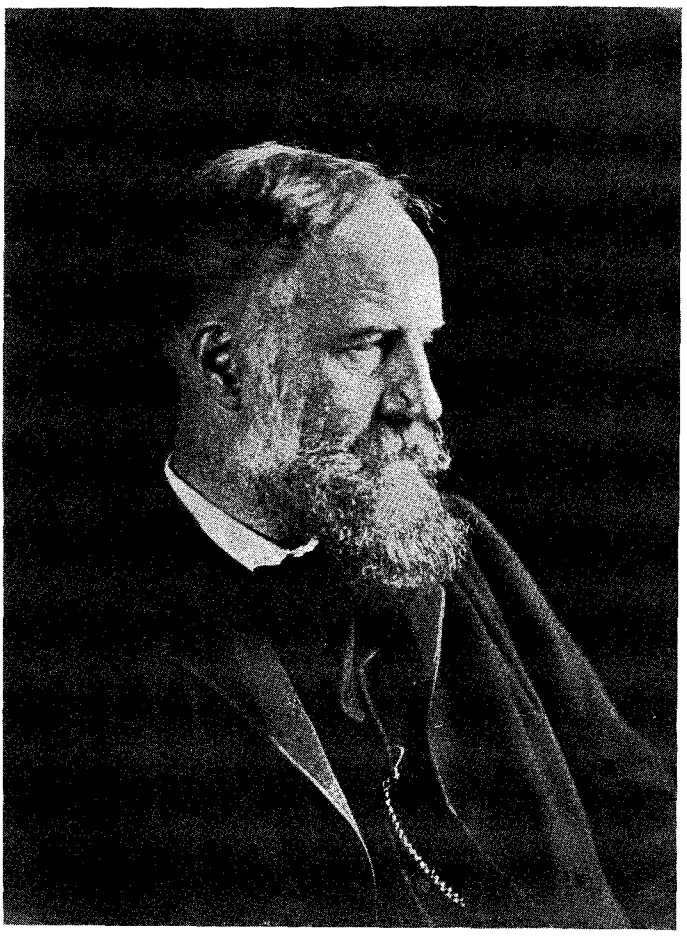
And now the London *Spectator* has gone and done it! Not long ago the Paris publishers of M. Jean Richepin's latest book, *Théâtre Chimérique*, sent a copy of that work to our London contemporary for review. Now the *Spectator* evidently reviews its books by sample and not in bulk—a method safe enough in dealing with the productions of Rosa Nouchette Carey and Silas K. Hocking, but one that is just the least bit perilous when applied to a bold bad man like the author of *Les Blasphêmes*. However, the reviewer read a couple of these "delicate parables," as he calls them, and then highly commended the whole book as suited for schoolgirls, involving "a return to archaic simplicity," and a lot more in the same benignant vein. But alas! if he had only gone just the least bit farther his virtuous hair would have risen straight on end, for presently M. Richepin lets his *esprit Gaulois* get the better of his "archaic simplicity," and he shows himself a sad dog indeed. The *Spectator* has not found this out as yet, but we waft this warning over to it so that it may think up something to say when the British Matron gets after it and demands to know what its views are on the subject of schoolgirls' reading.

❀

The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, whose *Autobiography and Memoir* is just being published by Messrs. Roberts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brothers, was for a long time art critic of the *Saturday Review*, and was editor of the *Portfolio* until the last, though the scope of that magazine has been changed. He wrote one considerable novel, *Marmorne*, though by some unaccountable freak he did not put his name to it. It has never attained the success that it deserves; yet there is about it the real glamour of genius. *Wenderholme*, a Yorkshire story, is also well worth reading, and contains one scene of singular power and passion. The edition in print is a retrenched version of the first. As a writer of short biographies he was, in our judgment, unsurpassed. His *Eminent Frenchmen* shows all his best qualities—his comprehension, delicacy, reserve, and accomplishments. Mr. Henry James is a literary craftsman of the first order, but he will not stand a comparison with Mr. Hamerton; there are few juster or wiser critics. It was he who first authoritatively recognised the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson.



Yours very truly
P. G. Hamerton

❀

But it is by his books on conduct, among which we reckon his admirable appreciations of France, that he will be longest remembered. In *Round My House*, *French and English*, *The Intellectual Life*, and *Human Intercourse*, Mr. Hamerton has made weighty contributions to our knowledge of human nature. He had, to begin with, a serious and friendly interest in humanity; he was a lover of gossip in the good sense, and to his singularly wide and exact knowledge of human life he added an unrivalled acquaintance with biography. He had studied human nature in all the crises of experience, and his memory supplied him with precedents for all circumstances. These qualifications for writing on life were supplemented freely from the resources of his own personality. It must always be so in such work, and it follows that the quality of the work will depend very much on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

richness and depth of the personality it reveals. Mr. Hamerton was a true gentleman, humane, courteous, and considerate to the heart's core. *The Intellectual Life* is the kind of book that is very popular, very useful, and now very rare. Sir Arthur Helps was Hamerton's only great rival in his time. The *Autobiography* is a valuable addition to Mr. Hamerton's works which no student will dare be without. It is a pity that it only reaches his twenty-fifth year, but Mrs. Hamerton's *Memoir* makes an excellent continuous record of a life that was beautiful in itself.

❀

Mrs. Hamerton told an intimate friend of her husband at the time of his funeral that this was the last phrase he ever wrote: "In my dreams I have often desired to find a country where justice and peace would reign; but I feel that it is only a dream, and so long as I am in this world I shall not find it." Was this not singularly prophetic?

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day have almost ready a new volume of poems entitled *Matins*, by Francis Sherman, who has a sonnet in the present number. Mr. Sherman is a young Canadian, midway between twenty and thirty, and this volume contains his virgin verse. A fine sensitiveness of feeling, elevation in thought, and love of beauty strike us as being its most marked characteristics; but it bears on almost every page the stamp of distinction; and so rare an imaginative quality as shines through the whole work and illumines it awakes expectation in the young poet's future. But we are well content meanwhile with *Matins*. We quote one of the poems, called "A Memory":

"You are not with me though the Spring is here!
And yet it seemed to day as if the Spring
Were the same one that in an ancient year
Came suddenly upon our wandering.

"You must remember all that chanced that day.
Can you forget the shy awaking call
Of the first robin?—And the foolish way
The squirrel ran along the low stone wall?

"—The half-retreating sound of water breaking,
Hushing, falling; while the pine-laden breeze
Told us the tumult many crows were making
Amid innumerable distant trees;

"—The certain presence of the birth of things
Around, above, beneath us—everywhere;
—The soft return of immemorial Springs
Thrilling with life the fragrant forest air;

"All these were with us then. Can you forget?
Or must you—even as I—remember well?
To-day, all these were with me, there—and yet
They seemed to have some bitter thing to tell;

"They looked with questioning eyes, and seemed to wait
One's doubtful coming whom of old they knew;
Till, seeing me alone and desolate,
They learned how vain was strong desire of you."

Some of Mr. Sherman's sonnets are remarkable for the dignity and Miltonic sonorousness of their diction, and for the boldness and originality of their conception. Especially is this true of the opening sonnets. "Te Deum Laudamus" invites quotation here, as it is not unlike in theme, if in treatment, to the sonnets of Alice Meynell and Miss Reese, already referred to in these columns:

"I will praise God alway for each new year,
Knowing that it shall be most worthy of
His kindness and His pity and His love.
I will wait patient, till, from sphere to sphere,
Across large times and spaces, ringeth clear
The voice of Him who sitteth high above,
Saying, "Behold! thou hast had pain enough;
Come; for thy Love is waiting for thee here!"
I know that it must happen as God saith—
I know it well. Yet, also, I know well
That where birds sing and yellow wild-flowers dwell,
Or where some strange new sunset lingereth,
All Earth shall alway of her presence tell
Who liveth not for me this side of death."

❀

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's determination to write no more religious novels must be shaken by the flattering reception given to *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, recently issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Over 20,000 copies of this book were sold in England alone before publication; and Mr. Bowden, the English publisher, found great difficulty in meeting such a sustained demand. Mr. Kernahan's present idea is to write only long novels, and these of a secular order; but we doubt very much whether his public will permit him to pursue this course.

❀

The literary world in Paris is just now interested in the prosecution of another author of an alleged *roman à clef* by a per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son who considers that the author has libelled him in its pages. In this case the author is Jules Verne, and the prosecuting party is the Société de la Panclastite, or, in reality, M. Eugene Turpin, the celebrated inventor of melinite. The book considered offensive by the inventor is *Face au Drapeau*, and legal proceedings are also being taken against M. Hetzel, the publisher of it. In *Face au Drapeau* the principal character is a talented inventor, and M. Turpin thinks that the circumstances of this inventor's life resemble too closely his own for this similarity to be a mere coincidence; and as the inventor is held up before the public in such an unfavourable light, M. Turpin thinks he has a good case for defamation of character. The case comes on for trial at the end of this month. The plaintiffs claim 50,000 fr. damages, the insertion of the judgment in fifty newspapers to be chosen by the plaintiffs, and the suppression of the passages objected to.

❀

These prosecutions of authors by people who imagine that they have been libelled by them are not infrequent in France, where the necessity of an artist being "true to life" is more generally recognised than it is elsewhere. Zola had to defend himself before the law courts on account of certain passages in *Lourdes*. One of the tradespeople who make money out of the visits of the faithful to the miraculous spring claimed that under another name he had been introduced in an unfavourable light into the book, and that his motives and methods had been misrepresented in such a way as to be prejudicial to him. One of the most remarkable of recent *pièces à clef* was Abel Hermant's comedy, *La Meute*, which was brought out last season at the Renaissance. This play occasioned a duel between the Prince de Sagan and the author.

❀

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts has written an historical romance which is now in the hands of Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, and will be ready in time for the holidays. It is entitled *The Forge in the Forest*, and most of the scenes are laid in Nova Scotia, among the forests of Acadie during the time of the French war. Professor Roberts is not only steeped in the historical traditions which give a romantic background to the period of which he writes, but as a Nova Scotian his foot is on his native heath, and much is therefore to be expected of his first novel, which has been largely the outcome of long study as well as imaginative production.

❀

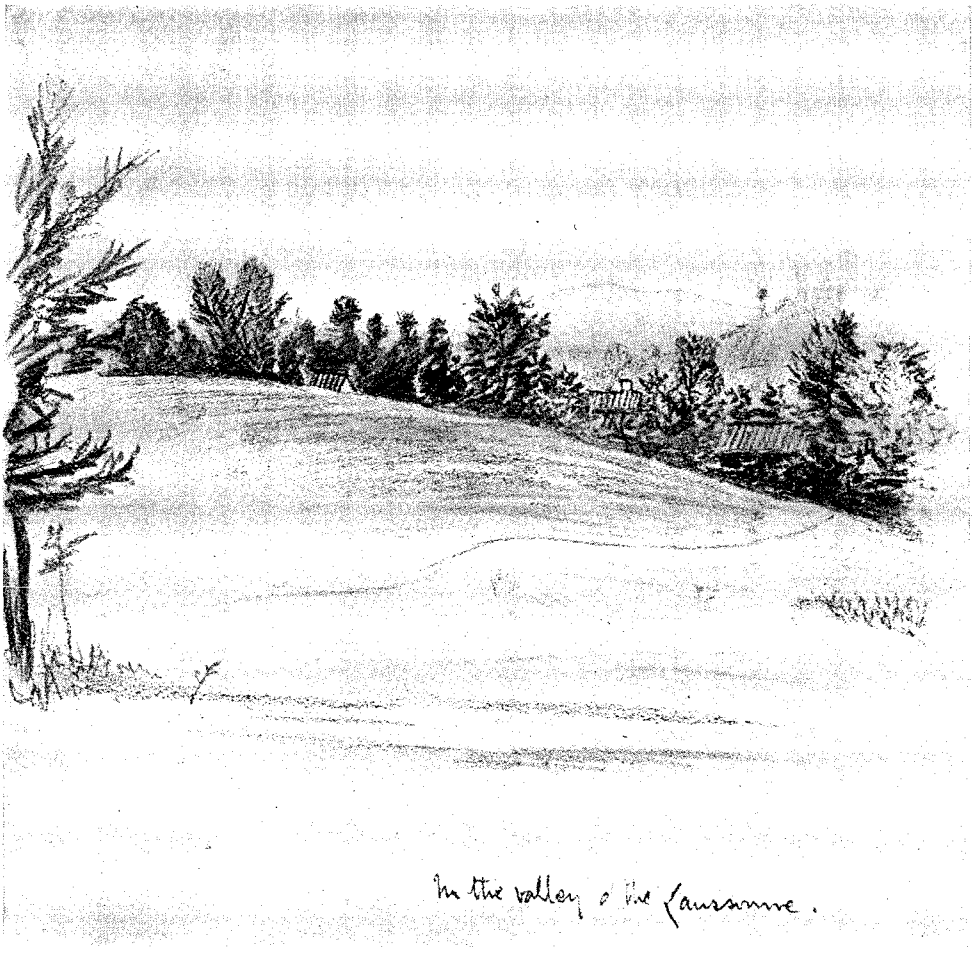
A very interesting fragment by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled *A Mountain Town in France*, has turned up, and will be issued immediately by Mr. John Lane. It is an account of his sojourn at Le Monastier in the autumn of 1878, and was intended to serve as the opening chapter of his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, but the intention was abandoned in favour of a more abrupt beginning, and the fragment is now printed for the first time. It is a delightful and charming piece of prose, and its publication will not hurt Stevenson's reputation. It is curious to notice how all through this chapter Stevenson compares Le Monastier to a Scottish village—another witness to Stevenson's patriotism and enthusiasm. "On the whole," he says, on one occasion, "this is a Scottish landscape, although not so noble as the best in Scotland; and by an odd coincidence the population is, in its way, as Scottish as the country." We select two passages from *A Mountain Town in France*, which will enable the reader to judge that the discarded chapter has the true ring of Stevenson in it:

"As far as the eye can reach, one swelling line of hill-top rises and falls behind another; and if you climb an eminence, it is only to see new and further ranges behind these. Many little rivers run from all sides in cliffy valleys; and one of them, a few miles from Monastier, bears the great name of Loire . . . The country is wild and tumbled rather than commanding; an upland rather than a mountain district; and the most striking as well as the most agreeable scenery lies low beside the rivers. There, indeed, you will find many corners that take the fancy; such as made the English noble choose his grave by a Swiss streamlet, where nature is at her freshest and looks as young as on the seventh morning. Such a place is the course of the Gazeille, where it waters the common of Monastier and thence downward till it joins the Loire—a place to hear birds singing; a place for lovers to frequent. The name of the river was perhaps suggested by the sound of its passage over the stones: for it is a great warbler, and at night, after I was in bed in Monastier, I could hear it go singing down the valley till I fell asleep."

* * * * *

"Here, as in Scotland, many peasant families boast a son in holy orders. And here, also,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM A DRAWING BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

the young men have a tendency to emigrate. It is certainly not poverty that drives them to the great cities or across the seas; for many peasant families, I was told, have a fortune of at least 40,000 francs. The lads go forth pricked with the spirit of adventure and the desire to rise in life, and leave their homespun elders grumbling and wondering over the event. Once, at a village called Laussonne, I met one of these disappointed parents; a drake who had fathered a wild swan who was now an apothecary in Brazil. He had flown by way of Bordeaux, and first landed in America, bare-headed and bare foot, and with a single half-penny in his pocket. And now he was an apothecary! Such a wonderful thing is an adventurous life! I thought he might as well have stayed at home; but you never can tell wherein a man's life consists, nor in what he sets his pleasure: one to drink, another to marry, a third to write scurrilous articles and be repeatedly caned in public, and now this fourth, perhaps, to be an apothecary in Brazil. As for his old father, he could conceive no reason for the lad's behaviour. 'I had always bread for him,' he said; 'he ran away to annoy me.' But at heart he was swelling with pride over his travelled offspring, and he produced a letter out of his pocket where, as he said, it was rotting, a mere lump of paper rags, and waved it gloriously in the air. 'This comes from America,' he cried, 'six thousand leagues away!' And the wine-shop audience looked upon it with a certain thrill."

An incidental and novel feature will be the reproduction of five sketches of scenes in the vicinity of Le Monastier taken from drawings made by Stevenson himself, one of which we are permitted to use. It will, no doubt, be news to many admirers of Stevenson that he often amused himself with the pencil in this way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW CHILD AND ITS PICTURE-BOOKS.

An ingenious person named Krohn, whose patience is evidently more highly developed than his sense of humour, has been making some experiments that are supposed to be very important to scientific teachers. He has found that it takes a young child $\frac{364}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *c*, $\frac{358}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *a*, and $\frac{389}{1000}$ of a second to recognise the letter *t*; while the word *c-a-t* as a whole is recognised in $\frac{339}{1000}$ of a second. Therefore, he says, primary teaching should be done by words and not by letters, and the letters should be $\frac{1}{12}$ of an inch high and printed in a line not more than four inches long. We don't know exactly how he has discovered all these things, but that does not matter; for he is evidently a very profound person. We have done some figuring ourselves on the basis of his researches, and we find that, following out his method and adopting his kind of reading-book, a child of five years, in an average daily lesson, would each day save $\frac{9789}{100000}$ of a minute out of its valuable time. Think of that!

This investigation is beautifully illustrative of what is going on to-day in the sphere of education. We are living in an age in which the Educator has been gradually supplanted by the Educationist. The Educator was a person who felt that every child has its own individual temperament and mental idiosyncrasies which differentiate it to some extent from every other child, so that the method of presenting a subject should be largely influenced by the teacher's knowledge of the individual to be taught. He felt that a good teacher should be quick to note the effects upon each child's mind of a particular manner of presentation, and that the practical results obtained should be the final test of every method, inasmuch as the education of the child and not the exaltation of the teacher was the end to be secured. Hence quick sympathy, keen perception, ready adaptability, and ingenuity in fixing the attention and interesting the thought of the child were regarded as the prime qualifications of a successful Educator.

The Educationist has changed all that. So far as our own limited intelligence has been able to grasp the subtle distinctions of modern pædagogic doctrine, an Educationist is an individual who is not himself much of a hand at teaching, but who is able to tell all other persons how they ought to teach. He is great on method, and observes blandly, when questioned, that it doesn't matter in the least whether the actual results amount to much so long as the correct pædagogic method has been employed. He abounds in statistics, and these statistics are usually in fractions. He perhaps could not himself succeed in teaching a young child to read, but, like Dr. Krohn, he can tell you just how many thousandths of a second it ought to take for some one else to make a letter perceptible to the child's intelligence. He has read several text-books on Psychology, and when he talks, he has a good deal to say about "concepts" and "apperception," and once in five minutes he will allude airily to the Laws of the Association of Ideas. He has, in fact, established a set of infallible formulas that never hang fire and that render the education of children as simple a matter as rolling off a log. The exactness of these formulas is, indeed, a little startling to an ordinary mind. Thus, if the Educationist tells you that a child of twelve years and six months who is studying Latin must have exactly thirty-five minutes of recitation each day (preferably between nine and eleven o'clock), and you say doubtfully that you have been giving thirty minutes to this work between eleven and twelve o'clock, the Educationist will look at you with pained surprise and tell you that you are evidently old fashioned. Then it would be wise to keep quiet unless you want to get into trouble; for if you go on to say that your arrangement has worked very well, he will at once tell you that you evidently know nothing of the Psychological Basis of Education; and if you still persist, he will talk to you about Sturm, and Herbart, and, maybe, even Froebel; and if he once pulls Froebel on you, you are gone. It is quite unsafe, too, for you to comfort yourself with the thought that perhaps he doesn't know what he is talking about. You may think that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS ETHEL REED FOR MRS. MOULTON'S "IN CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY."

is by no means brilliant in his ordinary conversation, that he seems, in fact, in other matters to be rather dull; and if you are exceptionally uninstructed and indiscreet, you may even go so far as to remark that he is evidently a good deal of an ass. But just wait, and Nemesis will at last get after you. Some day or other you will see the Educationist reading a paper at a Teacher's Conference, and then you will know that he is really Great.

Now, so far as we are personally concerned, we don't care how much he raids around in the field of education, and we shouldn't say a word about him if he stopped right there. Children will tumble up somehow or other even under the rule of an Educationist; and after all, the real training of every human being comes largely from experience and from contact with his kind. Moreover, there is something to be said in behalf of the psychological racket. In these days of overcrowded professions there are hundreds of shallow young men and rattle-pated young women who would have to carry a hod or go and get married if a wise dispensation of Providence had not specially opened up to them this new and fruitful field, wherein they can earn comfortable salaries and much κῦδος without needing to possess anything more in the way of equipment than a few catchwords and the ability to keep a straight face when they hear each other talk.

Unfortunately, however, these people have not remained contented with their original sphere of influence. Perhaps they are getting to be so numerous that they have begun to step on each other's heels. At any rate, they are now slopping over into another field, in which they are doing and will continue to do an infinite deal of harm. After grabbing the schools and coercing the teachers, they are now reaching out into the nursery and into the playground and are seeking to upset all the good old traditions of child-life that have come down from the time when the Aryan children romped around on the borders of Volhynia.

We can all remember the golden days of our early life, when no hard-and-fast line had yet been drawn for us between the real and the impossible, and when everything was wonderful because everything was new. That was the roseate time when we knew that at the base of every rainbow there lay buried a pot of real gold. We heard fairies whispering in the thickets of the woods, and could point out the hillocks where gnomes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came up each night and gambolled in the moonlight. Then all of us dreamed rare dreams and cherished harmlessly delightful fancies; for the gray old world was very beautiful, and our lives were flushed with the light that dies away so soon. There were no Educationists in that paradise to which so many men and women, now grown grim and mirthless, sometimes look back with an unwonted dimness of the eyes. But to-day appears the brisk and practical Young Person of nineteen or thereabouts, fresh from a Training College and with no illusions and no sympathies about her. She bursts in upon the penetralia of childhood, and knocks its household gods to smithereens. Fairy stories? Nonsense! Giants? Bosh! With a ruthless efficiency she annihilates the gentle friends of the child's imagination, deposes Santa Claus, mocks at the virtues of the wishbone, and drives with jeers the Sand Man out of existence. Then she gets down to work and trots out her own substitutes for all these things. The children must begin to absorb some scraps of history; they must draw geometrical figures instead of rings for "migs." No more singing at their play of the disaster that befell London Bridge, or of the Farmer who stamps his foot and claps his hands and turns around to view the land. "Eeny-meeny-mony-mike" is silly gibberish. "Monkey, monkey, barrel of beer" is low. None of this for the wise young lady who now runs things! She will teach her flock some real instructive and improving songs about minerals, for instance, and when she takes them out to walk she will make them peep and botanize with her in a way to give Linnæus cerebro-spinal meningitis. Then the little things, instead of playing around in God's free air and in a healthily unconscious way, are thrust into a kindergarten, where they sit and make worsted parallelograms on a piece of cardboard, and learn a sort of complicated drill that keeps them unnaturally alert; while through the whole performance they are watched and egged on to emulation until their little faces flush and all their sensitive little nerves are tingling with unhealthy excitement. They learn some things; but what they learn is value-

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

(By permission of Messrs. McLoughlin Bros., New York.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less, while what they lose in learning it is beyond all price. At times, perhaps, some mother whose mind is troubled by these new works and ways will timidly suggest her doubts about the wisdom of it all; but the brisk Young Person will promptly and rather patronisingly inform her that it rests upon a Psychological Basis, and that it is just what Froebel meant. And so we see growing up about us a generation of shrill, self-conscious, and insufferably priggish brats.

What led us on to all this meditation was the sight of the children's picture-books that are just now loading down the counters of the book-shops in anticipation of the holidays; for the Educationist has not yet abolished Christmas, probably because he requires a short vacation himself, in which he can go off somewhere and think. But he has done what he could by issuing a ukase (which has probably a Psychological Basis, too) as to the sort of picture-books that children should be allowed to see. No more of those demoralising and quite absurd old stories of which both text and pictures have wrought such a havoc in the past! Why, they can be proved to be filled with falsehood. Take the pernicious tale called *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Everybody knows that beans could never grow to such a height as this story represents, nor if they did, would human life be possible at such an altitude. And as for the Giant—why, it is a well-known anthropological fact that there are no giants. See Quatrefages and Schwartz. Then the story goes on to speak of a talking harp and a hen that lays golden eggs. What glaring improbabilities! An inanimate object like a harp cannot possibly possess phonological attributes. Automatic sounds of any kind would be out of the question; and as for the hen—no treatise on ornithology ever includes among the ova of gallinaceous bipeds any such phenomenon. In a word, these things being easily demonstrated to be absolutely false and without any foundation in fact, will any one seriously advise that children should be allowed to hear of them? Would you have them grow up to manhood and womanhood believing in magic beans and talking harps, and giants? The thing is pædagogically unsound and psychologically monstrous! No! if children must have anything so frivolous as a picture-book for mere amusement (a thing to be deplored), let them at least have books that may indirectly familiarise them with the world as it is, and not with unrealities like talking harps and aureous eggs. Let us through the eye give them some knowledge of zoölogical truths, and let these be depicted in a way to soothe and to tranquillise rather than to stimulate an unhealthy imagination. Finally, these picture-books in primary colours are wholly inartistic, and check the æsthetic development of a child's mind. Give us rather drawings in delicate outline and permeated by the influence of Art.

These notions have gradually been instilled into the minds of fathers and mothers and have finally filtered through to the minds of publishers as well, so that at last one finds everywhere the sort of picture-book for which the Educationist cries out. They are roughly to be divided into two classes—the animal picture-book and the purely artistic picture-book.

The animal picture-book is not a picture-book of the old kind in which animals are the protagonists of tragedies and comedies. There is no story in the new picture-book, but just animals—principally cows. We don't quite know why cows are supposed to be most fitted for the contemplation of the New Child. Perhaps the calm of the cow, her unimaginative turn of mind, and her thoughtful nature make her psychologically safe; but anyhow there she is, occupying whole pages of a hundred picture-books. First you see the cow in the foreground gazing in profile over a fence; then you see the same cow in the middle distance looking around for something to eat; last you see the cow in the background with her hind legs carefully foreshortened and doing nothing in particular. *Toujours* cow. The drawing is very carefully done; the cow's *chiaroscuro* is excellent. The disposition of the tail is always carefully thought out with reference to the general scheme of composition. But the Old Child would want to know what it all meant, and when told that it had no meaning, no insidious story, he would have thought that there was just a little too much cow; and the perfection of the *chiaroscuro* would not wholly fill the void caused by the absence of meaning and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS NORTON FOR "THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL."

of story. What the New Child thinks of it we personally do not know.

Next to the cow, the pig is greatly favoured by the makers of these picture-books. Now the pig is all right. He has played an honourable and even an exciting part in the child's books of the past, from the Little Pig who went to market, to the other Little Pig who built him a house out of straw against which the Wolf huffed and puffed till he blew it down; and the far more fortunate Little Pig who fooled the Wolf and finally scalded him to death in a big kettle. But the latter-day pig is not a pig of that kind. He is just a plain pig with no mind, a pig who has had no adventures, a pig about whose life there is no dark mystery, no tragedy, and no triumph—in fact, an ordinary pig with as little imagination as an Educationist.

The purely artistic picture-book is different in subject. Its style of picture is very well exemplified in a design which we here reproduce, and which is one of a number drawn by Miss Ethel Reed for a volume of child-verse by Mrs. Moulton.* Miss Reed's designs usually show a female face sometimes looking to the right and sometimes looking to the left and sometimes looking at the reader. There is a flurry of buds and leaves and butterflies and other *entrées* gracefully disposed about the figure and that is all. It is very artistic and daintily drawn; but again the Old Child would ask, "What is it all about?" And the answer would have to be that it isn't about anything. We received rather a shock the other day when we spoke to a friend about this matter, and said that we thought that a child could hardly find much to interest him in such drawings as those of Miss Reed.

"Why," cried he, "you're entirely mistaken! My little girl is so fascinated by these pictures that she carries the book to bed with her at night!"

Here was a blow that made us gasp. No one likes to have his theories upset in this way.

"Yes," he went on, "she looks at them by the hour, and insists on my making up a story about each one."

O veritas sanctissima! Here was confirmation strong as holy writ! So the New Child is not so very different from the Old Child, after all. The Story is still the thing, and all that the Educationist has yet accomplished is to throw the burden of providing it on the parent instead of on the author!

* In Childhood's Country. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Copeland & Day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A DRAWING (REDUCED) BY MISS NORTON FOR "THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL."

It is in this latter fact that we see some hope of ultimately returning sanity. When the overworked parent begins to realise that the child is going to have the story just the same as ever, he will also begin to reflect that it might just as well be told in the book as extracted from his own inexperienced fancy; that Nature is still a good deal stronger than Art; that though the Educationist may temporarily pitch her out with a psychological dung-fork, she will steal in again through the back-door as irrepressible as ever; and that, granting the necessity of the Story, there will never be any stories like those fine old tales that have defied the tooth of time and will defy the dogmas even of the all-wise Educationist. Then will Jack the Giant Killer stand forth once more in his great nursery epic; and Little Red Riding Hood, whose story has all the subtle elements of a Greek drama, will come again into her own; and Blue Beard will be heard still thundering at the foot of the tower while Sister Anne waves her signal to the rescuers. Not wholly, indeed, have all of these delightful creations been forgotten. One firm of publishers, upon whom be benisons forever, still keeps the sacred fire alight in the face of all this wind of adverse doctrine. Had we the revenues of a multimillionaire we should send each Christmas Day our personal cheque for ten thousand dollars to the Messrs. McLoughlin of this city, who still put forth those good old classics whose pages show the very subtlest literary gifts and which have long ago secured a glorious immortality.

One argument against these books deserves some little serious consideration, because on the face of it, it is not devoid of plausibility. It is asserted that the scenes of killing and wounding and battle and slaughter in which some of them abound are unduly horrifying to the sensitive mind of a child; that they will frighten and excite and alarm, and are therefore unwholesome in their effect upon the mind and nerves. But this assertion only goes to show how little, with all his vaunted psychology, the Educationist really knows about the nature of a child's mind. He ascribes to the child, in fact, attributes that are impossible without an experience which no child can possibly possess. Thus, for example, when you tell the Educationist how Jack drew his sword and decapitated the Two-Headed Giant, he, being a grown man with a knowlege of physiological facts, can conjure up the horrors of an actual killing—the gush-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing blood, the shriek of agony, the monstrous body swaying and falling, and the inevitableness and finality of death. But what does the child know of all this? To it the cutting off of the head is not in itself more startling than the taking off of a hat. Of course, it is rather uncomfortable for a Giant to be without any head; but he is a bad old Giant anyway and deserves some little annoyance of this sort for stealing the poor people's pigs and cattle. If he should repent, however, there is no reason why his head could not be clapped on again all right and be as good as new, just as when the Maid was in the Garden hanging out the Clothes and her nose was carried off by a predatory blackbird, it wasn't long before little Jenny Wren came and satisfactorily replaced it. To the child's simple faith everything is possible; he knows as little of anatomy as of antiseptic surgery; and his imagination, however active and daring, is necessarily circumscribed and conditioned by the limitations of his knowledge. Consequently, just as young David Copperfield read of Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker and found them harmless creatures because his own mind had not yet eaten of the tree of life that gives a knowledge of good and evil, so to the child in the nursery, the combats and wild scenes of the story-book are as innocent as summer picnics.

Mélanie Elisabeth Norton.

We are inclined to think that when the present fad for over-refining the processes of children's education has been dropped, when the Psychological Basis has been laid comfortably to rest, and when we go back to a simpler and more natural way of looking at these things, the child's picture-book will be found to have been modified in only one respect by reason of all this powwow. It is likely that the pictures themselves, while keeping to the old themes or to themes that are not different in general spirit, will be more artistic in their execution, and that is all. Then we shall have a quite ideal picture-book—one whose illustrations will suggest the story that lies behind them and at the same time will deserve respect for the adequacy of their execution. Of the pictures that have been made this year for the delectation of children, there is one particular series that seems to us indicative of what all will have to be in the not far distant future. These are found in a little book soon to be published,* in which the text has been illustrated by Miss M. E. Norton, of whose work the readers of THE BOOKMAN have already seen several striking specimens. In this new field she shows some qualities that

* The Adventures of Mabel. By Rafford Pyke. With illustrations by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one would not necessarily have predicated of her earlier drawings, but which make her an ideal illustrator of a text intended for a healthy-minded child. Here are all the imagination and insight, the same startling originality, and the same felicity of execution, but there is also a subtle touch of humour unobtrusively suggested—the sort of underlying humour always present in a child's mind when it is playing robbers, for instance, or anything else that is purely make-believe, and which is quite consistent with the greatest external gravity and apparent faith in the little drama. It is, in fact, the sub-consciousness of the fiction as a fiction, the duality of the thought, the underlying knowledge that the play is really nothing but a play, that so tickles a child's fancy and gives to the whole thing its greatest zest. Now Miss Norton's pictures in some curious way all manage to suggest this very feeling; you feel that she is within the charmed circle herself, that she is playing with the children and making believe as hard as they are; and all the while you know that her eyes, like theirs, have just a glint of fun in them, just the suspicion of a twinkle that shows how well she understands the rules of the game. Moreover, each picture makes you feel that there is a story behind it, and will excite in the mind of the child who sees it a strong desire to know just what that story is.

We live therefore in the hope that ere long there will come to children a glorious Renaissance of the Natural, when they will no more be fed with formulas or made to learn so many improving things. Childhood is short enough at the best; the dreams of children vanish all too soon; the facts of life confront them grimly even while the baby look still lingers in their eyes; and surely he is no real lover of his kind who would begrudge them this one small corner of delight and enter with sullen tread to mar the heaven that lies about us in our infancy.

H. T. P.

DAYS WITH MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS AND HER FRIENDS.

That we may come without delay to an understanding of the spirit which is behind a delightful new book, *Authors and Friends*, by Mrs. James T. Fields, a passage at the beginning of a paper on Tennyson which it contains may very well be quoted. Its least value does not lie in its being one of the few passages in which the reading of direct autobiography, rather than reminiscence of others, seems to be permitted:

"There is a keen remembrance, lingering ineradicably with the writer, of a little girl coming to school once upon recitation day with a 'piece' of her own selection safely stored away in her childish memory. It was a new poem to the school, and when her turn came to recite her soul was full of the gleam and glory of Camelot. She felt as if she were unlocking a treasure-house, and it was with unspeakable pleasure to herself that she gave, verse after verse, the entire poem of 'The Lady of Shalott.' Doubtless the child's voice drifted away into sing song, as her whole little self seemed to drift away into the land of fancy, and doubtless also the busy teacher, who was more familiar with Jane Taylor and Cowper, was sadly puzzled. When the child at length sat down, scarcely knowing where she was in her sudden descent from the land of marvel, she heard the teacher say, to her amazement and discouragement, after an ominous pause, 'I wonder if any young lady can tell me what this poem means?' There was no reply.

"'Can *you* tell us?' was the next question pointed at the poor little girl who had just dropped out of cloudland. 'I thought it explained itself,' was the plaintive reply. With a slight air of depreciation, in another moment the next recitation was called for, and the dull clouds of routine shut down over the sudden glory. 'Shades of the prison house' then and there began to close over the growing child. One joy had for the present faded from her life, that of a sure sympathy and understanding. Not even her teacher could see what she saw, nor could feel what lay deep down in her own glowing heart. Nevertheless, Tennyson was henceforth a seer and a prophet to this child and to the growing world; but for some, who could never learn his language, he was born too late."

It is because Mrs. Fields herself was born just early and just late enough, and through circumstance and native endowment came into the closest intimacy and sympathy with the men and women whose names shine forth most clearly in our century's record of letters, that her book has an uncommon charm and value.

Even if James T. Fields had not been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

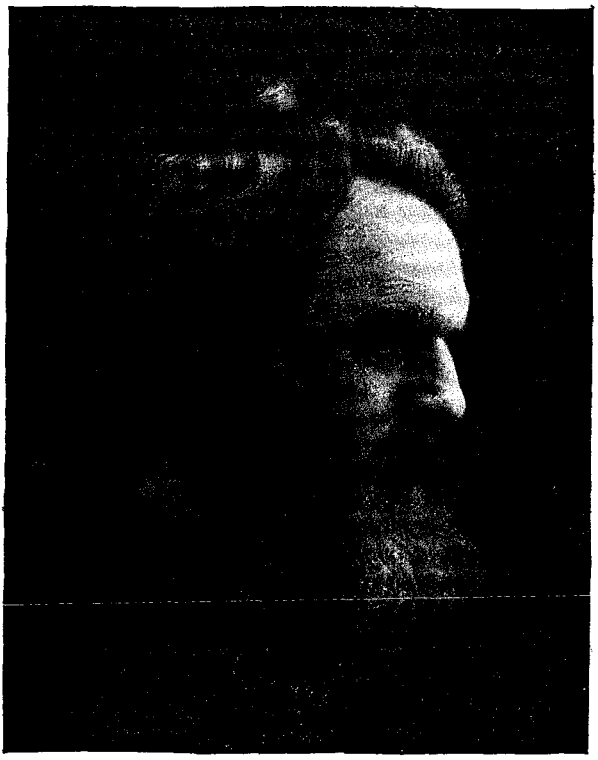
MRS. FIELDS'S STUDY.

precisely what he was as a man, his position as one of the large-minded firm of Ticknor and Fields, and as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* at a time when the giants in American literature nearly all lived in and near Boston, would have made his doors a familiar entering-place for those elect ones whose thoughts and talk were best worth hearing. But Mr. Fields was something far more than publisher and editor. He had a gift for friendship, a generosity of mind and heart, and a sympathy with the things of the intellect and spirit which few men of any employment possess, and which peculiarly fitted him for the work he had to do in the world. To remove the name of Fields from the most important chapters of our literary annals would be to give up the one name that appears on nearly every page. Without the least assumption of the dignity of a pope in the hierarchy of letters, he was in the truest sense the *servus servorum* of that divinity which rules the brotherhood of the pen.

To an equal share in this life of service and co-operation Mrs. Fields came by right. It is something to have known the men and women who filled the hours of that life; it is much more to have been able to know them, to have had the powers of understanding and provoking the best things in their natures, and to have held their friendship long after the circumstances which gave it birth had been left in the past.

It is twenty-five years since Mr. Fields, in his familiar *Yesterdays with Authors*, opened the doors of his library, and talked freely of the portraits on the walls, the great friends who had come and gone across the threshold, and the intimacies with them and others with whom he had met only on English soil. These same doors Mrs. Fields opens again in her *Authors and Friends*. Now we are permitted to go in and out with those other intimates of her husband and herself who have outlived him. The reminiscences are drawn from the same sources as those to which Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



James T. Fields

Fields turned frequently—letters more or less directly connected with books which concerned him as a publisher; and memorials, written and unwritten, of the friendships with which the business of books came inevitably to occupy a secondary relation.

In these reminiscences of Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, and their contemporaries, Mrs. Fields gives evidence of qualities of the first value, though not of the widest distribution, in biographical writing. For one quality let us give special thanks. She does not tell the reader more than he is entitled to know. He is admitted to high acquaintanceships, and feels that double gratification which comes of being well introduced—a sense that the new acquaintance is seen at his best, and that one is received without a suspicion of coldness. This last sensation may be termed fanciful in a mere reader; but the feeling of personal contact is real enough in the book to make one half wonder whether one's presence gives any such pleasure to others as to one's self. Yet intimate as the intercourse is, the reader feels again and again, without being told, that reserves are kept, and he is glad of it. There are biographies enough and to spare in these days of ours which leave one with the feeling of having intruded unwittingly upon scenes too private for an outside eye. When one finds one's self in such a room, it is best to say without hesitation, "I beg your pardon, I think I must be going."

With the exception of the short concluding paper on Lady Tennyson, all the portions of the present volume have appeared from time to time in magazines, though new material has frequently, and with great advantage, been added. In the paper on Mrs. Stowe, for example, there is enough that did not appear in the *Atlantic* last summer to make the article practically a new production. Separated, moreover, as the successive magazine papers were in time and place, it was impossible to note, as one now does, how they vary in atmosphere and treatment with the subjects with which they deal. The daily lives of Longfellow and Holmes are more clearly reflected, perhaps, than those of any Authors who were Mrs. Fields's Friends, for with none of the persons in the book was there a more constant personal intercourse. Whittier, in his habit as he lived, walks in and out with some frequency; Emerson, elusive and shy, with less, but the flashes of his talk and letters brighten many pages. Mrs. Stowe, living more continuously at a distance from Boston, is seen mainly in her visits to town, but most vividly in her frank and spirited letters to both of her friends in Charles Street. The paper on Mrs. Thaxter appears elsewhere as an introduction to a volume of her letters, and, lacking letters therefore itself, is a harmonious study of a life and character. So, too, the accounts of Tennyson and his wife, with whom of necessity the personal intercourse was more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken than with the others, are studies of personality.

As the treatment of the different themes varies, so, to a striking degree, does the atmosphere of personality with which each separate paper is instinct. The simple, loving benignity of Longfellow as a man has entered into Mrs. Fields's picture of him. From the account of Emerson one learns to appreciate keenly the truth and significance of a single phrase—"a kind of squirrel-like shyness and swiftness"—that is used in describing his reading of an essay. Dr. Holmes, the droll, shrewd, true-hearted little man, stands out exactly as the Autocrat should appear. The Friend Whittier is the very person his poems reveal. "He felt a certain brotherhood with Burns," says Mrs. Fields, "and early loved his genius; but where were two more unlike?" Where indeed? Yet where could truer words for Whittier the Abolitionist be found than these of a younger poet, who sings of Burns:

"To him the powers that formed him brave
* * * * *
A mighty gift of Hatred gave—
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of Love.

"He saw 'tis meet that man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity—and be pitiless;
To make and mar,
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far."

The eager strenuousness of Mrs. Stowe, the abundant life of Mrs. Thaxter, the serenity, dark and fair, of Lord and Lady Tennyson are drawn each with a faithfulness no less convincing than that of the cursory remark that has been quoted concerning Whittier.

One could cite many words from the book to show the means by which these various ends of living portraiture are attained; but the book itself is the place to look for them. Two widely separated passages well serve as an illustration of the manner in which two such different persons as Holmes and Whittier reveal their habits of mind under almost similar conditions. At different times each of them had gone to the house on Charles Street, and had found the occupants away from home. When it happened to Dr. Holmes, this characteristic letter, reproduced in Mr. Morse's *Life*, from Mrs. Fields's article in the *Century*, was promptly written:

296 Beacon Street,
February 11, 1872.

My dear Mr. Fields: On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at eight of the clock, P.M.

A cautious female responded to my ring and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge Street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a "sneak thief."

By dint, however, of soft words and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

"I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told"

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the ignis fatuus of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex, and I retired.

On reaching home I read my note, and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for. . . .

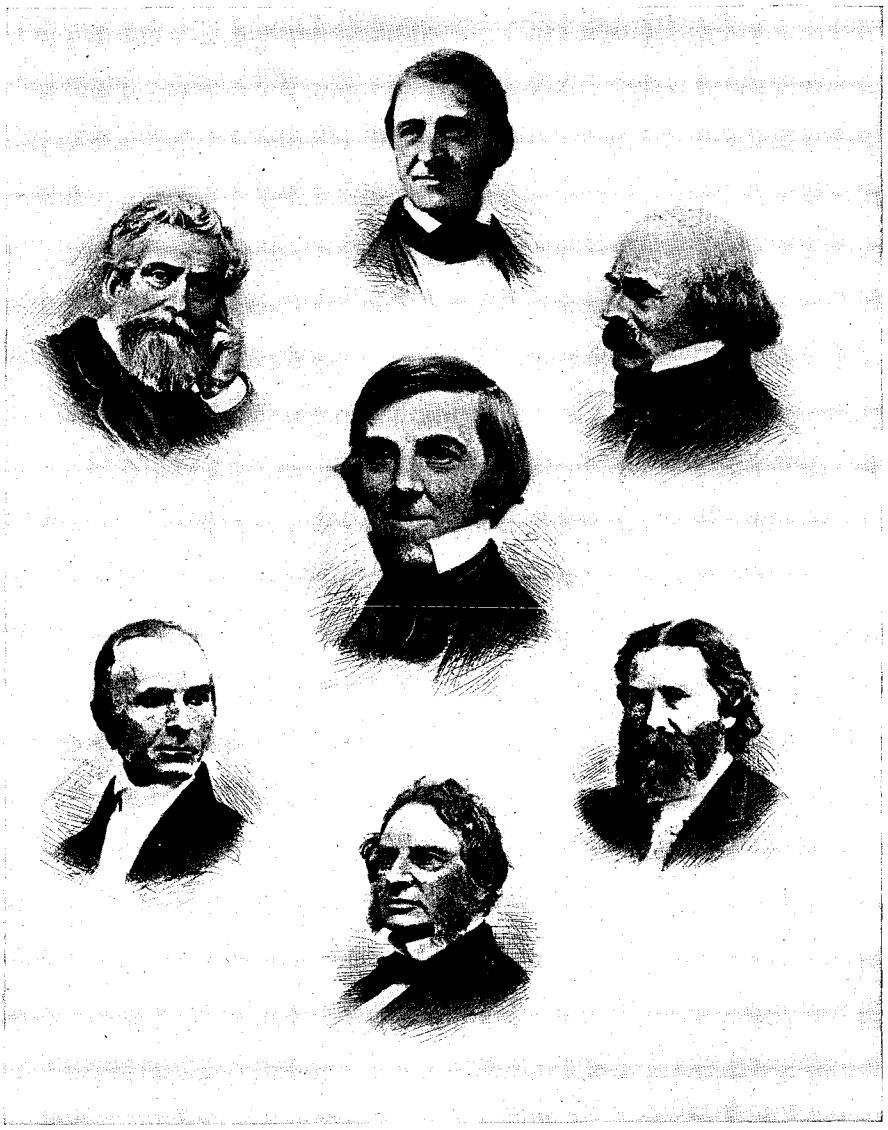
Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th of February, at eight o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields, and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson, etc.

Always truly yours,
O. W. Holmes.

It was an older Whittier who came to the door, during one of his last visits to Boston, and found it closed. As clearly as the joyous Autocrat spoke from his letter, the aged poet was himself in the following lines:

"I stood within the vestibule
Whose granite steps I knew so well,
While through the empty rooms the bell
Responded to my eager pull.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MOTLEY. WHITTIER. EMERSON. HOLMES. LONGFELLOW. HAWTHORNE. LOWELL.

A GROUP FROM THE SATURDAY CLUB CONTEMPORARY WITH MR. JAMES T. FIELDS.

"I listened while the bell once more
Rang through the void, deserted hall;
I heard no voice nor light footfall,
And turned me sadly from the door.

"Though fair was Autumn's dreamy day,
And fair the wood paths carpeted
With fallen leaves of gold and red,
I missed a dearer sight than they.

"I missed the love-transfigured face,
The glad, sweet smile so dear to me,
The clasp of greeting warm and free.
What had the round world in their place?

"O friend, whose generous love has made
My last days best, my good intent
Accept, and let the call I meant
Be with your coming doubly paid."

Largely typical as these verses are of one phase of Whittier's spirit, they represent a feeling toward the dwellers in Mrs. Fields's house which could not help expressing itself in each separate account of her friendships. It is inevitable that the letters which Mrs. Fields

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has printed should show something of the other side of the personal relation, something of the impression she had made upon her intimates. Therefore one finds in these pages the constant revelation of kindnesses little and large; of a gracious hospitality—whether in Boston or in the cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea—which Emerson called "plus-Arabian;" of the comprehending sympathy which a womanhood deficient in either heart or head is incapable of expressing. Mrs. Fields tells freely of the pleasures the friendships of her fireside have given her. In Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *Chapters from a Life*, appearing almost simultaneously with Mrs. Fields's book, it is good to read a few words in which one guest at her house may be supposed to speak the thoughts of many:

"Those of us who received its hospitality recall its inspiration among the treasures of our lives. We think of the peaceful library into which the sunset over the Charles looked delicately, while the 'best things' of thought were given and taken by the finest and strongest minds of the day in a kind of electric interplay, which makes by contrast a pale affair of the word conversation as we are apt to use it. We recall the quiet guest-chamber, apart from the noise of the street, and lifted far above the river; that room, opulent and subtle with the astral shapes of past occupants—Longfellow, Whittier, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, Kingsley, and the rest of their high order—and always resounding softly to the fine ear with the departed tread of Hawthorne, who used to pace the floor on sleepless nights. We remember the separation from paltriness and from superficial adjustments which that scholarly and gentle atmosphere commanded."

A book which extends this atmosphere beyond the limits of the walls that first enclosed it does something more than to gratify a curiosity, however worthy, about the lives we call great. It takes us for a time into a company of higher spirits, and gives to all, in the measure of their capability for receiving, the refreshment which comes of breathing a clear, pure air:

"'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole;
Second in order of felicity
I hold it, to have walked with such a soul."

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

A PSALM OF LOVE.

Dreadful and lovely, very stern and kind,
Came a vast angel, winnowing down the wind:
A raiment as of lightnings veiled his form;
And when he spoke, his whisper drowned the storm.

I cried, and fell before him on the ground,
"Love, Love the long-desired, at last is found!"
Then swiftly sped to clasp his awful feet,
Knowing that Love, though linked with Death, were sweet.

But he laughed loud across the breathless air,
"Fool, draw not near me: knowest thou not Despair?"
Yet unappalled to find my fate I came,
—And would have come unshodden over flame.

Wherefore he, smiling, murmured in mine ear,
"Learn, thou whose love of Love has cast out fear,
Love *is* Despair, since Love began to be,
But Love's new name awaits eternity."

Since then we twain across the lands have trod,
As o'er the Syrian fields men walked with God:
O Love eternal! sacred still Despair!
Awful and gracious! most austerely fair.

G. A. D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIVING CRITICS.

XI.—William Crary Brownell.

Within a few years a new and noteworthy critic has quietly arisen in America whose steadiness of grasp and breadth of treatment, whose exquisite tact and insight entitle him to consideration with the greatest. Less sympathetic and appreciative than Mr. Gosse, and correspondingly more sane and tolerantly liberal; less dogmatic and whimsical, if less ruddy, than Mr. Lang; less opinionated and broadly humorous than Mr. Birrell, and less inclined to trust to the illuminative power of epigrams; less discursive and prosaic than Mr. Saintsbury, and, unlike him, under no responsibility to give the world all that occurs to one; with none of Mr. Stedman's feverish alertness and incessant glitter; with a stylistic resemblance to Mr. Henry James and much the viewpoint of Mr. George Moore, to whom (and Hamerton and M. Bourget) he might more fittingly be compared, Mr. Brownell has compassed so adequately the subjects he has attempted that there is no longer any doubt of his high rank and unique place among critics. *French Traits* (1889), *French Art* (1892), and *Newport* (1896), which last has been courteously but inaccurately characterised as a "*soufflé* whipped to the lightest froth by the most skilful of touches," are three volumes in comparative criticism which have in them the resourcefulness and promise of great achievement. Each is so clearly a masterful accomplishment that one can only express the hope that Mr. Brownell's tranquil attention will in time be turned to literature no less than art and manners.

In the discussion of the latter, he speaks from the literary standpoint, which, in his case, is disturbed by no trace of dilettantism or uncertainty of touch. He possesses the candour which enables him to take the point of view even of what he disesteems, and, not being a painter, he is not continually handicapped by the consciousness that "he would have done it differently." The same independence, coupled with the same sympathy and technical thoroughness, if applied to the novel or the drama, would very nearly realise the acme of critical judgment.

The qualities of Mr. Brownell's writing are so subdued, so refined, that many, I think, have overlooked their poise and force. Perhaps some would deny him these very traits because they are manifested in such restraint and proportion. Those who are *en rapport* with Mr. Brownell are charmed inexpressibly; many who cannot withhold their admiration confess, with a puzzled air, that "they cannot read him long at a time;" while not a few outspoken Americans, who perhaps wish to see a reflection of themselves in an author, declare that he is always beating about the bush, and uses *such* long words, and has he never any enthusiasm? they ask. These first impressions, however crude, are worth examining. It is true his manner is not direct, trenchant, like Professor Brander Matthews's or Mr. Stedman's, nor is it simple to the point of banality like Mr. Howells's. He habitually expresses finer shades of meaning than do any of these writers (if they will pardon my urbanity); and his style—no one would deny Mr. Brownell style—suits itself to the silky complexity of his thought. To one who looks beneath the surface there is discernible a logical groundwork which gives it strength and fibre.

Nor is he often, as in his characterisation of Rodin and in his "sensuous beatitude" in the stern-sheets of a catboat in Newport harbor, unqualifiedly enthusiastic. But that he is "cold" or lacks feeling, I deny. The one note of his writings *is* "feeling," in the French sense of the word. It is never pronounced, or effusive, or obtrusive. Many "frank," "outspoken" people would fail, perhaps, to detect it. His manner is marmoresque rather than pictorial. His sentimental appeal, like Millet's, is subordinate, and the fact of its subordination gives it potency. He is too genuinely sincere in his realism—if one may use two overstrained words—to please always the "average reader," who, as Turgenieff said, "must have generalisations, conclusions, incorrect, if you like, but still conclusions! A perfectly sincere man never pleases him." Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brownell is tentative when he is not sure. He shrinks from giving the epithets which first suggest themselves, leaving others, for example, to exclaim of Rodin, "majestic, Miltonic, grandiose." One comes to trust a poise and restraint so unembarrassed. Even his wit and sarcasm, so lightly and delicately pervasive, are tempered by a gentleness—a gentlemanliness—that makes them, to me, the quintessence of humour. He never "clears the air," like Tom Jones, with a laugh, but he produces smiles which are beyond repentance.

If one cannot read Mr. Brownell long at a sitting—waiving the indubitable fact that criticism does not usurp the place of fiction—it is just to inquire if there be any tinge of sameness in his literary manner. I should find the difficulty, if anywhere, in his reluctantly abstract method and in certain peculiarities of diction. Being a sculptor rather than painter in words, his mathematical balance of parts and excessive whiteness of light produce a certain monotony. That he is devoid of colour is not strictly true. But his colour does not catch the eye. To read him long is like gazing into a crystal; the lights are prismatic and unexpected, and one thinks rather of the excessive clarity of the crystal than of its rainbow hues. Then, too, his precise, ever-glinting speech flows on, as Lowell said of Pope's couplets, with an ease and immaculateness that are wearisomely perfect. His thought is at times a trifle elusive, too enigmatical to be transparently committal. "The mundane extravagance" (of Newport) he says, "gains immensely by being related, seemingly at least and as to ocular setting, to a background of natural beauty and grave decorum." "The jail on Marlborough Street is absolutely delightful and characteristically domestic; there is a legend of its one prisoner once complaining because there was no lock on her door." Again, rather than a measured march through the subject, his progress is sometimes a corkscrew St. Gothard tunnelling of it, as in the admirable chapter on "Morality" in *French Traits*. He is impersonal to the end, and persistently refrains from colloquialism. He uses—humorously rather than deprecatingly, we should say—quotation marks to set off the homely idioms of our every-day speech. One is refreshed beyond bounds to read of M. Rodin: "The grandiose does not run away with him." One rather wishes he had said "other boats" for "extraneities," in Newport harbor; but that is a matter of wit. His highly Latinised diction naturally includes many words ending in "ity" and "ation"—"systematisation," "fantasticality," "modernity," "solidarity." It is not always euphonious, as in "imaginative initiative," "contrives a trifling incident," "the procession's smartness." This is due to no journalistic determination not to be Stevensonian in the choice of words, nor to a failure to appreciate verbal music, but to his dignified absorption in his theme. His sentence structure, considering the subtlety of the thought, is wonderfully flexible and even. One is tempted to inquire where is language more adequate to its purpose.

WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL.

Personal traits inevitably get reflected in one's writing. The dominant personal note in Mr. Brownell's essays, felt rather than anywhere obtruded, is repose, the repose of complete self-respect. There is a singular pertinence in his own words, "Culture is impossible without cosmopolitanism, but self-respect is more indispensable even than culture;" and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he elsewhere speaks of "the loss of self-respect involved in the bravado of self-assertion," one cannot but exclaim: "τὸν ἄνδρα ὁρῶ." His has been a symmetrical growth productive of a sane philosophy, the occasional gleams of which unconsciously lend force and sprightliness to his opinions. It is easy with him to speak in a fresh and rememberable way.

"An artless platitude," he says, "is really more artificial than a clever paradox; it doesn't even cast a sidelight on the natural material with which it deals." With a fine urbanity he alludes to "a few contemporary painters and critics, whose specific penetration is sometimes in curious contrast with their imperfect catholicity." When he asks the question, "What do we mean by style?" he answers it with no Arnold-like academic insistence. How gracefully he makes, in passing, an important distinction: "Everything is pictorial; every series of objects is an *ensemble;* the vista in any direction [he is speaking of the Newport landscape] exceeds the interest of the purely picturesque—the picturesque with its crudity, its fortuitousness, its animated and uneasy helter-skelter." When he feels it, he does not hesitate to affirm a mysterious truth: "A picture should be something more than even pictorial. To be permanently attaching it should give at least a hint of the painter's philosophy—his point of view, his attitude toward his material. In the great pictures you cannot only discover this attitude, but the attitude of the painter toward life and the world in general." Quotations from *French Traits* are sure to lack atmosphere. However, with Mr. Brownell's permission, I will insert two. "The attraction France has for Frenchmen," he writes, "is something of which we can form no adequate notion. Everything French suits exactly every Frenchman. Life is a larger thing, or, at any rate, people in general are more alive—not nervously and feverishly, as we are apt to fancy from the novels, but freely and expansively. . . ." Again, from the essay "Morality": "We may say, I think, that the prayer 'lead us not into temptation' is rarely on his lips or in his heart. His attitude toward temptation is not one of timorousness. He believes, rather, with La Bruyère, that 'everything is temptation to him who fears temptation.' He does not seek to fortify himself against it by acquiring the habit of self-denial. He does not contemplate the notion of yielding in spite of himself, of being assailed by the tempter in an unguarded moment, of the necessity of always having one's armour on. Neither does he comprehend the relaxation and relief all of us know so well of those moments during which we put this armour off for the nonce, when we are sure temptation cannot assail us; nor our occasional excesses when we find ourselves in error as to this security. Discipline in this direction he does not practise. He substitutes philosophy for it. His philosophy may now and then be stoic, but it is not ascetic. He does not strive to obey his higher and control his lower nature. He appears, in fact, to have no higher nature—and no lower; to have, morally speaking, a nature that is simple and single." Those who would wilfully misinterpret the whole trend and nature of Mr. Brownell's work in comparative criticism, as some have that of Mr. James, might invite themselves to a perusal of the final paper, "New York After Paris," where the author, as elsewhere, betrays a sturdy belief in democratic institutions, and explicitly expresses his sensibility to "the prodigious amount of right feeling manifested in a hundred ways" throughout our country.

The "prismatic turn of what is real and actual into a position wherein it catches glints of the imagination" (to turn homeward another chance phrasing) is a function of art which did not come to Mr. Brownell from heaven or all at once, we shrewdly suspect. His fine sense of proportion bespeaks a rigorous academic training. To seven years of metropolitan journalism and his subsequent editorial connection with a weekly paper may be traced his quick observation and facility of expression. From what font he drank during this period he doubtless could tell—with Ciceronian accountability. In the following years he gained an intimate and accurate acquaintance with all that is best in French life and art. Thence his intelligence and style received their unique and inimitable French finish, whereof young men rave and old men should dream. He has been the architect of his own fortunes, and leaves on the reader the impress of a gentle, self-respecting nature.

George Merriam Hyde.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKS YOU USED TO READ.

What were the books that you used to read ?
  Which were the first you knew ?
Whose was the page with its wondrous seed,
  Seed of the will to do ?
Who wrote the words that in printer's ink
Stared from the pages to make you think ?

Have you the books that you used to thumb ?
  Wonderful storehouses then,
Filled with such treasures as never will come
  Back to your eyes again ;
For the eyes which the dear old volumes knew
Were as fresh as a flower that is sprent with dew.

Tell me the books that you used to know
  Back in the dear old home,
Sheltered by trees that were bending low
  And by the vines that clomb,
Making, perhaps, a secluded nook
Just for you and your favourite book.

What if their linen be soiled to-day ?
  What if their coats be torn ?
Friends are still friends if the hair be grey
  Or if the clothes be worn ;
And they will ever seem staunch and true—
These, the friends that in youth you knew.

Do you not know what they told you then,
  Even the page and line ?
Could you not turn to it now, as when
  You were a child of nine ?
And in your eyes would the words not glow
Just as they did in the long ago ?

Dear were these friends when such were few ;
  Dear are they still, I know ;
Tomes that are stately and rich and new
  Laugh at the long ago,
But into your favour shall never come
As did the books that you used to thumb.

Osman C. Hooper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes," said our old friend Tribourdeaux, a man of culture and a philosopher, which is a combination rarely found among army surgeons; "yes, the supernatural is everywhere; it surrounds us and hems us in and permeates us. If science pursues it, it takes flight and cannot be grasped. Our intellect resembles those ancestors of ours who cleared a few acres of forest: whenever they approached the limits of their clearing they heard low growls and saw gleaming eyes everywhere circling them about. I myself have had the sensation of having approached the limits of the unknown several times in my life, and on one occasion in particular."

A young lady present interrupted him:

"Doctor, you are evidently dying to tell us a story. Come now, begin!"

The doctor bowed.

"No, I am not in the least anxious, I assure you. I tell this story as seldom as possible, for it disturbs those who hear it, and it disturbs me also. However, if you wish it, here it is:

"In 1863 I was a young physician stationed at Orléans. In that patrician city, full of aristocratic old residences, it is difficult to find bachelor apartments; and as I like both plenty of air and plenty of room, I took up my lodging on the first floor of a large building situated just outside the city, near Saint-Euverte. It had been originally constructed to serve as the warehouse and also as the dwelling of a manufacturer of rugs. In course of time the manufacturer had failed, and this big barrack that he had built, falling out of repair through lack of tenants, had been sold for a song with all its furnishings. The purchaser hoped to make a future profit out of his purchase, for the city was growing in that direction; and, as a matter of fact, I believe that at the present time the house is included within the city limits. When I took up my quarters there, however, the mansion stood alone on the verge of the open country, at the end of a straggling street on which a few stray houses produced at dusk the impression of a jaw from which most of the teeth have fallen out.

"I leased one half of the first floor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an apartment of four rooms. For my bedroom and my study I took the two that fronted on the street; in the third room I set up some shelves for my wardrobe, and the other room I left empty. This made a very comfortable lodging for me, and I had, for a sort of promenade, a broad balcony that ran along the entire front of the building, or rather one half of the balcony, since it was divided into two parts (please note this carefully) by a fan of ironwork, over which, however, one could easily climb.

"I had been living there for about two months, when one night in July, on returning to my rooms, I saw with a good deal of surprise a light shining through the windows of the other apartment on the same floor, which I had supposed to be uninhabited. The effect of this light was extraordinary. It lit up with a pale yet perfectly distinct reflection parts of the balcony, the street below, and a bit of the neighbouring fields.

"I thought to myself, 'Aha! I have a neighbour!'

"The idea indeed was not altogether agreeable, for I had been rather proud of my exclusive proprietorship. On reaching my bedroom I passed noiselessly out upon the balcony, but already the light had been extinguished. So I went back into my room, and sat down to read for an hour or two. From time to time I seemed to hear about me, as though within the walls, light footsteps; but after finishing my book I went to bed, and speedily fell asleep.

"About midnight I suddenly awoke with a curious feeling that something was standing beside me. I raised myself in bed, lit a candle, and this is what I saw. In the middle of the room stood an immense cat gazing upon me with phosphorescent eyes, and with its back slightly arched. It was a magnificent Angora, with long fur and a fluffy tail, and of a remarkable colour—exactly like that of the yellow silk that one sees in cocoons—so that, as the light gleamed upon its coat, the animal seemed to be made of gold.

"It slowly moved toward me on its velvety paws, softly rubbing its sinuous body against my legs. I leaned over to stroke it, and it permitted my caress, purring, and finally leaping upon my knees. I noticed then that it was a female cat, quite young, and that she seemed disposed to permit me to pet her as long as ever I would. Finally, however, I put her down upon the floor, and tried to induce her to leave the room; but she leaped away from me and hid herself somewhere among the furniture, though as soon as I had blown out my candle, she jumped upon my bed. Being sleepy, however, I didn't molest her, but dropped off into a doze, and the next morning when I awoke in broad daylight I could find no sign of the animal at all.

"Truly, the human brain is a very delicate instrument, and one that is easily thrown out of gear. Before I proceed, just sum up for yourselves the facts that I have mentioned: a light seen and presently extinguished in an apartment supposed to be uninhabited; and a cat of a remarkable colour, which appeared and disappeared in a way that was slightly mysterious. Now there isn't anything very strange about that, is there? Very well. Imagine, now, that these unimportant facts are repeated day after day and under the same conditions throughout a whole week, and then, believe me, they become of importance enough to impress the mind of a man who is living all alone, and to produce in him a slight disquietude such as I spoke of in commencing my story, and such as is always caused when one approaches the sphere of the unknown. The human mind is so formed that it always unconsciously applies the principle of the *causa sufficiens*. For every series of facts that are identical, it demands a cause, a law; and a vague dismay seizes upon it when it is unable to guess this cause and to trace out this law.

"I am no coward, but I have often studied the manifestation of fear in others, from its most puerile form in children up to its most tragic phase in madmen. I know that it is fed and nourished by uncertainties, although when one actually sets himself to investigate the cause, this fear is often transformed into simple curiosity.

"I made up my mind, therefore, to ferret out the truth. I questioned my care-taker, and found that he knew nothing about my neighbours. Every morning an old woman came to look after the neighbouring apartment; my care-taker had tried to question her, but either she was completely deaf or else

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she was unwilling to give him any information, for she had refused to answer a single word. Nevertheless, I was able to explain satisfactorily the first thing that I had noted—that is to say, the sudden extinction of the light at the moment when I entered the house. I had observed that the windows next to mine were covered only by long lace curtains; and as the two balconies were connected, my neighbour, whether man or woman, had no doubt a wish to prevent any indiscreet inquisitiveness on my part, and therefore had always put out the light on hearing me come in. To verify this supposition, I tried a very simple experiment, which succeeded perfectly. I had a cold supper brought in one day about noon by my servant, and that evening I did not go out. When darkness came on, I took my station near my window. Presently I saw the balcony shining with the light that streamed through the windows of the neighbouring apartment. At once I slipped quietly out upon my balcony, and stepped softly over the ironwork that separated the two parts. Although I knew that I was exposing myself to a positive danger, either of falling and breaking my neck, or of finding myself face to face with a man, I experienced no perturbation. Reaching the lighted window without having made the slightest noise, I found it partly open; its curtains, which for me were quite transparent since I was on the dark side of the window, made me wholly invisible to any one who should look toward the window from the interior of the room.

"I saw a vast chamber furnished quite elegantly, though it was obviously out of repair, and lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. At the end of the room was a low sofa, upon which was reclining a woman who seemed to me to be both young and pretty. Her loosened hair fell over her shoulders in a rain of gold. She was looking at herself in a hand-mirror, patting herself, passing her arms over her lips, and twisting about her supple body with a curiously feline grace. Every movement that she made caused her long hair to ripple in glistening undulations.

"As I gazed upon her I confess that I felt a little troubled, especially when all of a sudden the young girl's eyes were fixed upon me—strange eyes, eyes of a phosphorescent green that gleamed like the flame of a lamp. I was sure that I was invisible, being on the dark side of a curtained window. That was simple enough, yet nevertheless *I felt that I was seen.* The girl, in fact, uttered a cry, and then turned and buried her face in the sofa-pillows.

"I raised the window, rushed into the room toward the sofa, and leaned over the face that she was hiding. As I did so, being really very remorseful, I began to excuse and to accuse myself, calling myself all sorts of names, and begging pardon for my indiscretion. I said that I deserved to be driven from her presence, but begged not to be sent away without at least a word of pardon. For a long time I pleaded thus without success, but at last she slowly turned, and I saw that the fair young face was stirred with just the faintest suggestion of a smile. When she caught a glimpse of me she murmured something of which I did not then quite get the meaning.

"'It is *you*,' she cried out; 'it is *you!*'

"As she said this, and as I looked at her, not knowing yet exactly what to answer, I was harassed by the thought, Where on earth have I already seen this face, this look, this very gesture? Little by little, however, I found my tongue, and after saying a few more words in apology for my unpardonable curiosity, and getting brief but not offended answers, I took leave of her, and retiring through the window by which I had come, went back to my own room. Arriving there, I sat a long time by the window in the darkness, charmed by the face that I had seen, and yet singularly disquieted. This woman so beautiful, so amiable, living so near to me, who said to me, 'It is *you*,' exactly as though she had already known me, who spoke so little, who answered all my questions with evasion, excited in me a feeling of fear. She had, indeed, told me her name—Linda—and that was all. I tried in vain to drive away the remembrance of her greenish eyes which in the darkness seemed still to gleam upon me, and of those glints which, like electric sparks, shone in her long hair whenever she stroked it with her hand. Finally, however, I retired for the night; but scarcely was my head upon the pillow when I felt some moving body descend upon my feet. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cat had appeared again. I tried to chase her away, but she kept returning again and again, until I ended by resigning myself to her presence; and, just as before, I went to sleep with this strange companion near me. Yet my rest was this time a troubled one, and broken by strange and fitful dreams.

"Have you ever experienced the sort of mental obsession which gradually causes the brain to be mastered by some single absurd idea—an idea almost insane, and one which your reason and your will alike repel, but which nevertheless gradually blends itself with your thought, fastens itself upon your mind, and grows and grows? I suffered cruelly in this way on the days that followed my strange adventure. Nothing new occurred, but in the evening, going out upon the balcony, I found Linda standing upon her side of the iron fan. We chatted together for a while in the half-darkness, and, as before, I returned to my room to find that in a few moments the golden cat appeared, leaped upon my bed, made a nest for herself there, and remained until the morning. I knew now to whom the cat belonged, for Linda had answered that very same evening, on my speaking of it, 'Oh, yes, *my* cat; doesn't she look exactly as though she were made of gold?' As I said, nothing new had occurred; yet nevertheless a vague sort of terror began little by little to master me and to develop itself in my mind, at first merely as a bit of foolish fancy, and then as a haunting belief that dominated my entire thought, so that I perpetually seemed to see a thing which it was in reality quite impossible to see."

"Why, it's easy enough to guess," interrupted the young lady who had spoken at the beginning of his story. "Linda and the cat were the same thing."

Tribourdeaux smiled.

"I should not have been quite so positive as that," he said, "even then; but I cannot deny that this ridiculous fancy haunted me for many hours when I was endeavouring to snatch a little sleep amid the insomnia that a too active brain produced. Yes, there were moments when these two beings with greenish eyes, sinuous movements, golden hair, and mysterious ways, seemed to me to be blended into one, and to be merely the double manifestation of a single entity. As I said, I saw Linda again and again, but in spite of all my efforts to come upon her unexpectedly, I never was able to see *them* both at the same time. I tried to reason with myself, to convince myself that there was nothing really inexplicable in all of this, and I ridiculed myself for being afraid both of a woman and of a harmless cat. In truth, at the end of all my reasoning, I found that I was not so much afraid of the animal alone or of the woman alone, but rather of a sort of duality which existed in my fancy and inspired me with a fear of something that was incorporeal—fear of a manifestation of my own spirit, fear of a vague thought, which is, indeed, the very worst of fears.

"I began to be mentally disturbed. After long evenings spent in confidential and very unconventional chats with Linda, in which little by little my feelings took on the colour of love, I passed long days of secret torment, such as incipient maniacs must experience. Gradually a resolve began to grow up in my mind, a desire that became more and more importunate in demanding a solution of this unceasing and tormenting doubt; and the more I cared for Linda, the more it seemed absolutely necessary to push this resolve to its fulfilment. *I decided to kill the cat.*

"One evening, before meeting Linda on the balcony, I took out of my medical cabinet a jar of glycerine and a small bottle of hydrocyanic acid, together with one of those little pencils of glass which chemists use in mixing certain corrosive substances. That evening for the first time Linda allowed me to caress her. I held her in my arms and passed my hand over her long hair, which snapped and crackled under my touch in a succession of tiny sparks. As soon as I regained my room the golden cat, as usual, appeared before me. I called her to me; she rubbed herself against me with arched back and extended tail, purring the while with the greatest amiability. I took the glass pencil in my hand, moistened the point in the glycerine, and held it out to the animal, which licked it with her long red tongue. I did this three or four times, but at the fourth time I dipped the pencil in the acid. The cat unhesitatingly touched it with her tongue. In an instant she became rigid, and a moment after, a frightful tetanic convulsion caused her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to leap thrice into the air, and then to fall upon the floor with a dreadful cry—a cry that was truly human. She was dead!

"With the perspiration starting from my forehead and with trembling hands I threw myself upon the floor beside the body that was not yet cold. The starting eyes had a look that froze me with horror. The blackened tongue was thrust out between the teeth; the limbs exhibited the most remarkable contortions. I mustered all my courage with a violent effort of will, took the animal by the paws, and left the house. Hurrying down the silent street, I proceeded to the quays along the banks of the Loire, and on reaching them, threw my burden into the river. Until daylight I roamed around the city, just where I know not; and not until the sky began to grow pale and then to be flushed with light did I at last have the courage to return home. As I laid my hand upon the door, I shivered. I had a dread of finding there still living, as in the celebrated tale of Poe, the animal that I had so lately put to death. But no, my room was empty. I fell half-fainting upon my bed, and for the first time I slept, with a perfect sense of being all alone, a sleep like that of a beast or of an assassin, until evening came."

Some one here interrupted, breaking in upon the profound silence in which we had been listening.

"I can guess the end. Linda disappeared at the same time as the cat."

"You see perfectly well," replied Tribourdeaux, "that there exists between the facts of this story a curious coincidence, since you are able to guess so exactly their relation. Yes, Linda disappeared. They found in her apartment her dresses, her linen, all even to the night-robe that she was to have worn that night, but there was nothing that could give the slightest clue to her identity. The owner of the house had let the apartment to 'Mademoiselle Linda, concert-singer.' He knew nothing more. I was summoned before the police magistrate. I had been seen on the night of her disappearance roaming about with a distracted air in the vicinity of the river. Luckily the Judge knew me; luckily also, he was a man of no ordinary intelligence. I related to him privately the entire story, just as I have been telling it to you. He dismissed the inquiry; yet I may say that very few have ever had so narrow an escape as mine from a criminal trial."

For several moments the silence of the company was unbroken. Finally a gentleman, wishing to relieve the tension, cried out:

"Come now, doctor, confess that this is really all a fiction; that you merely want to prevent these ladies from getting any sleep to-night."

Tribourdeaux bowed stiffly, his face unsmiling and a little pale.

"You may take it as you will," he said.

Adapted by H. T. Peck from the French of Marcel Prévost.

PROSE POEMS.

I.

The Face in the Mirror.

In the fog the lights of the streets were as drowning stars, and the woman often lost her way. When they passed into the white flare before the *café* windows the few people lingered a moment reassured, but when they walked through the uncertain darkness again they hurried by the other shadows suspiciously. Before a tall, still house the woman stopped, and at her ring the door opened with a snap and closed behind her noisily. Then she crept up a dark flight of stairs, and another, and another till the topmost landing was reached and light flecked the chinks of the door opposite. Her key opened it without noise, and beyond she drew aside a curtain. The room was all dull silver and pale green. Cupids threw each other eternal kisses from its corners, and at either end of the mantel a Sèvres shepherdess and Marquis smiled unceasinlgy. A man and woman standing before the mirror and stretching their hands to a flaming fire smiled too, till the man looked up and saw in the mirror a face as white as the fog, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes like two great blue lamps with flickering lights. For an immortal moment the mute face spoke and was answered, then the figure in the doorway vanished. And the man bent down to her who had stepped nearer the fire, unconscious.

But when later he looked up again into the mirror, and later still, the lamp-like eyes had remained, while the woman in the street was lost in the shrouding fog.

II.

A Perfume.

The car was filled with a dusty, giddy heat, the floor crackled, and a curtain of smoke fell across the door. Gusts blew the cinders through any open window. Every place was crowded but the one beside me. And we rushed on, the people too feverish and intent to speak.

Another passenger entered at a way-side station. I heard a stiff silk rustle behind me, and could feel a scrutinising pause, then a quick movement forward, though there was no rival for the empty place. Nodding reluctant assent, I did not turn my head, but read on, now crowded with the rest.

A space of rumbling, whizzing, shaking, and a perfume came toward me.

The woman seemed to sit stiffly erect. My book tumbled at her feet. Picking it up, I saw that her dress was of old-time flowered silk, patterned with little faded roses on brown with bars of black. She held a bunch of old-time flowers, straight out, as if in the heat the flowers panted for breath. I leaned back, shutting my eyes, tired of my book. I thought her bonnet might be of brown straw with velvet geraniums, her face of crumpled tea-roses perhaps . . .

The perfume came to me again, caressingly, appealingly.

The train sped more quickly and more quickly, so that when I looked out the blurred landscape seemed swimming under water.

And another sweet-smelling wave, like low-toned voices from an old-time garden.

Then the train stopped, and the feverish crowd pushed forward. The woman was suddenly hidden when I turned to go, but the perfume called back to me, and I followed, forgetful of everything, dreaming, through the glare of the station and the crowd, till the perfume faded into the city air, was lost, and I stopped and smiled at myself pityingly.

Lily Lewis Rood.

THE HOUSE OF FORGIVENESS.

Remembering most the old, eternal days,
I cannot curse our life—thy life and mine;
But now, perceiving its complex design,
I go on my intolerable ways,
And, blaming me the more, give thee more praise.
—I dared to think that such a love as thine
Were bounded by each little curve and line
My hand might limn!—by *my* blind yeas and nays!

And now I say not where thy paths shall be,
Or who shall go or come at thy least call;
Only I know that when thy footsteps fall
Across the silences that cover me,
Both God and I shall deem it best of all
Love liveth yet on earth for such as thee.

Francis Sherman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME NOTES ON POLITICAL ORATORY.

II.

The extent to which false estimates of living orators gain popular acceptance through newspaper influence can be very well illustrated in the case of Mr. Roscoe Conkling. Mr. Conkling was a fair speaker, no better and no worse than scores of others who in his day and generation were heard upon the floor of Congress. His best efforts were those of the earlier part of his senatorial career, during the Reconstruction Period; but if any one will take the trouble to consult the files of the *Congressional Record*, he will find that, while Mr. Conkling often spoke with a good deal of ability, and sometimes with considerable force and point, there is nothing in his speeches to mark him out as oratorically preëminent among the other political leaders of that day, and that not a few of his contemporaries easily surpassed him. He was, for instance, markedly inferior to the late Matthew H. Carpenter of Wisconsin, a very brilliant and effective debater, though by the present generation well-nigh forgotten. Nevertheless, from the beginning of President Grant's first administration, in 1869, down to the time of his own death, in 1888, Mr. Conkling was singled out by the newspaper-press for the most extravagant laudation as being one of the most impressive, stirring, and convincing orators of the day. Even now it is a sort of tradition in newspaper offices and, therefore, in the minds of a large number of intelligent Americans, that Mr. Conkling's name is always to be mentioned in enumerating our great masters of political eloquence. Mr. Conkling's oratorical reputation, in fact, is mainly the artificial creation of a prolonged and elaborate newspaper "boom."

Now, the original inventors of this myth were undoubtedly sincere believers in it; and those who afterward accepted it did so largely as a matter of faith in an established tradition. The explanation of the thing is a twofold explanation. The first reason is found in Mr. Conkling's personality; the second in the influence that he was able to exert through certain fortunate political connections. Mr. Conkling, as every one knows, was a man of rather striking presence, powerful in build, and one who always sought to make the most of his own physical advantages. He was, indeed, excessively vain, dressing in a way to attract attention, continually posing for the admiration of the galleries, and doing everything with an air that was meant to be impressive and that did impress a good many inexperienced persons who were unable accurately to distinguish between swaggering arrogance and the dignity that is the accompaniment of real power. Whenever he made a formal speech, the way for it was prepared as carefully as when a dramatist works up a situation to afford an effective entrance for the leading actor. Mr. Conkling's strut, his portentous frown, his dramatic gestures, and even the arrangement of his famous curl were all studied out by him as minutely as his Roman prototype, Hortensius, is said to have studied out the arrangement of the folds in his forensic toga. Mr. Blaine, in fact, in the very celebrated speech that made Conkling his implacable enemy for life, found in this display of personal vanity the feather that winged his sharpest shaft. This speech, whose studied antitheses prove it to have been no impromptu sally but a carefully prepared attack, must be regarded as wholly unparliamentary, and in view of the place in which it was delivered, as lacking in the very first elements of good taste; while throughout its whole comparison of Mr. Conkling with Henry Winter Davis it extravagantly overrated Davis and was in reality too severe upon Conkling; yet there was so large an element of truth in its characterisation as to make it rankle in the latter's memory down to the very day of his death. The comparison of Mr. Conkling to a turkey-cock was at once caught up by all the political cartoonists, and thereafter the strut and the pompous *pose* appeared and reappeared in a pictorial form as ludicrous as it was felicitous. Mr. Conkling's theatric self-assertion, however, though repellent to most persons of refined taste, did nevertheless impose upon a great many people, inasmuch as the world at large

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally takes a man at his own valuation; and the newspaper correspondents in particular were deeply impressed by his airs and graces. They spoke and wrote of him habitually as "Lord Roscoe," and regarded his swagger as superb. The power which at this time he undoubtedly wielded may be taken as affording some excuse for their delusion. President Grant, who was rather famous for his misjudgment of men in civil life, gave his personal and political friendship to Mr. Conkling, and by allowing him to dictate the federal appointments in the State of New York, enabled him to play for many years the congenial *rôle* of political dictator. Thus with those who saw his "Olympian" bearing apparently quite justified by his possession of acquired power, there grew up an unquestioning belief in his greatness, and the tradition survived the wreck of his political fortunes.

It was said of Mr. Conkling that while in Washington he had made himself proficient in boxing, and that he took the greatest delight in getting some inexperienced friend, who had not heard of his accomplishment, to put on the gloves for an amicable bout with him. Then would he buffet the unfortunate man most unmercifully, and feel an exquisite joy in his own vast superiority as he knocked his victim about the room. This was a very characteristic trait, because it was so typical of a bully's nature. That he was, in fact, a bully was made perfectly clear in many of the most important crises of his public life—a bully in his attempts to browbeat his way to the attainment of his ends, and a bully in his conduct when he encountered a firm and manly opposition.

The way in which he took Mr. Blaine's oratorical attack upon him is an excellent illustration; for it is the very first virtue of a politician to accept with good nature the punishment that he may receive in the course of his public career, and not to bear malice for any length of time; whereas Mr. Conkling never forgave this verbal chastisement, which he had neither the courage nor the ability to answer at the time, but which he stored up vindictively in his memory to make of it an excuse for many exhibitions of petty spite throughout the rest of his career.

Another lamentable revelation of his real nature was that which he made before the Rochester Convention in 1877, when, on certain questions of party policy, he came into conflict with Mr. George William Curtis, the gentlest, most dignified, and most courteous of men, and made a personal attack upon him which went completely over the line that separates oratorical invective from ordinary blackguardism. Mr. Conkling's biographer, in chronicling this unpleasant incident, quotes a eulogy upon the speech from the columns of a newspaper which regards it as one of the greatest in the whole annals of oratory, and compares Mr. Conkling with Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan; but the biographer himself, while professing to reproduce the speech in full, expunges, out of shame, some of its phrases, and supplies their place with asterisks.

Again, every one remembers his arrogant attempt, in the early days of the Garfield administration, to impose his will upon the President and to stretch the senatorial prerogative until it should overshadow and in part destroy the independence of the Executive. Had it been only the amiable Garfield who confronted him in this attempt, he might have succeeded; but here again behind the President stood his old antagonist, Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State—cool, watchful, a master of fence, and wielding a weapon whose perfect temper made Conkling, with his clumsy bludgeon, appear the veriest tyro. Unable to carry his point, the Senator, like a sulky school-boy, resigned his seat, in the hope of a "vindication" at the hands of the New York Legislature, and thereby played into the hands of his opponent, who skilfully blocked the "vindication," and in the end brought about Mr. Conkling's political downfall.

Yet in spite of all these revelations of himself, the tradition of his greatness still survived; and the last occasion on which he appeared as an orator probably gave the myth a final lodgment in the minds of his countrymen. This was in the campaign of 1884, when Mr. Blaine was the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Conkling, naturally enough, when one considers the previous relations of the two men, longed for Mr. Blaine's defeat; yet he was appealed to as a loyal adherent of his party to make at least one speech in the campaign, and at last consented. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vast audience gathered to hear him, and he discoursed for an hour or more in an oration in which he did not once mention the name of his party's candidate. The speech was read by him from manuscript in a most perfunctory manner ; it was one mass of political platitudes; and it was deadly dull. No one, in fact, with any knowledge of human nature, could have expected it to be otherwise. But this is not the point. The next morning the newspapers of all shades of opinion burst forth in a chorus of laudation. It was, they said, in a phrase that had not then become entirely ridiculous, "the greatest effort of his life ;" and to read them one would suppose all previous efforts of American oratory to have been surpassed by this halting bit of unwilling talk. The journals of his own faction praised it because they wished to please their leader ; the Blaine organs of course exalted it, because in doing so they enhanced the importance of Mr. Conkling's nominal accession to their cause ; and many of the Democratic newspapers, even, that were giving a reluctant support to Mr. Cleveland described it, out of malice, as a stirring and statesmanlike oration. It was in reality a most feeble thing, and Mr. Conkling doubtless intended that it should be so ; yet, as we have already said, it gave the final touch to the tradition of his oratorical eminence, and this tradition has now become a fixed belief in the minds of a great majority of the American people.

If Mr. Conkling affords a good instance of an orator whose reputation has been unduly exalted in the popular mind, Senator Hill, of New York, may be taken as one who, on the whole, has had scant justice done him. This, also, is quite easily accounted for. A good deal of prejudice has sprung up in estimating his ability as a public speaker, from the circumstance, now pretty generally admitted to be true, that he has at times delivered addresses that were not wholly original with himself—to put it plainly, that he has sometimes had his speeches written for him. Accepting this assertion as a fact, some explanation is necessary to show that in reality it should not seriously affect one's judgment of such speeches as are beyond any question all his own.

In the first place, if the truth were known, it would probably be found that Mr. Hill is by no means singular in availing himself of another's aid in getting up some of his formal speeches. And though in our own country such a thing is generally held to be rather discreditable to an orator, in other countries it is accepted as a very ordinary incident. Few European monarchs, for example, ever make a speech of their own composition, but impressively pronounce the words that are carefully prepared for them by their Ministers of State ; nor is this necessarily due to any inability on their part to give a fit expression to their own ideas, but because, having often to speak in places and on subjects of which they have themselves no minutely accurate knowledge, they make use of the special experience of other men, lest by some careless phrase or indiscreet allusion they should give unintentional offence. The only exception that occurs to us is the German Kaiser, whose utterances are absolutely his own, and are, from an oratorical point of view, often extremely picturesque and stirring. Yet this very exception affords a strong justification of the rule adopted by his brother sovereigns ; for all Europe is uneasy whenever it is known that he is expected to make a speech, and every one can recall a dozen instances when the over-frank expressions of the harebrained War Lord have not only given grievous offence to other governments, but have excited the bitterest resentment among large sections of his own subjects.

The rule holds good, also, of many personages whose position is less political than ornamental. The Prince of Wales, for instance, a hundred times a year is expected to preside at functions where a speech from him is necessary—now at the meeting of a charitable society, now at the opening of a hospital, now at a dinner of artists or literary men or scientists, and now at some ceremonial more closely connected with the immediate interests of the State. It would be impossible for him to speak with pertinence and accuracy upon so many subjects requiring special knowledge and often special tact, and as a matter of fact, upon every one of these occasions his innocuous little speech is carefully prepared for him beforehand by some discreet person who understands the situation and is able to infuse into the address the necessary amount of techni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal allusion and local appropriateness. Every one in England fully understands this, though the newspapers cherish a decorous fiction by occasional bursts of perfunctory enthusiasm over the Prince's gifts as a versatile and tactful speaker. In private, however, no one thinks it worth while to adopt this superstition, and the present writer knows of one individual who was once invited to prepare an address for the Prince to deliver before a gathering of archæologists, and who, since then, pretty nearly always manages to bring a conversation around to the point where he can inform the company of the vast honour that was done him in asking him to play the part of oratorical jackal to his Royal Highness. Nor is this vicarious eloquence despised by foreign statesmen generally. When the subject on which they have to speak is one in which they are personally interested or with which they are already especially familiar, they trust to their own resources and their own inspiration; but in other cases, the departmental clerk or the convenient and often very able private secretary gets up the facts, and provides the backbone of the speech, and frequently also much of its actual flesh and blood in the way of argument and phrase and rhetorical embellishment. It is likely, too, that, as said above, our own statesmen are not in reality so very different from their foreign brethren. One of the oldest and most respected members of Congress once showed us the manuscript of an address that he was going to deliver on the subject of the tariff, and casually remarked:

"My son-in-law did that, and a very good speech it is, too."

The writer ventured to ask, knowing him very well, whether all his political speeches were from the same source.

"Oh, no," he answered. "Only, you see, I don't care a straw myself about the tariff question, and he is full of it; so I just let him get up the speech."

Consequently, it must not be viewed as a serious charge against Mr. Hill if he has followed the many distinguished precedents that are at hand. There is in his case a broad distinction to be drawn between the various orations that he has from time to time delivered; and this line of demarcation is to be fixed by remembering a perfectly obvious truth in connection with his political career. Mr. Hill's early training and his long possession of party leadership in the State of New York produced a very natural effect in making the politics of that State more personally interesting to him than those which are connected with national affairs. He is in this respect the natural successor of Mr. Tilden, knowing thoroughly every district of the State, every local politician of importance, the history of every issue and of every movement for a quarter of a century; and he can gauge to a dot the motives and the measures of enemy and friend alike. This sort of thing has by many been described in a contemptuous but rather telling phrase as "peanut politics;" yet those who use the term forget that New York State, with its fifty thousand square miles of area, its six millions of inhabitants, its enormous wealth, and its vast commercial interests, is a political entity of far greater importance than many of the minor European kingdoms; and that what they sneer at in Mr. Hill they would commend as statesmanship in a Dutch or Danish or Norwegian politician. It is, in fact, only by comparison with the immensity of our whole great national domain that the local interests of New York seem relatively unimportant.

However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Hill, when first elected to the Senate, went very reluctantly to Washington, and only as a *pis aller;* that for a long time he felt politically homesick in his new and untried surroundings; and that, as was entirely natural, he could not all at once get fully into touch with the men and the measures that he had hitherto, like the rest of us, looked at only from a distance. Consequently, when it became necessary for Senator Hill to speak upon questions that were still to him comparatively unfamiliar, he felt a very natural mistrust of his own ability to avoid the pitfalls that were certain to be dug for him; and if he then availed himself of another's aid we need not blame him overmuch. That which does, however, call for censure is the wretched choice he must have made of a collaborator; for the first set speech pronounced by him before the Senate is one of the most ghastly things that the records of Congressional oratory can show. In it Mr. Hill was so ill-advised as to attempt a humorous *rôle*, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to string together a lot of wretched puns upon the names of the leading New York newspapers—the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and so forth—the effect of which was painful and pathetic to a degree. Even the opposition journals passed it over lightly, so melancholy was the spectacle that the Senator afforded ; and they gave him the benefit of the charity which men accord to those who have lately died.

Mr. Hill never again made himself responsible for anything so unfortunate as this ; yet one may, in general, set aside, when considering his oratorical ability, those speeches that belong to the period of his first entrance upon the field of national politics. In them he had to do with themes that had not yet begun to interest him, and in discussing these he showed the intellectual *gaucherie* of one who is ill at ease amid unusual surroundings.

It is not likely that there are many who really lay much stress upon Mr. Hill's ability as an orator, no matter what his subject ; and if oratory be so defined as to include only the impassioned and emotional forms of public speaking, then there is little or nothing to be said in his behalf. But no such restricted definition is reasonable ; and with a broader standard of judgment it is likely that Mr. Hill deserves some serious consideration as an orator. Whenever he has had to advocate a policy which concerned the things that were nearest to his own heart, or to defend a course of action taken by him in relation to the affairs of his own State, he has shown no small power of exposition and argument and persuasion. When, as Governor, he from time to time addressed great audiences on State affairs, he often rose to a high level. The theme was a congenial one ; he knew it thoroughly ; and his audiences were gathered not to be amazed or thrilled or startled, but to be convinced. Under such conditions Mr. Hill's efforts were models of earnest, lucid, and straightforward speech, and their effect in gaining him a popular support was undeniable. A life-long Republican, who is also a gentleman of great cultivation and critical ability, once met the present writer soon after attending a great meeting at which Governor Hill had spoken, and in answer to a question said :

" He seems to me to speak with very great ability and force, and after hearing him I am convinced that he is thoroughly sincere."

Now, as political sincerity is the very last virtue with which Mr. Hill's enemies would be willing to credit him, it must be admitted that to produce an impression such as this upon a prejudiced opponent is evidence of genuine oratorical power. It was, however, a great tactical mistake when, at the Chicago Convention of this year, Mr. Hill was put forward by the gold men as their chief orator. Wholly unimpassioned at all times, excitement on the part of those about him seems always to make him colder and more unbending still, and on this occasion his manner was one of absolute frigidity. The address he made was wholly argumentative, a pure appeal to reason, and one which, if pronounced before a deliberative body, would have had considerable weight. But in these days a national convention is no longer a deliberative body. With the galleries packed by a yelling mob, and the floor filled by a surging mass of delegates frantic with excitement, mere argument and reason make no impression ; and only the orator who can appeal to sentiment and passion can obtain the mastery, and rule by the power of words that burn and blaze their way to the mind through the path of the emotions.

It is doubtful whether even the warmest friends of President Cleveland regard him as an orator ; and it may therefore seem a waste of time to speak of him in dealing with a subject such as this. Nothing, indeed, could be more remote from eloquence than his infrequent political addresses. Couched in polysyllabic words that clumsily clog themselves into sentences of more than Johnsonian ponderosity, Mr. Cleveland's ideas when given in a public speech are nearly always found to be distinctly platitudinous. That the citizen should always cherish virtue, that unbridled selfishness and greed are serious dangers to the body politic, that intelligence and public spirit are especially desirous in a Republic—such are the by no means startling and original thoughts that appear and reappear in Mr. Cleveland's deliverances. The only question that arises in one's mind is whether this enumeration of the baldest truisms must be accepted as the best thing that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President can do in the way of oratory, or whether this style has been deliberately selected by him as being ultimately the wisest means of accomplishing a distinct and definite object. It has been very shrewdly pointed out (we think by Mr. E. L. Godkin) that for a statesman who is seeking public confidence rather than popular admiration, this rather tame and unoriginal vein is exceedingly judicious; and we are inclined to believe that there is much to be said in favour of such an hypothesis. There is nothing, in fact, that the average citizen so much distrusts as mere brilliancy in a public man. He is not brilliant himself, and he has a vague suspicion that one who is so extremely clever may be altogether too clever to be trusted. He will admire him immensely, but he will be always just the least bit afraid of him. On the other hand, a statesman who is prosaic and apparently even a little dull, and who will roll out plenty of good sound morality in a comfortable jog-trot way, with nothing to startle or to excite, appeals very strongly to the representative citizen. It reminds him of his minister (good man!), who, to be sure, puts him regularly to sleep, but under whose ministrations he feels that he can sleep with perfect safety, knowing that no theological fences will be broken down and no fine old dogmas shattered. This is precisely the reason why our Presidents have nearly always been selected because they were "safe" men rather than political geniuses; and it may be that Mr. Cleveland, who is by no means lacking in shrewdness, has framed his oratorical style with this very thought in mind.

There are, indeed, some indications that did he but choose he might give utterance to speeches in quite a different style. Not many of our Presidents have been known as makers of epigrams or as forgers of phrases; yet of these few Mr. Cleveland ranks next to President Lincoln and President Grant. Some of the sentences and verbal combinations contained in his letters and messages are exceedingly crisp and pointed; and, in fact, they long ago obtained a wide popular currency. Such is his famous maxim, "Public office is a public trust," which Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, declares to be not original with Mr. Cleveland; but as nothing in this world is in reality original, this criticism need not be taken very seriously. Every one recalls the expressions "innocuous desuetude," "offensive partisanship," "pernicious activity," and "ghoulish glee." Perhaps we should also include "the communism of capital," a phrase exploited in his message to Congress in 1888, though precisely what it really means must remain uncertain. In some of his State papers, also, while the form is still Johnsonian, there may be found a point and vivacity not visible in his formal speeches. Several of his pension vetoes, in which he exposed the absurdity of some malingering claimant's case, were very neatly put. His Venezuela message, too, was a bit of English of which any one might be proud; and one of the London journals, even while condemning the substance of it with great severity, felt bound to speak of its language as marked by "stateliness and force."

Finally, in several of his non-political speeches, when he perhaps felt less restraint in saying what he had to say, there are passages which abandon altogether the portentous and truistic vein and exhibit quite unusual qualities. Such passages may be found in the speech that he made at the Harvard celebration in 1886. In the intensely academic atmosphere of that interesting occasion, surrounded as he was by scholars and men whose university associations united them in a bond of intellectual brotherhood, Mr. Cleveland spoke very simply and naturally of his own regret that the circumstances of his life had given him no Alma Mater; and in what he said there was a certain suggestion of wistfulness, conveyed with great dignity and good taste, that touched the hearts of all who heard him. On just one occasion Mr. Cleveland has shown that he possesses a fund of quaint humour and a gift for its expression. This was in 1891, at a local celebration near his former home on Cape Cod, when Mr. Cleveland put aside his sesquipedalian manner altogether and spoke just as a neighbour speaks to neighbours, with perfect naturalness and ease, and with many touches of quiet fun that one may look for in vain in his other public utterances. There was nothing the least forced about it all, and it revealed a genial side to his character that was very winning. Altogether, then, we really think that Mr. Godkin's hypothesis (if indeed the hypothesis be Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Godkin's) is very plausible; and that Mr. Cleveland may actually have adopted a laboured and conventional style of oratory from a desire to win confidence rather than applause, and to avoid the snares that beset the possessor of a too conspicuous cleverness.

If this was really his serious intention, he was perhaps confirmed in it through the awful example afforded by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Depew, as every one knows, possesses a rare union of sound judgment, vivid imagination, and lively wit, and is an adept in the art of putting things to the multitude. In the early seventies it looked as though he intended to cultivate this gift in a serious way and to develop a style in which judgment and imagination should be the chief elements, with humour strictly subordinated to the other more solid qualities. Had he done so, there is no doubt that he would have exercised a very marked political influence. But either because his defeat in New York State in 1872 put him out of conceit with a purely political career, or because the temptation to say good things overpowered his discretion, he presently took up the line of after-dinner speaking, with which his name is now so generally associated. His after-dinner speeches are among the best of their kind; but to be known first of all as an after-dinner speaker is to abandon any claim upon serious consideration. Once in a while Mr. Depew will speak at length and with earnestness upon some weighty theme, and will speak most admirably, but his hearers hardly relish such an innovation, and persist in regarding him (we use the word in no offensive sense) as a sort of public jester. This means the negation of any real influence; for no oratory can seriously sway the mind when each person present, as he settles himself down comfortably in his chair at the entrance of the orator, displays upon his countenance the premonitory flicker of an expectant grin.

Perhaps the best contemporaneous example of self-restraint, and ease, and perfect taste in public oratory is to be found in some of the addresses of ex-President Harrison. As a speaker he is an instance of the curious development that seems to attend the occupancy of the Presidential office. Before his election he had for many years been in public life and had spoken much; yet no one ever regarded him as having any especial facility as an orator. In fact, while in the Senate he once made use of the expression "I lift up a prayer"—a form of locution which suggests the stereotyped vocabulary of the country prayer-meeting; and the *Post* of this city caught it up and rang the changes on it until the only thing that a mention of Mr. Harrison suggested to many intelligent citizens was the act of "lifting up a prayer." Nevertheless, as President he never made a flat or feeble speech; but, on the contrary, surprised the whole country by the finish and ease of all his public utterances. Especially notable were the brief addresses that he made during his Presidential progress across the continent, and above all to the audiences that met him in the Southern States. Here he was surrounded by those who were politically his opponents and against whom he, as a soldier, had fought in the days of the Civil War. It was no easy matter to speak a score of times under conditions such as these without saying anything to give offence, or else descending to the most *banal* conventionalities. Yet Mr. Harrison never once did either, but rose above all criticism in a series of little speeches that are perfect gems in their way—graceful, winning, suggestive, and tactful to a degree. In the longer addresses that he made during his tenure of the Presidency, the same qualities are always present. One recalls especially his speech before the Peace Congress at Washington, which was an oration marked by equal dignity and urbanity, expressing as it did a sympathetic approval of the aims of his auditors while holding fast, as became the guardian of the national honour, the view that, under existing conditions, the sword is often the best auxiliary of the olive branch.

Taking a retrospective glance at recent American history, it is probable that of all the speakers who have been heard in the national forum during the past quarter of a century, the most naturally gifted orator was General Garfield. He had, indeed, many advantages that other politicians have not often shared. In the first place, he was one who, as Presidents go, must be regarded as a man of unusual cultivation. This attribute need not, indeed, be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressed too hard nor made too much of, for it had its obvious limitations. He received, to be sure, while young, a college training; but it is not likely that anything more than a glimmering of real culture could have been imparted by Williams College as it was some forty years ago, in spite of Mr. Garfield's own much-quoted but rather absurd saying about Mark Hopkins and the pine table. That he subsequently exhibited attainments that are rare among politicians is quite true; yet now and then the limitations already mentioned would still appear and bear evidence to the difficulty of escaping from early influences. Mr. Garfield had been at one time and for a number of years a teacher, and in private life something of the pedagogue kept always cropping up in his fondness for advising his friends as to what they ought to read, and in his readiness to correct small errors of pronunciation and of syntax. This trait was curiously illustrated not long before his death in an occurrence that, when one considers the occasion, was almost grotesque. Soon after Guiteau had fired the shot that was to prove so fatal, and while General Garfield lay on his bed tormented with ceaseless pain, a friend who had been admitted to the room spoke a few words of comfort.

"Mr. President," he said, "this thing has blotted out all party feeling in the nation. Every American to-day feels the deepest sympathy for you."

The sufferer turned his face and spoke with difficulty in a low, gasping voice:

"Sympathy *with*," said he, "not sympathy *for*."

And later, when his death had been pronounced inevitable, and some one asked him to write a line with his name, as a last gift, he traced these words:

Strangulatus pro re publica.

Now, it was a little odd that at such a moment he should have chosen to express himself in Latin, and that, having chosen Latin, he should employ this particular verb *strangulare*, which, in the sense here given it, is perfectly classical and good, but somewhat rare. It showed, indeed, his learning, but it showed a certain pedantry as well.

Not always, however, did he have his erudition quite so well in hand. In the course of his speech at the National Convention of 1880, when he presented the name of Senator Sherman, he compared himself and his delegation to Leonidas and his devoted band at Thermopylæ, concluding with the words:

"And we shall stand firmly here, no matter how many *Greeks* you may bring against us."

Which makes it clear that, for the moment at least, his Greeks and his Persians were very badly mixed.

At times, also, some slight evidences of defective taste were to be noticed by the careful observer. We are inclined to describe as such the scene when, after taking the inaugural oath upon the steps of the Capitol, he turned and kissed his mother, who was seated just behind him. Of course, from one point of view, this thing was mighty fine, and it threw the editors of Sunday-school papers, both here and in England, into a prolonged ecstasy: yet we rather doubt whether in reality it was quite so fine after all; for, apart from its being just the least bit too theatric, it most inappropriately injected the purely domestic relations of an individual into the midst of a supremely national ceremony, and one in which the stateliness and dignity of a great public function ought to have been the only thing before all minds.

However, with these few reservations, it may be unhesitatingly asserted that Mr. Garfield was, by nature and by training alike, a most impressive orator. Next to Jefferson, he was of all our Presidents the most highly trained; and next to Mr. Arthur who succeeded him, he was the most of a man of the world. Wide reading, travel, and long intercourse with men of every type had given him a broad and comprehensive outlook; and unlike most of our public men, he had thought out for himself the views both economic and political that he advocated, and he did not shuffle about in the currents of changing opinion as do those politicians who have no convictions of their own, but wait subserviently upon the caprices of the mob. He led rather than followed; and this is why his speeches in Congress were not mere ephemeral splurges, but are to this day continually quoted for their apt and lucid statement of fundamental truths. Unlike other party leaders, also, there was nothing petty or personal in his treatment of political opponents. He struck hard blows, but they were fair, and left no bitterness behind. As a man, he made no enemies by his ora-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory; and he left the impression of a spirit too broad and too nobly generous for petty altercations. Mr. Garfield was singularly fortunate also in his personal endowments. Gifted with a fine presence, a resonant and expressive voice, and an easy and singularly winning manner, he charmed his listeners from the very first sentences of an oration. He had, too, a certain sensuousness of temperament which with a different environment and early training might have developed into sensuality, but which, in fact, merely imparted a richness and warmth to his utterances, and indicated only the virility which is absolutely essential to the successful orator, and which was so noticeable in Webster and in Clay. With all these qualities, then, both natural and acquired, Mr. Garfield stood forth, we think, as the very greatest of recent American orators; and all his speeches, whether they be his carefully prepared deliverances in the halls of Congress or his spontaneous utterances upon the stump, are vivid, clean-cut, and forceful to a degree, marked everywhere by thought and imagination, with a certain large and luminous quality about them, and often rising into splendid and stirring eloquence.

Altogether, then, it is not easy to believe that the days of oratory have departed forever, that orators are born no more, and that men can never again be roused to action by the arts of eloquence; but, as has been already stated, we believe that to-day it is only the occasion and theme that are momentarily lacking. Human nature does not change from generation to generation; but its impulses and its elemental motives still remain the same. As it has always been true in the past, so will it always, we believe, be true throughout the future, that when great bodies of men are stirred by intense emotion and when the wind of passion is blowing over human hearts, then will the fire once more descend and touch the lips of some born orator, who will as heretofore smite down all opposition, take reason and imagination captive, and impose his single will on all who hear him, by the indescribable magic of the spoken word.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LINES.

After Stephen Crane.

(*Vide* October Bookman, page 149.)

I explain the crooked track of a coon at night,
The swish of his short, thick tail,
The dwindling crack of the furred thing's climbing;
The little cry of an owl to an owl,
A shadow falling across the greyer night,
And the going out of the pine torch.
Then the gloom, the dank gloom of the swamp,
And the harsh barking of the cur dogs,
For long and in disappointment.

Remember, O thou son of Afric,
Thou leavest the dank gloom of the swamp,
And the harsh barking of the cur dogs,
For long and in loneliness!

W. S. Bean.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGET HOWE'S CONFESSIONAL.

WHEN the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It iss a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he iss waiting to know whether there will be any answer." And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognised the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter standing on a tiger-skin, with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read:

"My dear Carnegie,—When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have rode side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be married whenever he can meet with one whom he loves and who is worthy of him.

"Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. 'Time enough,' he would say, or 'The other person has not turned up,' and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

"It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh?

"Well, I am coming to my point, for in those circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and unless I'm much mistaken she will decide for herself, but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

"Don't you think that it looks like an

* Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arrangement of Providence to unite two families that have shared common dangers and common faith in the past, and to establish a Carnegie once more as lady of Drumtochty? Now that is all, and it's a long screed, but the matter lies near my heart, and we shall wait the answers from you both with anxiety.

"Yours faithfully,"

"KILSPINDIE."

Kate's letter was much shorter, and was written in big schoolboy hand with great care.

"DEAR MISS CARNEGIE,—They say that a woman always knows when a man loves her, and if so you will not be astonished at this letter. From that day I saw you in Drumtochty Kirk I have loved you, and every week I love you more. My mother is the only other woman I have ever cared for, and that is different. Will you be my wife? I often wanted to ask you when you were with us in November and last month, but my heart failed me. Can you love me a little, enough to say yes? I am not clever, and I am afraid I shall never do anything to make you proud of me, but you will have all my heart, and I'll do my best to make you happy.

"I am, yours very sincerely,

"HAY."

Carnegie could see Kate's face from his place, and she was looking out of the window with a kindly expression, and her father, who was of a simple mind, and knew little of women, was encouraged by such visible friendliness. He was about to go over, when her face changed. She dropped the letter on the seat, and became very thoughtful, knitting her brows and resting her chin on her hand. In a little something stung her—like a person recalling an injury—and she flushed with anger, drumming with her fingers on the sill of the window. Then anger gave place to sadness, as if she had resolved to do something that was inevitable, but less than the best. Kate glanced in her father's direction, and read Lord Hay's letter again; then she seemed to have made up her mind.

"Father," as she joined him on the skin beneath those loyal Carnegies on the wall, "there is Lord Hay's letter, and he is a . . . worthy gentleman. Perhaps I did not give him so much encouragement as he took, but that does not matter. This is a . . . serious decision, and ought not to be made on the spur of the moment. Will you let the messenger go with a note to say that an answer will be sent on Monday? You might write to Lord Kilspindie."

She was still standing in the place when he returned, and had been studying the proud, determined face of Black John's mother, who had not spared her only son for the good cause.

"Did you ever hear of any Carnegie, dad, who married beneath her, or . . . loved one on the other side?"

"Never," said her father. "Our women all married into loyal families of their own rank, which is best for comfort; but why do you ask? Hay is a . . ."

"Yes, I know; it was only . . . curiosity made me ask, and I suppose some of our women must have made sacrifices for their . . . cause?"

"Far more than the men ever did, for, see you, a man is just shot, and all is over, and before he falls he's had some good fighting, but his wife suffers all her days, when he is living and when he is dead. Yet our women were the first to send their men to the field. Heavens! what women do suffer—they ought to have their reward."

"They have," said Kate, with emphasis, "if they help those whom they love. . . . Father, would you be quite satisfied with Lord Hay for a son-in-law, and . . . would you let us live with you here as much as we could?"

"Kate, if you are to marry—and I knew it must come some day—I have not seen a more honest man; but you are forgetting that Tochty Lodge will soon be out of our hands; I'll have to get a den somewhere, not too far away from Muirtown, I hope."

"If I marry Lord Hay, Tochty Lodge will not be sold, and you will never be disturbed, dad. We shall not be separate more than we can help," and Kate caressed the General.

"Do you mean, lassie," said the General, with a sudden suspicion, lifting her face till he saw her eyes, "that you are going to accept Hay in order to keep the old home? You must not do this, for it would not . . . don't you see that I . . . could not accept this at your hands?"

"You can not prevent your daughter marrying Lord Hay if your daughter so decides, but as yet she is in doubt,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very great doubt, and so I am going for a long walk on the big moor, and you . . . well, why not take lunch with the Padre at the manse ?"

"Hay is a straight young fellow, and Kate would supply what he wants—a dash of go, you know"—so the General was summing up the situation to his old friend ; "but my girl is not to marry Hay or any other man for my sake, and that is what she thinks of doing."

"Did it ever occur to you, Carnegie, that Kate had a . . . well, kindly feeling for any other man ?"

"Plenty of fellows tried their luck : first subalterns, then aides-de-camp, and at last commissioners ; it was no easy affair to be her father," and Carnegie gave Davidson a comic look. "I used to scold her, but upon my word I don't know she was to blame, and I am certain she did not care for one of them ; in fact, she laughed at them all till—well, in fact, I had to interfere."

"And since you came to the Lodge"—the Doctor spoke with meaning—"besides Lord Hay ?"

"Why, there is just yourself"—the Doctor nodded with much appreciation—"and that Free Kirkman. . . . Davidson, do you mean that—oh, nonsense, man ; she was quite angry one day when I suggested a parson. Kate has always said that was the last man she would marry."

"That is an evidence she will."

The General stared at the oracle, and went on :

"She has made his life miserable at the Lodge with her tongue ; she delighted in teasing him. Your idea is quite absurd."

"Carnegie, did you ever hear the classical couplet—

> 'Scratching and biting
> Mak Scots fouk's 'ooing ;'

and although I admit the description applies in the first instance to milkmaids, yet there is a fair share of national character in the Carnegies."

"Do you really think that Kate is in . . . has, well, a eh, tenderness to Carmichael ? it would never have occurred to me."

"How would you look on Carmichael as a suitor ?"

"Well, if Kate is to marry—and mind you I always prepared myself for that—I would of course prefer Hay, not because he is a lord, or rich, or any snobbery of that kind—you know me better than that, Sandie—but because he's . . . you know . . . belongs to our own set.

"Don't you think there is something in that ?" and the General tried to explain his honest mind, in which lived no unworthy or uncharitable thought. "I have not one word to say against Carmichael ; he's good-looking, and monstrous clever, and he's always made himself very agreeable, very, and the people swear by him in the Glen ; but . . . you must understand what I mean, Davidson," and the General was in despair.

"You mean that though he's a first-rate young fellow for a clergyman, he does not belong to your world—has a different set of friends, has different habits of living, has a different way of thinking and speaking—is, in fact, an outsider."

"That's it—just what I was 'ettling' after—lucky fellows we Scots with such words," and the General was immensely delighted to be delivered of his idea in an inoffensive form.

"It is my own belief, Carnegie—and you can laugh at me afterward if I be wrong—that this will be the end of it, however. Yes, putting it plainly, that Kate is in love with Carmichael, as he is certainly with her ; and you will have to make the best of the situation."

"You don't like the idea any more than I do, Davidson ?"

"Speaking in perfect confidence and frankness, I do not. I look at the matter this way"—the Doctor stood on the hearth-rug in a judicial attitude, pulling down his waistcoat with his two hands, his legs apart, and his eye-glass on his nose—"Carmichael has been brought up among . . . plain, respectable people, and theological books, and church courts, and Free Kirk society, all of which is excellent, but . . . secluded"—the Doctor liked the word, which gave his mind without offence—"secluded. Kate is a Carnegie, was educated in France, has travelled in India, and has lived in the most exciting circumstances. She loves soldiers, war, gayety, sport, besides many other . . . eh, good things, and is a . . . lovely girl. Love laughs at rules, but if you ask me my candid opinion, the marriage would not be . . . in fact, congruous. If it is to be, it must be, and God bless them both, say I, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so will everybody say ; but it will be an experiment, a distinct and . . . interesting experiment."

"Kate is not to marry any one for my sake, to save Tochty, but I do wish she had fancied Lord Hay," said the General, ruefully.

"The Free Kirk folk in the depths of their hearts consider me a worldly old clergyman, and perhaps I am, for, Jack, I would dearly like to see our Kate Viscountess Hay, and to think that one day, when we three old fellows are gone, she would be Countess of Kilspindie." That was the first conference of the day on Kate's love affairs, and this is how it ended.

Meanwhile the young woman herself had gone up the road to the high Glen and made her way over dykes and through fields to Whinnyknowe, which she had often visited since the August Sacrament. Whinnie came out from the kitchen door in corduroy trousers, much stained with soil, and gray shirt —wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after a hearty dinner—and went to the barn for his midday sleep before he went again to the sowing. Marget met her at the garden gate, dressed in her week-day clothes and fresh from a morning's churning, but ever refined and spiritual, as one whose soul is shining through the veil of common circumstances.

"It's a benison tae see ye on this bricht day, Miss Carnegie, an' ye 'ill come tae the garden-seat, for the spring flooers are bloomin' bonnie and sweet the noo, an' fillin' 's a' wi' hope.

"Gin there be ony sun shinin'," as she spread a plaid, "the heat fa's here, an' save when the snow is heavy on the glen, there's aye some blossoms here tae mind us o' oor Father's love an' the world that isna seen."

"Marget," began Kate, not with a blush, but rather a richening of colour, "you have been awfully good to me, and have helped me in lots of ways, far more than you could dream of. Do you know you've made me almost good at times, with just enough badness to keep me still myself, as when I flounced out from the Free Kirk."

Marget only smiled deprecation and affection, for her heart went out to this motherless, undisciplined girl, whom she respected, like a true Scot, because, although Kate had made her a friend, she was still a Carnegie ; whom she loved, because, although Kate might be very provoking, she was honest to the core.

"To-day," Kate resumed, after a pause, and speaking with an unusual nervousness, "I want your advice on a serious matter, which I must decide, and which . . . concerns other people as well as myself. In fact, I would like to ask a question," and she paused to frame her case.

It was a just testimony to Marget Howe that Kate never thought of pledging her to secrecy, for there are people whom to suspect of dishonour is a sin.

"Suppose that a man . . . loved a woman, and that he was honourable, brave, gentle, true, in fact . . . a gentleman, and made her a proposal of marriage."

Marget was looking before her with calm, attentive face, never once glancing at Kate to supplement what was told.

"If . . . the girl accepted him, she would have a high position, and be rich, so that she could . . . save her . . . family from ruin, and keep . . . them in the house they loved."

Marget listened with earnest intelligence.

"She respects this man, and is grateful to him. She is certain that he would be . . . kind to her, and give her everything she wanted. And she thinks that he . . . would be happy."

Marget waited for the end.

"But she does not love him—that is all."

As the tale was being told in brief, clear, slow sentences, Marget's eyes became luminous, and her lips opened as one ready to speak from an inner knowledge.

"Ye hev let me see a piece o' life, an' it is sacred, for naethin' on earth is sae near God as luve, an' a'll no deny that ma woman's heart is wi' that honest gentleman, an' a' the mair gin he dinna win his prize.

"But a man often comes tae his heicht through disappointment, and a woman, she hes tae learn that there is that which she hes the richt tae give for gratitude or friendship's sake, and that which can only be bestowed by the hand o' luve.

"It will maybe help ye gin a' tell ye anither tale, an' though it be o' humble life, yet oor hearts are the same in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

castle and the cottar's hoose, wi' the same cup o' sorrow tae drink an' the same croon o' joy tae wear, an' the same dividin' o' roads for oor trial.

"There wes a man showed a wumman muckle kindness, and to her fouk also, an' he wes simple an' honest, an' for what he hed done an' because there wes nae evil in him she married him."

"And what has happened?" Kate, being half Highland, had less patience than Marget.

"He hes been a gude man tae her through the dark an' through the licht, an' she hes tried tae repay him as a puir imperfect wumman can, an' her hert is warm tae him, but there hes aye been ae thing wantin'—an' it hes been that wife's cross a' her life—there wes nae ither man, but her husband wesna, isna, canna be her ain athegether an' forever—for the want o' luve—that luve o' luve that maks marriage."

Her voice was laden with feeling, and it was plain that she had given of her own and deepest for the guiding of another.

"Marget, I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have shown me this day." As she passed Whinnie with his bag of seed, he apologised for his wife.

"MARGET, YOU HAVE BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME."

"A'm dootin', Miss Carnegie, the gude wife hes keepit ye ower lang in the gairden haiverin' awa' aboot the flooers an' her ither trokes. But she's michty prood for a' that aboot yir comin' up tae veesit us." Such was the second conference on Kate's affairs on that day.

No place could be more thoroughly cleansed from vulgar curiosity than our Glen, or have a finer contempt for "clatters," but the atmosphere was electrical in the diffusion of information. What happened at Burnbrae was known at the foot of Glen Urtach by evening, and the visit of spiritual consolation which Milton, in the days of his Pharisaism, paid to Jamie Soutar on his deathbed was the joy of every fireside in Drumtochty within twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was not, therefore, remarkable that the arrival of Lord Kilspindie's groom at Tochty Lodge post haste with two letters on Saturday morning—one for the General from his Lordship, and one from his son for Miss Kate—should have been rightly interpreted, and the news spread with such rapidity that Hillocks—a man not distinguished above his fellows for tact—was able to inform Carmichael in the early afternoon that the marriage between the young lord and the "Miss" at Tochty was now practically arranged.

"It's been aff and on a' winter, an' the second veesit tae the Castle settled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, but a'm hearin' it wes the loss o' the Lodge brocht the fast offer this mornin'. She's an able wumman, an' cairried her gear tae the best market. Ma certes," and Hillocks contemplated Kate's achievement with sympathetic admiration, "but she 'ill set her place weel, an' haud her ain wi' the Duchess o' Athole."

Carmichael ought to have taken his beating like a man, and said nothing to any one, but instead thereof he betook himself for consolation to Marget, a better counsellor in a crisis than Janet, with all her Celtic wiles, and Marget set him in the very seat where Kate had put her case.

"It has, I suppose, been all a dream, and now I have awaked, but it was . . . a pleasant dream, and one finds the morning light a little chill. One must just learn to forget, and be as if one had never . . . dreamed," but Carmichael looked at Marget wistfully.

"Ye canna be the same again, for a' coont, gin ony man loves a wumman wi' a leal hert, whether she answer or no, or whether she even kens, he's been the gainer, an' the harvest will be his forever.

"It hes seemed tae me that nae luve is proved an' crooned for eternity onless the man hes forgotten himsel' an' is willin' tae live alane gin the wumman he luves sees prosperity. He only is the perfect lover, and for him God hes the best gifts.

"Yes, a've seen it wi' ma ain eyes"—for indeed this seemed to Carmichael an impossible height of self-abnegation—"a man who loved an' served a wumman wi' his best an' at a great cost, an' yet for whom there cud be no reward but his ain luve." Marget's face grew so beautiful as she told of the constancy of this unknown, unrewarded lover that Carmichael left without further speech, but with a purer vision of love than had ever before visited his soul. Marget watched him go down the same path by which Kate went, and she said to herself, "Whether or no he win is in the will of God, but already luve hes given his blessin' tae man and maid."

Kate did not go to kirk on Sunday, but lived all day in the woods, and in the evening she kissed her father and laid this answer in his hands :—

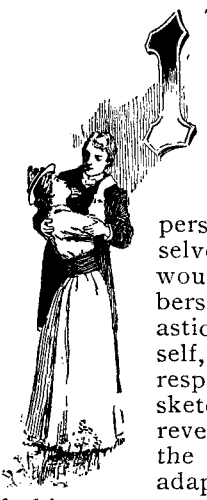
"DEAR LORD HAY,—You have done me the greatest honour any woman can receive at your hands, and for two days I have thought of nothing else. If it were enough that your wife should like and respect you, then I would at once accept you as my betrothed, but as it is plain to me that no woman ought to marry any one unless she also loves him, I am obliged to refuse one of the truest men I have ever met, for whom I have a very kindly place in my heart, and whose happiness I shall always desire.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"KATE CARNEGIE."

"You could do nothing else, Kit, and you have done right to close the matter, . . . but I'm sorry for Hay."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE IS LORD.



IT could not be said with a steady face that the proceedings of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown increased the gayety of nations, and there might be persons—far left to themselves, of course — who would describe its members as wearisome ecclesiastics. Carmichael himself, in a mood of gay irresponsibility, had once sketched a meeting of this reverend court, in which the names were skilfully adapted, after the ancient fashion, to represent character, and the incidents, if not vero, were certainly ben trovato, and had the article ready for transmission to *Ferrier's Journal*. "A Sederunt" did not, however, add to the miseries of a most courteous editor, for Jenkins, having come up for an all-night conference, and having heard the article with unfeigned delight, pointed out that, if it were accepted, which Carmichael's experience did not certify, the writer would be run down within fourteen days, and that, so unreasonable a thing is human nature, some of the Presbytery might be less than pleased with their own likenesses. "It's in the waste-paper basket," Carmichael said next morning, which, as the author was twenty-five years of age and not conspicuously modest, is a conclu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive testimonial to the goodness of one Presbytery, and its hold on the affection of its members.

Scots take their pleasures sadly, and no one can imagine from what arid soil they may not draw their nutriment, but it was not for motions of ponderous ambiguity and pragmatical points of order a country minister rose before daybreak on a winter's morning and worked his way to the nearest station, with the stars still overhead and the snow below his feet, so that when the clerk made a sign to the Moderator punctually at one minute past eleven to "constitute the Presbytery," he might not be missing from his place. It was the longing of a lonely man, across whose front door no visitor had come for weeks, for friendly company, of a weary minister, discouraged by narrow circumstances, monotonous routine, unexpected disappointments among his people, for a word of good cheer. A cynical stranger might discover various stupidities, peculiarities, provincialisms in the Presbytery—he knew himself who had a temper and who was a trifle sensitive about his rights—but this middle-aged, hard-working, simple-living man saw twenty faithful brethren—the elders did not count in this connection, for they did not understand—who stood beside him on occasion at the Holy Table, and gave him advice in his perplexities, and would bury him with honest regret when he died, and fight like wild cats that his widow and children should have their due. His toilsome journey was forgotten when Doctor Dowbiggin, in an interstice of motions, came across the floor and sat down beside him and whispered confidentially, "Well, how are things going at Kincairney?"—Dowbiggin really deserved his leadership—or when the clerk, suddenly wheeling round in his seat, would pass his snuff-box across to him without a word, for the clerk had a way of handing his box which being interpreted ran as follows: "You suppose that I am lifted above all ordinary affairs in my clerkly isolation, and that I do not know what a solid work you are doing for God and man in the obscure parish of Kincairney, but you are wrong. You have a very warm corner in my memory, and in sign thereof accept my box." And the said minister, trudging home that evening, and being met at a certain turn of the road by his wife—sentimental at fifty, you see, after a quarter of a century's toiling and preaching—would enlarge on Doctor Dowbiggin's cordiality and the marked courtesy of the clerk, and when they were alone in the manse his wife would kiss him—incredible to our cynic—and say, "You see, Tom, more people than I know what a good work you are doing," and Tom would start his twenty-first lecture on the Ephesians next morning with new spirit. Such is the power of comradeship, such is the thirst for sympathy; and indeed there is no dog either so big or so little that it does not appreciate a pat, and go down the street afterward with better heart.

The Presbytery had always a tender regard for the Free Kirk of Drumtochty, and happened to treat Carmichael with much favour. When the "call" to him was signed at once by every member of the congregation, the clerk—who had been obliged to summon Donald Menzies from Gaelic by the intimation that Drumtochty was by the law of the Church "uno lingual, and that all proceedings must be conducted in the English language"—arose and declared that "such unanimous attention to their ecclesiastical duties was unexampled in his experience;" and when at Carmichael's ordination a certain certificate was wanting, the clerk, whose intervention was regarded with awe, proposed that the court should anticipate its arrival, dealing with the matter "proleptically," and the court saw in the very word another proof of the clerk's masterly official genius. It was he also—expressing the mind of the Presbytery—who proposed that the court should send Carmichael as a commissioner to the General Assembly in the first year of his ministry, and took occasion to remark that Mr. Carmichael, according to "reliable information at his disposal," was rendering important service to the Free Church in his sphere at Drumtochty. Carmichael was very happy in those days, and was so petted by his ecclesiastical superiors that he never missed a meeting of court, where he either sat in a demure silence, which commended him greatly to the old men, or conversed with his friends on a back bench about general affairs.

It gave him, therefore, a shock to sit with his brethren in the month of June—when the walk through the woods

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been a joy, and Muirtown lay at her fairest, and the sunshine filled the court-room, and every man had a summer air, and Doctor Dowbiggin actually wore a rose in his coat—and to discover that he himself was sick of his old friends, of his work, of his people, of himself. The reasons were obvious. Was it not a sin that thirty Christian men should be cooped up in a room passing schedules when the summer was young and fresh upon the land? Could any one of the Rabbi's boys sit in that room and see his accustomed place—a corner next the wall on a back seat—empty and not be cast down? Besides, does not a minister's year begin in September and end in July, and before it closes is not the minister at his lowest, having given away himself for eleven months? "One begins to weary for a rest," he whispered to Kincairney, and that worthy man explained that he and his wife had been planning their triennial holiday, and hoped to have a fortnight at Carnoustie. Carmichael realised his hypocrisy in that instant, for he knew perfectly that he had lost touch with life because of a hopeless love, and a proud face he had not seen a year ago. He flung himself out of the court with such impatience that the clerk stayed his hand in the midst of the sacred words *pro re nata*, and Kincairney mentioned to his wife in the evening that Carmichael had never got over Doctor Saunderson's death.

Carmichael wandered up one of the meadows which are the glory of Muirtown, and sat down by the queen of Scottish rivers, which runs deep and swift, clean and bright, from Loch Tay to the sea, between wooded banks and overhanging trees, past cornfields and ancient castles; a river for him who swims, or rows, or fishes, or dreams, in which, if such were to be his fate, a man might ask to be drowned. Opposite him began the woods of Muirtown Castle, and he tried to be glad that Kate . . . Miss Carnegie would one day be their mistress: the formal announcement of her engagement, he had heard, was to be made next week, on Lord Kilspindie's birthday. A distant whistle came on the clear air from Muirtown Station, where . . . and all this turmoil of hope and fear, love and despair, had been packed into a few months. There is a bend in the river where he sits, and the salmon fishers have dropped their nets, and are now dragging them to the bank. With a thrill of sympathy Carmichael watched the fish struggling in the meshes, and his heart leaped when, through some mishandling, one escaped with a splash of silver and plunged into the river. He had also been caught quite suddenly in the joyous current of his life and held in bonds. Why should he not make a bold plunge for freedom, which he could never have with the Lodge at his doors, with the Castle only twelve miles away. He had been asked in his student days to go to the north-west of Canada and take charge of a parish fifty miles square. The idea had for a little fired his imagination, and then faded before other ambitions. It revived with power on the banks of that joyful, forceful river, and he saw himself beginning life again on the open prairie lands—riding, camping, shooting, preaching—a free man and an apostle to the Scottish Dispersion.

With this bracing resolution, that seemed a call of God to deliver him from bondage, came a longing to visit Kilbogie Manse and the Rabbi's grave. It was a journey of expiation, for Carmichael followed the road the Rabbi walked with the hand of death upon him after that lamentable Presbytery, and he marked the hills where the old man must have stood and fought for breath. He could see Mains, where he had gone with the Rabbi to the exposition, and he passed the spot where the Rabbi had taken farewell of George Pitillo in a figure. What learning, and simplicity, and unselfishness, and honesty, and affection were mingled in the character of the Rabbi! What skill, and courage, and tenderness, and self-sacrifice, and humility there had been also in Weelum MacLure, who had just died! Carmichael dwelt on the likeness and unlikeness of the two men, who had each loved the highest he knew and served his generation according to the will of God, till he found himself again with the Drumtochty doctor on his heroic journeys, with the Rabbi in his long vigils. It was a singular means of grace to have known two such men in the flesh, when he was still young and impressionable. A spiritual emotion possessed Carmichael. He lifted his heart to the Eternal, and prayed that if on account of any hardship he shrank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from duty he might remember MacLure, and if in any intellectual strait he was tempted to palter with truth he might see the Rabbi pursuing his solitary way. The district was full of the Rabbi, who could not have gone for ever, who might appear any moment—buried in a book and proceeding steadily in the wrong direction. The Rabbi surely was not dead, and Carmichael drifted into that dear world of romance where what we desire comes to pass, and facts count for nothing. This was how the Idyll went. From the moment of the reconciliation the Rabbi's disease began to abate in a quite unheard-of fashion—love wrought a miracle,—and with Kate's nursing and his he speedily recovered. Things came right between Kate and himself as they shared their task of love, and so . . . of course—it took place last month—and now he was going to carry off the Rabbi, who somehow had not come to the Presbytery, to Drumtochty Manse, where his bride would meet them both beneath the laburnum arch at the gate. He would be cunning as he approached the door of Kilbogie Manse, and walk on the grass border lest the Rabbi, poring over some Father, should hear the crunch of the gravel—he did know his footstep—and so he would take the old man by surprise. Alas! he need not take such care, for the walk was now as the border with grass, and the gate was lying open, and the dead house stared at him with open, unthinking eyes, and knew him not. The key was in the door, and he crossed the threshold once more—no need to beware of parcels on the floor now—and turned to the familiar room. The shelves had been taken down, but he could trace their lines on the ancient discoloured paper that was now revealed for the first time; there, where a new shutter was resting against the wall, used to stand the "seat of the fathers," and exactly in the midst of that heap of straw the Rabbi had his chair. . . .

"Ye've come tae see hoo we're gettin' on wi' the repairs"—it was the joiner of Kilbogie; "it's no a licht job, for there's nae doot the hoose hes been awfu' negleckit. The Doctor wes a terrible scholar, but he wudna hae kent that the slates were aff the roof till the drap cam intae his bed.

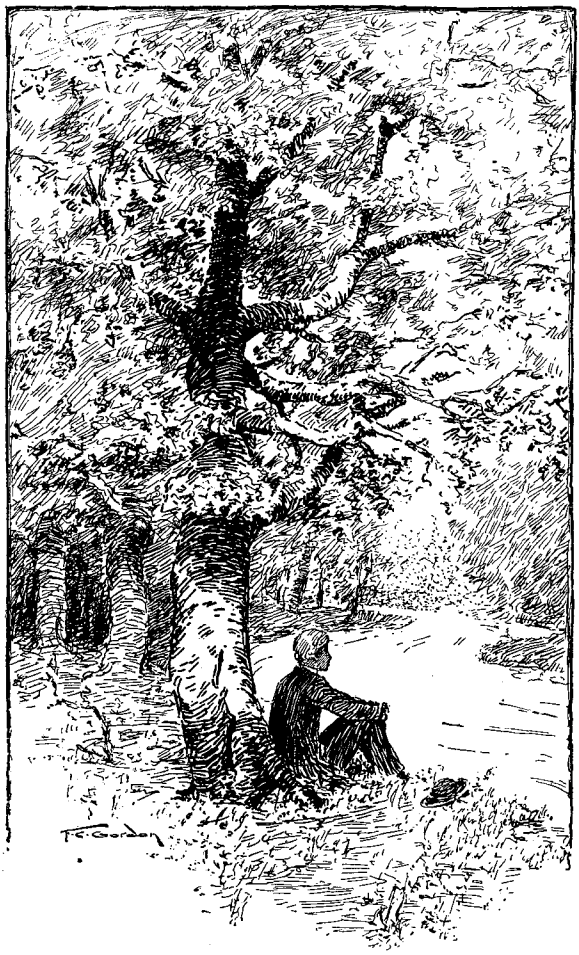
"Ou aye, the manse is tae be papered, an' pented for the new minister; a' cud show ye the papers; juist as ye please; they're verra tasty an' showy. He's tae be married at once, a'm hearin', an' this is tae be the drawin'-room; he wes here ten days syne—the day aifter he wes eleckit: they're aye in a hurry when they're engaged—an' seleckit a sma' room upstairs for his study; he didna think he wud need as lairge a room for bukes, an' he thocht the auld study wud dae fine for pairties.

"There's juist ae room feenished, an' ye micht like tae see the paper on't; it's a yellow rose on a licht blue grund; a'm jidgin' it wes the Doctor's ain room. Weel, it's a gude lang wy tae Drumtochty, an' ye 'ill no be wantin' tae pit aff time, a' daresay."

It was a terrible douche of prose, and Carmichael was still shivering when he reached the kindly shade of Tochty woods. He had seen the successful candidate at the Presbytery arranging about his "trial discourses" with the clerk—who regarded him dubiously—and he had heard some story about his being a "popular hand" and bewitching the young people with a sermon on the "good fight," with four heads—"the soldier," "the battlefield," "the battle," and "the crown"—each with an illustration, an anecdote, and a verse of poetry. Carmichael recognised the type, and already saw the new minister of Kilbogie, smug and self-satisfied, handing round cream and sugar in the Rabbi's old study, while his wife, a stout young woman in gay clothing, pours tea from a pot of florid design and bearing a blazing marriage inscription. There would be a soiree in the kirk where the Rabbi had opened the mysteries of God, and his successor would explain how unworthy he felt to follow Doctor Saunderson, and how he was going to reorganise the congregation, and there would be many jocose allusions to his coming marriage, but Carmichael would by that time have left the district.

No one can walk a mile in Tochty woods, where there are little glades of mossy turf, and banks of violets and geraniums, and gentle creatures on ground and branch, and cool shade from the summer sun, and the sound of running water by your side, without being sweetened and comforted. Bitter thoughts and cynical criticisms, as well as vain regrets and peevish complaints, fell away from Carmichael's soul, and gave place to a gentle melancholy. He came to the heart of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HE SAT DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE TO MEDITATE.

wood where was the lovers' grave, and the place seemed to invite his company. A sense of the tears of things came over him, and he sat down by the riverside to meditate. It was two hundred years and more since the lassies died before they were wedded, and for him there was not even to be love. The ages were linked together by a long tragedy of disappointment and vanity, but the Tochty ran now as in the former days. What was any human life but a drop in the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity and summon his courage to endure? Then at the singing of a bird his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree"—Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends, and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know"—Kate was herself again—"the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place. Half an hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . . life.

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard"—Kate spoke hurriedly—"that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness, as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochty, although the Lodge be not your home. You will always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.

"Do you think that I can ever forget the Glen and my . . . friends here? Not while I live; the Carnegies have theirown faults, but ingratitude is not one. Nor the dear Rabbi's grave." Then there was a silence, which Carmichael found very trying—they had been so near that day in Kilbogie Manse, with only the Rabbi, who loved them both, between; but now, although they stood face to face, there was a gulf dividing them.

"It may not be easy for me to visit Drumtochty often, for you know there has been a change . . . in our circumstances, and one must suit one's self to it."

Carmichael flushed uneasily, and Kate supposed that he was sympathising with their losses.

"I hope to be a busy woman soon, with lots of work, and I shall use every one of my little scraps of knowledge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you think I shall acquit myself in my new rôle?"

It was a little hard on Carmichael, who was thinking of a countess, while Kate meant a governess.

"You need not ask me how I think you will do, as . . . in any position, and I . . . wish you every success, and . . . (with a visible effort) happiness."

He spoke so stiffly that Kate sought about for reasons, and could only remember their quarrel and imagine he retained a grudge—which was rather ungenerous.

"It occurs to me that one man ought to be thankful when we depart, for then he will be able to call Queen Mary names every Sunday without a misguided Jacobite girl dropping in to create a disturbance."

"Drumtochty will have to form its own opinion of poor Mary without my aid," and Carmichael smiled sadly in pardon of the past, "for it is likely, although no one knows this in the Glen, that I shall soon be far away."

"Leaving Drumtochty? What will Marjorie do without you, and Dr. Davidson, and . . . all the people?" Then, remembering Janet's gossip, and her voice freezing, "I suppose you have got a better or more convenient living. The Glen is certainly rather inaccessible."

"Have I done anything, Miss Carnegie, to justify you in thinking that I would leave the Glen, which has been so good to me, for . . . worldly reasons? There is enough to support an unmarried man, and I am not likely to . . . to marry," said Carmichael, bitterly; "but there are times when it is better for a man to change his whole surroundings and make a new life."

It was clear that the Bailie's daughter was a romance of Janet's Celtic imagination, and Kate's manner softened.

"The Rabbi's death and . . . your difference of opinion—something about doctrine, wasn't it? we were from home—must have been a great trial, and, as there was no opportunity before, let me say how much we sympathised with you and . . . thought of you.

"Don't you think, however, Mr. Carmichael"—she spoke with hesitation, but much kindness—"that you ought not to fling up your work here on that account? Would not the Rabbi himself have wished you to stick to your post? . . . and all your friends would like to think you had been . . . brave."

"You are cruel, Miss Carnegie; you try me beyond what I can endure, although I shall be ashamed to-night for what I am to say. Do you not know or guess that it is your . . . on account of you, I mean, that I must leave Drumtochty?"

"On account of me?" Kate looked at him in unaffected amazement.

"Are you blind, or is it that you could not suspect me of such presumption? Had you no idea that night in Dr. Davidson's drawing-room? Have you never seen that I . . . Kate—I will say it once to your face as I say it every hour to myself—you won my heart in an instant on Muirtown Station, and will hold it till I die.

"Do not speak till I be done, and then order me from your presence as I deserve. I know that it is unworthy of a gentleman, and . . . a minister of Christ to say such things to the betrothed of another man; only one minute more"—for Kate had started as if in anger—"I know also that if I were stronger I could go on living as before, and meet you from time to time when you came from the Castle with your husband, and never allow myself to think of Lady Hay as I felt to Miss Carnegie. But I am afraid of myself, and . . . this is the last time we shall meet, Miss Carnegie. Forgive me for my love, and believe that one man will ever remember . . . and pray for you."

Carmichael bowed low, the last sunshine of the evening playing on his fair hair, and turned to go.

"One word, if you please," said Kate, and they looked into one another's eyes, the blue and brown, seeing many things that cannot be written. "You may be forgiven for . . . loving me, because you could not help that"—this with a very roguish look, our Kate all over—"and I suppose you must be forgiven for listening to foolish gossip, since people will tell lies"—this with a stamp of the foot, our Kate again—"but I shall never forgive you if you leave me, never"—this was a new Kate, like to the opening of a flower.

"Why? Tell me plainly," and in the silence Carmichael heard a trout leap in the river.

"Because I love you."

The Tochty water sang a pleasant song, and the sun set gloriously behind Ben Urtach.

THE END.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ALDINE CLUB, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1896, BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen : I have to thank you first for the great kindness and the great honour of this reception. I do not count it the less but all the more honour that I am well aware it has been given to me for the sake of my friend and not for my own. I might assure you of a cordial welcome in return. Sydney Smith's promise to your own Prescott still holds good, and there is awaiting for you in England a Caspian Sea of soup. But I am aware that the only acknowledgment you would care to receive is that we should go back to England with larger, more enlightened, more generous thoughts of your great country and your great people, and I can safely answer for it that we will.

One of the many pleasant American habits is to enliven the dreary stage of the finger-bowls with peppermints. On our side as well as on yours I know it is the custom to enliven after-dinner speeches with anecdotes. I am not, believe me, without anecdotes, being indeed the proud proprietor of eleven. It is some years since these assumed a canonical form, and they are now neither to be added to nor taken away from. That you are to hear none of them this evening is entirely attributable to Mr. Barrie, who is so profoundly familiar with all that I am intimidated by his presence and am unable to do them justice.

I thought of saying something to you on American literature in its present stage as it appears to an English traveller, but first I should wish to confess the incalculable and lifelong debt I, in common with all Englishmen of my age, owe to the great American authors. We were formed, most of us, upon your Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emerson, and the rest. These authors were the pioneers of cheap publishing. I am very far indeed from approving of what is now called piracy, and yet I cannot confess that I am altogether sorry for having been brought up before these ethical, enlightened times. When our English authors were inaccessible to persons of small means, Emerson was far more read among us than Carlyle, and Longfellow had fifty readers where Tennyson had one. I cannot but think that to this, among other causes, is due the profound affection and respect with which America is generally regarded in England.

I observe that with us even more than with you all other forms of literature are gradually being ousted by fiction and journalism. Not so very many years ago—let us say in the times of Fielding—no forms of literature were more despised than these ; and now they have acquired an almost exclusive and a singularly intolerant predominance. I should be the last man to say anything against the noble art of fiction, and especially to say it in the presence of so many recognised masters of the craft. But I cannot help thinking that it is much to be regretted that poetry, for example, has so largely lost its hold. Poetry is even a more noble and enduring form of literature than fiction ; and great as has been the influence of many of the prose writers in the last generation, I do not think that their power can be compared with that of the poets Tennyson and Longfellow and Bryant. It is also much to be deplored that criticism has suffered so serious a decline. The descent from Hazlitt and Coleridge to Matthew Arnold seems to me great, and the descent from Arnold to our present critics is, I am afraid, greater still. Then we seem to miss now the enduring and monumental works of history. We do not find instances of such consecration as that of your own illustrious Francis Parkman or of Prescott or of Motley. Many clever and scholarly little books of history are being written, but they are mostly designed for use in schools and colleges. I might persevere in this line, but it is not necessary ; enough has been said to illustrate my point. The pecuniary rewards of the other forms of literature cannot compare with those of fiction, and I contend that we should do what we can to equalise the other recognitions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I say it with great diffidence, but I am persuaded that the machinery at present in work for the introduction of American authors to the English public is very seriously defective. It is my business to keep a close watch on American literary periodicals and new books, but since coming to this country I have been amazed to find how much excellent work has escaped my observation. This may be in part the fault of the critics. There are two kinds of criticism, each necessary and useful in its way. There is the criticism which guards the doors of fame, which applies catholic and permanent standards, which refuses to be carried away by the clamour of the hour. We need such criticism, and are prepared to honour it. One great English literary journal, in the course of its long and honourable career, has steadily pursued this policy of scrutiny. It has discouraged many young authors who deserved to be discouraged and many who did not deserve to be discouraged; but so far as I know it has never, in all its history, brought prominently and generously before the public a new writer who could afterward look back and say that the paper had been the making of him. I do, indeed, recall one instance in which a new American writer received from it an almost extravagant generosity of praise—I refer to Dr. W. S. Mayo. There is another kind of criticism which watches eagerly for signs and tokens of promise, and which is never afraid of falling into extravagance in hailing them. I shall be glad to see this kind of criticism much more practised. I do not believe in slating new authors. It appears that a fine of sixty pounds for the heinous crime of producing a bad book is a sufficient punishment, and as a rule it is mercilessly exacted. I abhor the insolence of those critics who ordered poor Keats "back to the gallipots." You may say that everything finds its level; that good work is sure sooner or later to be recognised, and that writers with genuine stuff in them will not be discouraged by attacks. I do know that genius is a very rare and delicate product. I happened to discover recently that one of the great world writers of fiction published anonymously a three-volume novel before his literary career, as it is known to the public, began. The novel, as will be seen when I publish it, as I may, is fit to rank with his other works, but it received no recognition at the time. If this hint had been taken—and it very nearly was taken—the whole world would have been measurably the poorer; and I am convinced that many writers who have it in them to do great things are discouraged by the coldness with which their beginning is received and go no further. Besides, while a work of poetry may not receive recognition in the author's lifetime and yet be quickly received afterward—Shelley, I believe, never received sixpence for his literary work, and is now recognised as the greatest poet of the century—I know very few instances where a novel, neglected at first, has ultimately made its way. There are a few, but they may almost be counted on the fingers.

I feel also that a great public in England and America is, under the new copyright law, being deprived of what it had come to find almost as necessary as bread; I mean a supply of new books at low prices. I find many of your shops where nothing else is sold than non-copyright editions of English books; this trade must decline; and we on our side suffer a similar impoverishment. We all, I repeat, are enthusiastically in favour of the copyright law as a matter of plain justice, but I doubt whether authors who are not in the first flight have gained much from it, and I should seriously suggest to them and to their publishers whether it would not be worth while for them to allow some at least of their books to be published at the old low prices, in order that the public may come to know of them. I feel tolerably certain that they would not ultimately have reason to regret such a policy.

And now, gentlemen, it remains to express our overwhelming sense of the simple, cordial, constant kindness which we have received from the American people. I cannot adequately say how much we have admired the blithe and sunny carriage with which they have addressed themselves to the immense task of subjugating and unifying their great country. I am persuaded that in the face of growing duties—and it may be growing dangers—the spirit of your people will not quail. We have all through your great contest been the most sanguine and assured men in America. We have been amazed at the opinions telegraphed from England and amazed at the misgivings expressed by some of yours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our only surprise has been that the majority was not even greater than it turned out to be. We are confident that you are equal to the solution of your problems and to the bearing of your strain, and it is not to be desired that you should be wholly delivered from your burdens. There is an Arabian proverb, "All sunshine makes the desert," and this is true in the lives of individuals and in the lives of nations. And it makes America all the more attractive that your task is not completed, that in many places you might write what Titian was in the practice of inscribing on his picture *Faciebat*, implying that the work was still in progress.

I approach a delicate subject when I say a word of the misunderstanding between England and America. As a journalist I have full opportunity of observing the feeling of the English people. We were in various troubles at that time, and while we took all calmly, our attitude to our troublers varied. When that mighty potentate the German Emperor sent his famous message, one would have imagined that every Englishman's hand was finding its way to his sword. When your message, which was, shall I say, too astringent, too minatory, came to us there was an attempt on the part of the various journalists to inflame a feeling that refused to be inflamed. The English people steadily, stubbornly resolved that only in the last extremity would they commit the great crime of going to war with you, and they opposed all counsels of battle with invincible good humour and patience.

A great writer of our day has told us how, in his ambitious and dreamful youth, he went to see an old weaver who in his time had literary aspirations. They had taken some embodiment in the form of a series of portraits of the poets. The young man turned over the portfolio, and his friend, divining his thought, quoted the lines of Cowley :

> "What shall I do to be forever known,
> And make the age to come mine own?"

The lines caught the boy and wandered up and down in his head. He went home and kept repeating them over the house until his mother caught them too and repeated in her turn,

> "What shall I do to be forever known,
> And make the age to come mine own?"

Her son turned upon her and charged her with the same thought as his own. She disclaimed it passionately, but said as passionately, "But I would be proud of being his mother." Gentlemen, I do not see the signs of decay in England. Some may fancy that her sun is far down the sky, but it seems to us as if it were high noon.

> "Weakness is not in her heart,
> Weariness not on her brow."

But the day of weakness and weariness and decrepitude and decay may come. If it comes we shall have one consolation left to us—we shall be proud of being your mother.

PARIS LETTER.

No strikingly new names have to be mentioned in this monthly record of literary events in France. We have heard more of late of Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, of George Sand and Alfred de Musset than of any living writers ; perhaps because, though sleeping under the dome of the Pantheon or on the slopes of Père La Chaise there is still more life in them than in any of those who are pacing up and down the Boulevards with a cigar between their teeth or sipping their absinthe just before dinner-time.

The first volume of Hugo's correspondence has just appeared. It goes down to the year 1835, and it must be confessed that it is somewhat disappointing. One cannot but feel that the editors have held back most of what would have been curious reading, and also that a great deal of material has failed to reach their hands at all. Perhaps the publication was still somewhat premature. Nothing in the stout octavo volume has attracted so much attention as the letters addressed to Sainte-Beuve, whose connection with the poet's home life, as well as the cessation of that connection, have long been a matter of public record. Nothing need be said now of the cause of the estrangement between the two writers, except that it had nothing to do with literature ; but if literature be mostly a record of that in each man's feelings which is most deeply human, the letters of Hugo's which relate to that somewhat obscure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incident in his life will certainly be considered literature. Hardly anything in the history of ended human friendship, not even the celebrated words that passed between Charles Fox and Edmund Burke, gives a true and more pathetic ring than the letters in which Hugo plainly and plaintively says to Sainte-Beuve that he loved him when away, but can see him no more, because his presence has become the cause of the keenest suffering.

The rest of the volume is interesting, mainly because showing how, early in his life, Hugo adopted a practice which was formerly believed to have belonged only to his last years—the practice of extravagantly praising the practical (?) productions of others. No one seems to have been more careful of not hurting the *genus irritabile vatum*. But the reader vainly looks for anything that would lead him into the secret of the formation of the poet's literary genius, for such letters, for instance, as passed between Lamartine and his friend Virieu. Perhaps the future may bring out something of the kind; perhaps, too, no one was near enough to Hugo's heart to be the recipient of such intimate communications.

In regard to Musset and George Sand, we are coming nearer to a correct statement of the facts than could almost be expected. Soon we shall know about as much as could be desired, some would say even more, in regard to the famous *Elle et Lui* affair. Only a few months have elapsed since Viscount Spoelberg de Lovengoul in *Cosmopolis* tried to give out a complete version of the incident that placed George Sand in almost the best of lights. His articles are queer reading by the side of the revelations contained in one of the last issues of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. The ubiquitous interviewer has at last got hold of an important actor in the much talked of and written about love drama, the now aged and formerly handsome Italian physician, Dr. Pagello, who displaced Alfred de Musset in the great novelist's affections; and Dr. Pagello has been more garrulous than was exactly good for the name of his former friend. Whatever the faults of Musset, the facts remain that he was still between life and death when things took place which fully justified him in entirely casting George Sand out of his heart; and with what we now know we fully appreciate the motives of Madame Clésinger, George Sand's daughter, in forbidding Mr. Plon to publish any more letters of her mother's, especially concerning her relations to Dr. Pagello. What literature proper gains in the publication is a curious love declaration handed by George Sand to the physician in Alfred de Musset's sick chamber—a declaration which is not unworthy to rank with the most eloquent passages of her novels.

There are still extant some curious letters of Alfred de Musset's which, according to the poet's sister, Madame Lardin de Musset, George Sand swore she had destroyed; but they are not likely to be made public for some time to come. Perhaps so much the better, for with a little more we should have of *Elle et Lui ad nauseam*.

In the *Temps*, which devoted a number of columns to interviews with Pagello, with Madame Clésinger and Madame Lardin de Musset, have been appearing for some time over the signature "Sganarelle" a number of articles on various topics under the somewhat strange heading of *Fagots*. There has been a good deal of speculation in regard to the authorship of these articles. I now hear on pretty good authority that Sganarelle is no less a person than Francisque Sarcey. This explains why so many of the articles relate to theatrical or educational topics. No one ignores that the celebrated dramatic critic began his career as a college instructor, and passed through the École Normale.

Through the École Normale, too, passed a man who has just disappeared, and who may be claimed by literature almost as much as by politics, Challemel Lacour. The great republican orator and journalist, the former adviser of Gambetta, was a richly equipped scholar. Before he had written a word about politics he had been the introducer to the French people of the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, and almost his last great public utterance was his *discours de réception* in the French Academy, where he succeeded Renan, and so completely broke away from the well-established custom of fulsome eulogy of one's predecessor, that the Renan family abstained to a man (or to a woman) from attending the meeting. The two best scholars in Gambetta's *entourage*, Challemel Lacour,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was, and Spaller, who wished to be, in the Academy, have now gone within a few months of each other.

Another man has gone who also would have been in the Academy had he so desired, and had he not, after being an unsuccessful actor in a great historical tragedy, sentenced himself to complete retirement; I mean General Trochu. It was, indeed, the misfortune of the French people that in the latter part of their death struggle with Germany they had as their foremost military leader a man who believed in words more than in deeds. The writer of these lines well remembers being, a few weeks after the surrender of Paris, in the same room with the general. Count d'Harcourt, a former diplomat, who had been away from Paris during the siege, was the third person present. The two fell into a conversation about the events just concluded, and their talk was ended by the following words of Trochu: "*Et malgré tout, monsieur le Comte, j'espérais, parceque je crois en Dieu!*"

But whatever his shortcomings as a military commander, Trochu was a superb orator and a fine writer. His books, *L'Armée Française en 1867*, *Pour la Vérité et Pour la Justice*, will outlive the circumstances for which they were produced, and his *Mémoirs*, extracts of which have just appeared in the *Correspondant*, and which are to be published by Alfred Marne, will be an important and well worth reading contribution to the history of our own times.

Trochu goes almost at the same time when Alfred Duquet, *le savant et sévère Duquet*, as Arthur Chuquet calls him, publishes one of his severest condemnations of his military conduct; it is the seventh, and not the last, volume of his remarkable history of the Franco-German War, and is devoted to the part of the siege of Paris that goes from October 31st, 1870, to the last days of the same year. The next volume will conduct the narrative to the fall of Paris, and there will still remain to be written the history of Gambetta's armies in the provinces.

If we pass from truth to fiction we do not find much to record this month; no great novel, no great poems, not even the Franco-Russian ones, no great play. *Les Bienfaiteurs* at the Porte Saint-Martin, *Le Portage* at the Vaudeville, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, in a rather tame version, at the Odéon, have not been successes. Coquelin, who tries to bring out new plays, does not fare half as well as Sarah Bernhardt, who draws crowds to the Renaissance with the worn-out *Dame aux Camélias*. In regard to Sarah and Dumas's famous play, I have just come across a rather characteristic anecdote. It relates to the great actress's recent tour in Australia. She was playing *La Dame aux Camélias* (or *Camille*, if you prefer) in Melbourne, and in a hurry to catch the train for some other town. So she rushed through the performance as fast as she could—faster, in fact, than the others could. It brought out remonstrance after remonstrance from her camarade, Angèle: "Why! don't go so fast, Sarah; we can't follow you," or something like that. Whereupon: "Hush," la divine Sarah exclaimed, "if you don't stop I die at once!" (*Je crève tout de suite*).

What she will play next no one knows, but she will *not* play George de Porto-Riche's *le Passé*, which she was to play. She has fallen out with the author of *Amoureuse*, claiming that his play had not been ready in time. I understand that the true inwardness of the story is that she wants to have nothing tying her when Sardou is ready with the new play he is writing for her, which is, by the way, like the *Passé*, moreover, an absolutely modern play, acted in costumes of our own day; no more *Toscas* and *Theodoras* and the like. Sardou seems to be as tired of them as the public. As for Porto-Riche's play, which was to be acted in France by Sarah, and will not, which was to be acted in America by Olga Nethersole, and will not, it *will* be played by Rejane, having been accepted by Porel at the Vaudeville. Porto-Riche's works are always highly finished literary productions; they are worth reading as well as seeing.

Léon Bourgeois, the ex and future Prime Minister, also comes out as a bookman this month, with a small volume, *Solidarité*, published by Armand Colin. I ought to mention also an admirable selection from Hugo's poems, published by Delagrave, for the schools. The editor is Jules Steeg.

The volume on Taine in Hachette's *Collection des Grands Écrivains Français* will be by Professor Léopold Mabilleau, who has already contributed a very readable Victor Hugo to the same series.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, November 1, 1896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS.

AN EPOCH'S EPIC.*

It has now become a truism that every great and soul-stirring event which arises in the history of a nation inevitably finds some singer to put into words that breathe and thoughts that burn the feelings which mutely plead for expression in the hearts that are stirred by it. It is a truism also that it is often only in the *monumentum ære perennius* that the event itself is finally remembered; for the literary trophy erected in its honour frequently outlasts the objective source of inspiration.

On the first day of June last, the proud Commonwealth of Tennessee celebrated the hundredth year of its political existence. What a magnificent and stately event was that! History views it as a milestone in the march of American civilisation. Yet we think that centuries hence this glorious day will derive its chief interest to the scholar, the antiquarian, and the literary historian from the fact that it inspired the stupendous poem which is now before us in its final form—which has, in fact, been standing before us for several months—and which we have long hesitated to touch, shrinking as we did with natural modesty from an attempt to cope with the many questions that project themselves upon the camera of our consciousness from nearly every line.

Right at the outset we were embarrassed in trying to find a word that would fitly describe and classify it. We have, to be sure, styled it an epic, yet it does not wholly conform to the strict requirements of the epic canon. In many places its quality is distinctly lyrical; and, besides, it eschews the element of the supernatural. Yet it is manifest that we had to call it something. We might perhaps have spoken of it as a census bulletin; and there are, in truth, passages that would seem to bear out such a classification not only in their subject matter but in their style; for not infrequently the cadences and lilt are suggestive of some of Mr. Robert P. Porter's most impassioned strains. Yet, again, the passages of pure imagination undoubtedly make such a description impossible. We might, perhaps, have described it as a roundelay; but it is evident that a roundelay of 174 pages and some 6300 lines would not be the kind of roundelay that the critics know. Had we, therefore, chosen such a title for it, within twenty-four hours somebody over in Brooklyn would have written a column letter to the *Dial*, exposing once more our well-known ignorance, and asserting that we don't know what a roundelay is. This would have hurt our feelings, because we do know. If we met a roundelay on the darkest night we should recognise it in a minute. We have written roundelays ourselves, and they were real roundelays, too, in spite of the fact that we never could get any one to publish them except at advertising rates. So we just put it down as an epic, and if any one says that it isn't an epic we shall insist on his coming right forward and telling the world just what it is.

But the reader must be impatient to listen to its bursts of melody. And, in fact, it is really easier for us simply to let Mrs. Fry sing for herself. So here is a burst:

"General Gaines was born in Virginia, and when a lad
His father moved to Tennessee, where lands could be had.
He settled in Sullivan, when General Blount first came,
Was a lawyer, and had attained as a soldier some fame.
General Gaines spent his boyhood days on the plantation.
He developed his mind with books; his recreation
Was hunting. 'Tis said he knew an Indian trail at sight,
And when quite a boy accompanied Sevier in the fight.
At eighteen was a lieutenant in East Tennessee,
Four years in active service against the Cherokees.
Congressman Claiborne then recommended him to be
Appointed ensign in Sixth United States Infantry.
He was made second lieutenant before the year ended,
And in Eighteen and One he was again recommended
To the War Department and appointed to survey
From Nashville to Natchez a military roadway.

* Tennessee Centennial Poem. By Mary A. A. Fry. Chattanooga: Published by the Author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Jefferson then appointed him collector
At Mobile, and afterwards post-office inspector.
He was appointed to arrest Aaron Burr for treason,
Whose friends ever after disliked him for this reason."

Here is another passage, in which the poet touches on the mysterious prehistoric times suggested to her by the strange structures of stone that are found along the Nollichucky district and by the Nickajack, as memorials of a race now vanished from the earth :

" Below Telford's Station there will be found another
With walls three feet in thickness, built in the same odd way ;
Near Limestone one built by a Gillespie of that day,
Near Fullen's depot another, the old Ripley place,
Several others whose history I have not time to trace.

A ' Woman's Suffrage Club ' has been formed within the State ;
Its movers are not natives, I am happy to relate.
Though some few, it is said, are hoping for this reward,
They will not amount in all to a ' corporal's guard.'
Our present rights give us employment and contentment,
Besides we have knowledge of the ' Fifteenth Amendment.'
Which would allow negro women to vote—there's the rub !
Then the kitchen would be neglected and the washtub.
They would ride in on bicycles in bloomers and blazers,
And there would be fights with those mysterious razors !"

This strophe is interesting both to the psychologist and to the student of metrical technique. The casual person might ask what natural connection there is between the architecture of the aborigines and the formation of a Woman's Suffrage Club. But such a question would only show that the inquirer failed to appreciate the subtlety of the poet's art. Here is really an admirable illustration of the law of the association of ideas. First, the mention of aboriginal structures brings to the mind of Mrs. Fry the autochthones, the true natives of Tennessee. The thought of them at once suggests, on the principle of antiphrasis, those who are *not* natives ; and, finally, since the most conspicuous of these are the persons who form the Woman's Suffrage Club, Mrs. Fry glides by an easy transition from one theme to the other. There is a profound psychology in this which, if no one else appreciates, will be plain at least to the Educationist. Note, too, the art with which, after sternly smiting the Suffragists, Mrs. Fry allows a gleam of humour to gild like sunshine the last words of the canto.

Even more interesting is the metrical ingenuity of some of these lines. Take, for instance, the introduction of the word " washtub" in the thirteenth line. Now a purely academic critic would object that " washtub" in its accepted accentuation is paroxytonic and should not be accented on the last syllable. But Mrs. Fry secures especial effect by treating the word as an oxytone—the rising slide to the voice giving to the indignant line an indescribable touch of disdain mingled with astonishment. Another thing may be noted here which applies to the poem as a whole. Coleridge, in *Christabel*, exploited a theory by which the English language could be made more free in its metrical treatment, by basing the normal line on a given number of accents rather than on a given number of syllables. This was well enough for a person like Coleridge ; but (to use the language of higher literary criticism as employed at Harvard University) Coleridge isn't in it with Mrs. Fry. A great genius can take great liberties ; and in her usage she has given a freedom to the English language of which she never dreamed. She doesn't tie herself down to either syllables or accents. She just sails along on one line till she gets ready to begin another, and then she stops and begins it. What could be simpler than that ? Yet very few would have thought of it. It reminds one of Columbus and the egg. As a matter of fact, the poets who count up their metrical feet on their fingers get no encouragement from Mrs. Fry, nor do those other pedantic persons who are always thinking about the rules of prosody. Mrs. Fry doesn't worry herself about the rules of prosody, but her Muse gets right down and paws around among them till everything comes her way, and we guess that she wouldn't take any back talk from anybody.

But to resume our quotations. Here is an admirable blending of the personal note with a proud lyrical exultation over the vastness and richness of the wealth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Tennessee. Note the skill with which she leads up to it :

" Colonel A. M. Shook, of Franklin County, Tennessee,
Has been years engaged in the coal and iron industry.
He was a Confederate soldier—one of Forrest's men ;
His record is understood ; we know where he has been.
He began selling coal and iron railway supplies,
But soon became able both to manage and advise.
He built and managed for years the furnace at Cowan ;
Was associated with Baxter and John H. Inman.
He is vice-president of a coal and iron company,
Lives in Tracy City and practises philanthropy.
Our pioneers carried iron into the State on horseback ;
The iron horse now carries it out on the railway track.
Four hundred and sixty-five thousand gross tons per year,
From twenty-six furnaces and improvements appear.
There are eighty-seven coal mines operated in the State,
Some are suspended for awhile, but have not long to wait.
The total coal production for Eighteen Ninety-one
Was two million five hundred twenty-seven thousand tons."

Here is a bit of studied antithesis worked up to a climax which is pointed and accentuated by the piquancy of the final rhyme :

" Two candidates now appeared ; each desired to stand guard
Over the State's interest, William Carroll and Edward Ward.
The newspapers of the State for the first time engaged
In a contest of this kind, the battle fiercely raged.
Carroll was elected by the people, the masses,
Ward's friends were the office-holders and all such classes.
William Carroll moved to the State eleven years before
From Pittsburg to Nashville, where he opened a nail store.
First brigade-inspector, then major of miltia,
In the Creek War joined General Jackson in the issue."

Still more striking in the way of climax is the following strophe, whose restrained emotion, coupled with its Tacitean terseness, makes the sudden tragedy startlingly intense :

" At twenty-four years of age he began to practise,
Then moved to Henry County, the county seat Paris.
He was one of the first settlers in this community :
Its rich lands caused others to seize the opportunity
To improve their condition. First-class citizens moved there.
Judge Harris was prosperous and had a practice fair ;
He served nine years as circuit judge, then moved to Memphis.
When Judge Turley died he was appointed to his office.
First appointed, then elected judge of Supreme Court,
He served three years, his term was destined to be cut short :
On a Mississippi River steamboat he was killed !
The boilers exploded, his eloquent voice was stilled !"

We can quote but one more passage. It is near the end of the whole poem, and in it Mrs. Fry gathers up all her powers for a great epic sweep that rolls along with the crash and thunder of a coal wagon :

" She has the greatest variety of resources.
More kinds of mineral from which to gather forces—
Gold, copper, sulphur, diamond, graphite,
Chalcotrite, pyrrhotite, chalcopyrite, barnhardtite,
Tetrodymite, clansthalite, galena, spalerite,
Pyrite, marcasite, mispickel, rutile, covellite.
Fluorite, chalcotrichite, corundum, hematite,
Melanochroite, menaccanite, antomolite,
Xanthosiderite, psilomelane, wad, limonite,
Pyrolusite, gothite, manganite, quartz, spodumene,
Opal, pyroxene, amphibole, garnet, kaolin,
Zircon, allanite, zoisite, albite, astrophylite,
Muscovite, orthoclase, tourmaline, talc, staurolite,
Calamine, allophane, cyanite, plumbogummite,
Deweylite, saponite, halloysite, pyromorphite,
Monazite, vivianite, wavellite, apatite,
Gypsum, chlorite, epsomite, melanterite, barite,
Azarite, malachite, hydrozincite, lanthanite,
Smithsonite, cerrussite, chalcanthite, kalinite,
Calcite, carbonate of lime, dolomite, siderite,
And coal, bituminous, cannel, and anthracite,
To an iron manufacturer very well known
I am indebted for this list, W. M. Bowron.
These treasures long hidden he has brought to public view,
Found in Chattanooga district ; he can locate them, too."

It may be objected that there is too much "ite" about this last passage, but for ourselves we prefer to see in it the skilful use of what is technically styled *homœoteleuton*, the repetition of a final syllable, accentuating and driving home a thought to the mind as with a hammer's blow, and by the very repetition conveying to the listener an impres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of the enormous mineral wealth that has roused her to such enthusiasm.

We should like to say something about Mrs. Fry's view of rhyme, about her colometry, about a certain strophic theory that we think we can detect underlying the poem as a whole; but lack of space forbids. We shall continue, however, our studies and may perhaps in time put forth some special monographs which, when taken together, will form the prolegomena to the poem. In the meantime we advise our readers to send for it and read it with the care and thoughtfulness which it so richly merits.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.*

Mr. Barrie's new novel proceeds upon a daring and hazardous plan. It centres upon the history and character of a young genius whose mother was outcast from Thrums, after one of the strangest, wildest, most dramatic episodes that were ever committed to print. The boy is born in London, where, when he is five years old, his mother—a widow now, and wearing to her grave in shame and poverty—gives him a little sister; and the main intention of the book is a study of these two as children, and of the children who are their companions. Tommy has the foremost place, of course; it is his book; and few are the pages from which his name is absent. But equal pains have been given to the picture of Shovel, London street-boy; to Corp Shiach, lad of Thrums; to Elspeth, born to be an adoring, humble sister; and to Grizel, daughter of the Painted Lady who is suffered to live on the outskirts of Thrums: she, indeed, the same Grizel, is the most original, most firmly drawn and attractive little figure of them all.

Now he who undertakes to dramatise the thoughts, dreams, speculations, impulses, innocences, and un-moralities of childhood, has before him a very trying enterprise. Though we have all been children we are strange to childhood—so much estranged that we never speak of it without confessing to a wondering ignorance or surprise. The road back to that country seems as wide as the whole world; but he who would return upon it finds it barred by an impenetrable hedge, through which only a very little may be seen and dimly understood. How many men of genius have tried to push through the barrier is not known: the number of them who have partly succeeded, or who have fancied a partial success, does not tell the tale. All we do know is that to the approaching foot of only one did a clear path open: to Victor Hugo of gigantesque romance. That Mr. Barrie has also found a way—by means of a keen and studious imagination applied in the realistic manner—is the first question that lies before the readers of *Sentimental Tommy*. They are challenged on that point, and can have no complete satisfaction without answering it. It will not do, it will not be fair, to recall Hugo in order to assist judgment by comparison. More splendid in results, Hugo's method of display was far easier than Mr. Barrie's; for the novelist of Thrums has made it his business to show, upon a groundwork of the general characteristics of childhood, the working of the young, unchastened, unformed and forming elements of individual character. Obviously, this is an extremely delicate and difficult task; one which, as I have said, is hazardous for even the greatest skill and courage.

With a single drawback, to be mentioned presently, it will be agreed that Mr. Barrie has succeeded wonderfully well. As we close the book upon these young people—Tommy being then fifteen years old, Grizel thirteen, Tommy's sister Elspeth ten—we look back upon a series of scenes and episodes which, in a blend of pathos, oddity, humour, insight, accomplish all that we may suppose their author set out to achieve. The best of these scenes are in the first half of the book; where the arrival of the new baby, the conversations and intrigues of Tommy and Shovel, the adventures of these chums and opposites at the *soirée* of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Criminals (a remarkable chapter for its workmanship alone) lend to Tommy's biographer abounding opportunities; and fine use he makes of them. But for his purpose as mover of hearts or expositor of childish character, none of these chapters equals that in which Elspeth and Tommy plan to give their dying mother, in a London slum, a regular Thrums hog-

* Sentimental Tommy—the Story of his Boyhood. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manay. This is a beautiful bit; simple, true, and extremely touching. In the latter half of the book (the scene being moved to Thrums, where Jean Myles's orphans are provided for by her strangely outraged lover) Mr. Barrie devotes yet more care to the exhibition of Tommy's native character. In a dozen ways ingeniously contrived he exposes the breast of that child of genius to the Röntgen rays of an exact and merciless discrimination, as we are to understand; and there it is that the drawback comes in. What faults of the savage many of us show (and shed) in childhood, what bold un-moralities we practise in the blithest ignorance for a while, is a familiar story. Now, rightly enough, Tommy's biographer makes a point of including all the boy's little vices and weaknesses; but not, I think, with fortunate results. In real life we glance at these faults in silence and let them pass as (though bad while they last) rootless and unsubstantial. Attentive notice they will hardly bear without taking an appearance of fixity; and by the mere mechanical fact of being chronicled in print, Tommy's boyish imperfections are, I fear, stamped on him indelibly. But there is another reason for that fear. There are various kinds of childish imperfection, and the faults attributed to Tommy would be nicer if they were ruder. They are not nice faults, nor of those that are most likely to rub off. The truth is, I suppose, that they could not be other than they are; yet I can but wish that a different choice had been possible, for they expose him to the risk of downright dislike. The little Elspeth is lightly pencilled in, but with manifest potentialities of advancing interest in that part of the story which is yet to come. Grizel, who is the strangest little figure in this novel gallery of juvenile heroes and heroines, is at the same time the strongest, truest, most fascinating. Child as she is, an outcast daughter of a painted lady, she moves in an atmosphere of high pathetic tragedy, the creation of her own qualities. Pity that once or twice her author, in his anxiety to make her clear, pushes the illustration of her character into a little extravagance. The over-much is *his* most common fault; though no living story-writer knows better the use of simplicity and restraint.

And it is practised here with extraordinary effect. *Sentimental Tommy* is not all about the sentimentalisms of Jean Myles's boy. There are some chapters about Jean Myles herself; her innocent and happy sweethearting with Aaron Latta, weaver; the end of that little idyll, when Magerful Tam appears—handsome, insolent, hateful, irresistible—to sweep her out of Aaron's feeble arms and into misery at the same moment; and Mr. Barrie has never excelled these chapters for simplicity of relation and intensity of effect. I have left myself no room to speak the eulogy which, as I think, the whole of Jean Myles's story deserves; and with its bold invention, its fine insight, its masterly description, its unstrained pathos, it covers a good many pages. Aaron Latta also stands out in strong and well-conceived originality—a distinct and singularly consistent figure, though few words are spent upon him and little does he say. His relations with Jean Myles's children, whom he takes to live with him when she dies, are human nature itself. Except as a means of bringing Grizel forward, there is no use for the Painted Lady and no pleasure in her; an entirely artificial personage, not unlike one of the worst conceptions of Charles Dickens. But then Miss Ailie and Miss Kittie, with their sweet, old-fashioned sensitiveness and gentleness— Here, however, I must stop; with a word for the many humorous turns and touches that stud the pages of *Sentimental Tommy*, and for the remarkably close and careful workmanship in the writing thereof.

Frederick Greenwood.

THE UNITED STATES IN RECENT TIMES.*

When the editors and publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* had conceived the plan of publishing in serial form a connected account of the history of the United States from 1870 to 1895, with a wealth of illustrations, they were in possession of the most brilliant idea that has come to any periodical in the pres-

* The Last Quarter Century in the United States, 1870-95. By E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. With 350 illustrations. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent generation, and one that ought to have resulted in a perfectly fabulous circulation. There is nothing in the world that one likes to read so much as an ably and impartially written narrative of those events amid which he has himself lived, but which are beginning to sink into the past with a friendly haze just dimming the sharpness of the outlines. We all remember them in a general way, they have the fascination of being part of our own lives, only we have not for ourselves yet seen them in anything like their real historical perspective. Hence a brilliant writer who sums them up for us with a sense of due proportion and with some charm of style, provides us with a literary banquet that derives especial piquancy from its being in some measure almost personal to ourselves. Had the plan of which these handsome volumes are the outcome been carried out by a writer with the neat touch and entertaining literary manner which Justin McCarthy brought to the composition of his *History of Our Own Times*, no novel, not even *Trilby*, would have had a vogue so great. The book would have sold by the hundred thousand, and have been *the* book of the entire year. As for war records and Lincoln biography and Napoleonic revivals, they would not have been mentioned in the same breath.

The work that is at last before us deserves to have and doubtless will have a large and long-continued sale. It is invaluable as a work of reference. Yet it falls far short of what it might have been had it been assigned to some one with perhaps less technical historical training but with a greater gift of literary expression. As the narrative appeared in the pages of *Scribner's* it was thoroughly detestable in form, being chopped up into short sections, each with a heading in small capitals, like a newspaper description, and suggesting in its general effect a series of clippings put together from the pages of a scrap-book. It is now in book-form much improved, the narrative is made continuous and consecutive, and one can read it with much greater satisfaction. Yet it still is very far from being what it ought to be. Dr. Andrews does his work like a professional compiler rather than a professional writer. He sets forth the facts in due order, the account of what happened is accurate and fair, but this is all. He seems to have little or no power of description and to be quite devoid of insight into character and motive. The result is naturally disappointing. If he has to put before us an impressive scene like that of the cyclone at Apia, or the burial of Grant, or the Anarchist riot at Chicago, he can merely enumerate the details. He will tell us how the American and German ships were wrecked, or how many police, soldiers, marines, and what not marched in the procession, or what the Anarchists were doing at the time; but the vivid touches that would make us *see* these things are lamentably lacking. It is a chronicle, not a history, that he gives us.

Again, we think that too often he stops short just when he ought to go on, which tantalises the reader beyond endurance, or else he treats of the thing in so dry a manner that one gets a false impression of it. Thus, his accounts of the *Virginius* affair, of the Sand Lot agitation, of the riots of 1877, of the third-term movement in 1880, of Blaine's feud with Conkling, of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign, of the Chilian imbroglio of 1891, of the American opposition to Germany in Samoa, and of a dozen other things, are written with no perception whatever of their strikingly picturesque features. His description of the wonderfully dramatic scene when Blaine read the Mulligan Letters before the House of Representatives and put Proctor Knott to ignominious confusion is told most admirably, but it stops too soon, says nothing about the sunstroke episode, and leaves one utterly unsatisfied. So of the Blaine-Belmont verbal duel, the stormy scene between Conkling, Platt, and Garfield in the Riggs House, the killing of Sitting Bull, and the account of negro rule in the South; those of us who can remember these things can see how inadequate is the treatment. There are hundreds of omissions, some of them of real importance. Thus, in relating the causes of Mr. Blaine's defeat, great stress is laid on Dr. Burchard's foolish alliteration, but the millionaires' banquet—a far more potent cause—is not even mentioned. Nothing is said also of the personal side of the Hayes administration, nor of those circumstances connected with Mr. Cleveland's marriage, that undoubtedly helped to defeat him in 1888.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Space forbids a farther enumeration of special points, but we have sufficiently indicated the general features in which the book will be found particularly weak. At the same time, as already said, we can heartily commend it to all our readers, in spite of its limitations. There exists as yet nothing like it, and those even who do not care for the text will take real pleasure in the numerous and extremely interesting illustrations.

P.

ASPECTS OF FICTION.*

One of the best of the papers in Mr. Matthews's new volume is very suggestive of the treatment its author has received in his former ventures as a critic. It is entitled "The Penalty of Humour," and its thesis is the way in which we Americans have always fought shy of bestowing our highest praise and most important offices on the writers and statesmen who have been gifted with the faculty of amusing us. Mr. Matthews has amused us so often and so well that when he comes to instruct us we are disinclined to take him seriously. Yet if we do not take him seriously we shall be ourselves the greater losers, for there is not to-day in this country a more suggestive or illuminating critic than Mr. Matthews when he is at his best. He writes too much, of course, to be always at his best; but even when, as in the present volume, he republishes work that is by its very nature ephemeral, he never lacks that quality of suggestiveness that seems to me to be the distinguishing note of his criticism. But a suggestive critic, especially if his style be as light and, therefore, apt for suggestion as Mr. Matthews's, is generally deemed to be a superficial one, and so we are likely to do him the further injustice of thinking that he wants us to take an airy jaunt with him through realms which we should prefer to traverse soberly and on foot.

The careful reader of this volume, however, will not be so misled. He will see that the graceful suggestiveness of such an essay as that on the parallelisms between the ancient drama and the modern should not hide from any penetrating eye the hard, keen thinking needed for the working out of many of the ideas presented. He will not think that the notable essay on American literature owes its existence solely to its author's well-known propensity to accentuate the national idea in our literature and life. He will not believe that the paper on "Pleasing the Taste of the Public" was merely dashed off for a magazine by a clever observer of men and events. For underneath the spontaneous ease of all these essays he will perceive the firm grasp of subject and the clear penetration that always characterise the true critic. He will, of course, feel that here and there something more needs to be said, or that occasionally a caveat needs to be uttered, as, for example, in the very ingenious classification of novelists in the last-named essay. Mr. Matthews reads Dr. Pole's classification of whist players, and he forthwith conceives a similar classification of novelists, ranging from those who deal with the frankly impossible through those who deal with the improbable and probable, to those who deal with the inevitable. Such a classification is in many ways apt and illuminating, but it leaves too much out of sight the fact that there is an element of the inevitable in all good story-telling, and it waives the question whether the absorption of other elements of interest, such as those depending upon the play of the fancy, has not rendered the latest type of novelists inferior to their immediate predecessors. In short, I should think that many of the things Mr. Matthews says would make a thoughtful reader desire to have the pleasure of a little friendly argument with him, and I know of no better test of good, stimulating criticism than this.

The volume under notice contains thirteen papers, five of which are on general literary topics, two on contemporary writers, Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson, and six on various aspects of fiction, with discussions of authors as far apart as Cervantes and Mr. Kipling. I have already named the essays that seem to deserve most attention, although I should be more than human if I did not like "Two Studies of the South," which notices most sympathetically a little book of my own. The group relating to fiction has, naturally, an added interest from the fact that Mr. Matthews is himself a practitioner of the art about which he discourses so well, but I do

* Aspects of Fiction and other Ventures in Criticism. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not think that any one of the papers comes up to the masterly essay on the short story which he published some years ago in his volume called *Pen and Ink*. The paper on American literature is, however, almost as valuable in its way as the last-named essay; and if Mr. Matthews had written nothing but these two fine pieces of criticism he would have ample claim to our gratitude. But he has done more. Besides his excellent volume on the *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century* he has now given us no less than four collections of essays, and having read them all with pleasure and profit, one must express the wish that he may live to give us as many more.

W. P. Trent.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A QUEEN.*

In this year of grace, when all the world is saying pleasant things about Queen Victoria, because that most amiable old lady has had the good fortune to sit upon the English throne longer than any of her predecessors, there is a peculiar diversion, the character of which depends on the individual so engaged, in contemplating the aspect which Mr. M. A. S. Hume presents of England's other great queen, the last of the Tudors, whose reign was anything but tranquil. There is also occasion for instruction; and for moralising, no end. If, as we are now assured, the Virgin Queen's flirtations were the bulwarks behind which her kingdom grew great and glorious, may not those of us who are quick at detecting providential dispensations perceive a shining example of them in the fact that Elizabeth, the frivolous spinster, and Victoria, the sedate matron, were not transposed?

That the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was an accomplished coquette even Mr. Froude could not deny. Indeed, had she aspired to the title of "Queen of Hearts," which was won by that unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, who was her namesake, by qualities the very reverse of the English queen's, she would hardly have been a more persistent poser for the attentions of the gallants who swarmed about her court. There is far more history than romance in Scott's story of her love passages with Leicester before the death of Amy Robsart, and no fresh evidence was needed to prove how hungry she was for the admiration of the royal suitors for her hand. But from the documents he has had at command as the editor of the Calendar of Spanish State Papers of her reign in the Public Record Office, Mr. Hume has gathered many facts about Elizabeth's more serious courtships that throw side lights on the political history as well as the manners and customs of her age; and it should be remembered that such records, compared with much of our history, possess the peculiar value Horace Walpole had in mind when he wrote that "though memoirs *written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, these *published* nearest to it are generally falsest."

It is Mr. Hume's purpose to show that Elizabeth's levity and fickleness were deliberately used to further the interest of England at a time when craft had to make up for weakness; that in the rôle of Aphrodite she played the part of Minerva. For this, however, he gives her scant credit, professing not to know where sheer vanity and a sort of passion ended and far-sighted policy began. The view he gives is of the woman rather than the queen; and though citations from the records are numerous, no important assertion being made on his own authority, the reader feels—and if with satisfaction he is likely to go unstoned—that he has got among gossips of the court rather than serious chroniclers of the reign.

It is not difficult to feel sympathy for Elizabeth as the most eligible person of royal blood in Europe. If her self-esteem was great and she demanded homage for herself as well as her position she surely did not thereby forfeit all claim to respect and genuine admiration; vanity, as we well know, is by no means incompatible with greatness and lofty qualities, and love of praise and adulation does not preclude noble action. It is to be borne in mind, also, that eager as Elizabeth herself was in the game of love-making, she was at all times urged on to matrimony by her councillors, in their desire to see the succession settled in a manner that would save the kingdom from the quarrels of rival claimants. In such circumstances it was not unnatural that a woman of

* The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. By Martin A. S. Hume. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

high spirit in such exalted station should be fastidious in her choice of a consort, and that her father's daughter should not avoid in this high affair of State the more tender side of the proceedings. It has been therefore with some hesitation that the latter-day testimony concerning her peculiarities in this respect has been accepted. The great namesake of our author regretted that she had not possessed "some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished," and even the impartial Green found her cold and unresponsive to all but Leicester.

Mr. Hume shows her darting from one affair of the heart to another, like a bee from flower to flower, careless of what the world thought, utterly indifferent generally, after the adieux were exchanged, to the feelings of the disappointed swain, but almost savagely jealous of them while the comedy or tragedy, whichever it was, was in progress. There is a certain inevitable unfairness in such a picture as he draws, however true to life. Plucked of its feathers the peacock would be but a sorry spectacle; so Queen Elizabeth, divested of every splendid accomplishment that marked her reign, is not an heroic figure, and the reader of this book who would do her justice should never forget that while "the projects of marriage of Queen Elizabeth," as Count Ferrière calls them, occupied an important and most interesting part of her life, her career had other claims to distinction.

From the early passages with her guardian, Sir Thomas Seymour, when Elizabeth was a mere girl, through her dallying with the various scions of the royal houses of Europe and the Earls of Arundel and her favourite Leicester of England and Arran of Scotland, there is little new in the narrative until we reach the attempt of the dowager queen of France, Catherine de' Medici, to gain first for one of her sons and then for the other the hand of England's queen. The preceding negotiations for her marriage, as set forth in the state papers from which Mr. Hume quotes, afford abundant evidence of her wanton mendacity mingled with crafty subterfuge and the careless cruelty of a heartless belle; but through all of them it is evident enough that motives of public policy were the chief inspiration of her conduct. But from the time when Henry of Valois, afterward Henry III. of France, was proposed to her as a husband there appears a stronger personal element, the revelation of which is the chief contribution that Mr. Hume's book makes to our knowledge of Elizabeth. She was then thirty-seven years of age, not quite the "painted old harridan" this unsympathetic historian designates her in the later years of her life, but still far enough advanced, one would think, to have attained to years of discretion. Yet if these papers make plain anything, they disclose the queen less resolute now in defence of her celibacy than ever before, more needlessly demonstrative, at times frolicsomely affectionate, particularly with the younger Frenchman, whose mother, in point of age, she might well have been. She hoodwinked the astute Catherine most egregiously, to be sure, and succeeded in escaping from many a difficult position in these tortuous courtships. It is also true that by these means she undoubtedly staved off troublesome demands both from France and Spain, while at the same time keeping these countries from forming an alliance that would have been dangerous to England, until she was in a position to defy those who chose to be her enemies. Unfortunately for her good name, in doing so she allowed herself to be compromised, not, it would appear, through pressure of political conditions so much as on account of her own feelings.

The long dallying between her and the Duc d'Alençon, the French king's brother, forms the main part as well as by far the most entertaining and instructive part of the book. She called him "my frog," and lavished upon him endearments which should have satisfied the most ardent lover. That she seriously thought of marrying him, though she swore she did, can hardly be credited. Apart from the disparity between their ages, the duke was anything but attractive, being small and of insignificant appearance and badly pockmarked about the face into the bargain. No one can read the notes of the Spanish minister, however, without wondering at the liberties she allowed him and took, to say nothing of the public show of affection for him which she made on several occasions. It was all a comedy of course, as Mr. Hume says; but may there not have been in it some note of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathos that drew from the queen at the death of her youthful lover this message to his mother: "If you could see a picture of my heart you would see a body without a soul; but I will not trouble you with my grief, as you have enough of your own."

We lay down the volume feeling that the courtships of Queen Elizabeth were very gay, very clever, very important; ready to admit that Mr. Hume has made them appear heartless; but still, it must be confessed, not altogether persuaded that good Queen Bess was absolutely proof against Cupid's darts.

C. LeF. Wright.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

Kate Carnegie has already made partial appeal to the public in serial form, but we should be inclined to say that this is a very doubtful advantage, if not a serious injury, for it is only in its full and connected form that we can attain any adequate idea of its remarkable qualities. Let us say at once, and frankly, that this book goes a long way toward settling Ian Maclaren's position as a literary artist. In the right significance of the word he is not a novelist. Of the complications and inevitable sequences of plot he knows nothing. He does not stand at all in the same category with Mr. Crockett, for example, who is a novelist and romancist pure and simple. He is nearer to Mr. Barrie as he was in his earlier writings; but Mr. Barrie has since occupied wider fields. He is nearest of all to another writer, whose name has never been collated with his —Charles Lamb. Lamb, of course, is essentially English, and even Cockney; and Ian Maclaren is Scotch to the very marrow of his bones; but there are in each the same delightful qualities—humorous and acute observation of manners, delicate irony, over-brimming human sympathy, and an infinite tenderness. Lamb, brought up on porridge, housed in a Scotch glen, and taught the fear of God, would have been just what Maclaren is. The parallel may not be perfect at all points, but it can be easily justified; for again and again in reading this book some exquisite passage recalls to us the gentle spirit of Elia.

* Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Kate Carnegie herself and her father may be dismissed with a mild caution. They do not rightly belong to Ian Maclaren's stage, and they afflict us with the sense of the out-of-place. They would be well enough in a score of popular novels, but here they are neither interesting nor convincing. But the moment we turn to the genuine Drumtochty people we begin to appreciate the full force and delicacy of Ian Maclaren's art. One may choose at random among them: each is in his way perfect. When Peter applied for the situation of guard, he simply sat down, said nothing, and glowered at the board of directors (two lairds and a farmer); whereupon it was instinctively felt that "experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman afterward as a formality." Who does not recognise Margaret Meiklewham, the typical clerical housekeeper, "who is said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham"? And then we have Janet, whose contempt for Simon Peter is great because he made such a poor business of his assault on the High-priest's servant, and who is, moreover, of opinion that "it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His apostles;" and the orderly Synod clerk, whose preaching "turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions," and who boasted on a critical occasion that "under his unworthy ministry three beadles had been converted to Christianity;" and many other occasional vivid thumb-sketches, such as that of the West End clergyman who was made Doctor for writing "the *Life of Dorcas* and other pleasing booklets;" and the middle-aged female "whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue-work;" and the evangelist who "had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years"—which is a sentence of parabolic and possibly theological significance, one supposes. It is in felicitous touches such as these that Ian Maclaren excels, and by them we know him to be a rare and true artist. The irony is always keen, but never cruel, the observation of manners perfect, the pathos unstrained and effortless; and the whole is so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pervaded by a warm human geniality that the very persons depicted, if they indeed exist, should be the first to laugh at the humour of their own oddities.

But the great creation of this book is the "Rabbi"—one of the most pathetic and beautifully executed figures in modern literature. The untidy old scholar, with his immense learning and entire ignorance of life, his oddities of dress and habit, his long and extraordinary sermons (anxious mothers "pooled" the peppermints when he preached, passing them furtively to needy families); his loneliness, his patience, his fortitude; his stiff Calvinism and tender heart; who does not love him? A soft glory of reverence and affection seems to fall across the page whenever he is mentioned. His farewell to George Pitillo is a thing so moving and noble, that it were a shame to a man to read it without tears. Beside him Carmichael shows poor and thin; the Rabbi is indeed the supreme figure of the book. And behold this miracle: a man of "unlovely habits" (it is the Rabbi's own pathetic judgment of himself), and of unlovelier creed, is so interpreted to us by Ian Maclaren, that we love him perfectly, and our hearts grow more pious, our sense of spiritual things more real, as we know him. It is not an easy thing for men who hold the more genial modern theology even to understand, much less to love, a man so steeped in the bitterness of the old Calvinism. Such a man rarely appears in modern fiction save as a figure of contempt, and it is easy to be contemptuous. But Ian Maclaren gets at the spiritual secret of the man, and makes us acquainted with it.

Apart from its striking qualities as a work of literary art, the great merit of the book lies here. The clerical type as it exists in Scotland—so virile, idiosyncratic, and wholly different from any other type—has never been depicted before by a hand so true, wise, and kindly. The ministers of this book are real men, whose very foibles endear them to us. We are all of us apt to forget what our land, and especially Scotland, owes to these bare, gray, wind-swept conventicles, scattered in glen and hamlet, where quiet and pious men work out their lives in patient heroism and simple joy. To us, perhaps, the life seems dreary, the men dull, the work insignificant, and the very service within these cold walls a little barbarous, and sometimes even repulsive. But it is in such places that the roots of religion strike deepest, and it is by such men that the soul of a nation is nourished. Ian Maclaren makes us feel this, and in so doing has wrought not only a piece of admirable work in the field of letters, but has done much to strengthen the endurance of the faithful.

W. J. Dawson.

THE OTHER HOUSE.*

Tony Bream's wife dies at child-birth; but, before death, mindful of her own tragic youth under a stepmother, she binds him by a promise not to marry again during the lifetime of her child. The facile Tony, who hardly will admit the seriousness of his wife's condition, ardently takes the pledge. Then he is left, a man easily pleasing to women and easily pleased by them—so that even before his wife's end he has guilelessly committed himself to the interest of two of them—yet intending to be chivalrous to his wife's memory and quite unconscious of his real situation. The story opens with studied cynicism; it continues to follow the lead of subtle character motives, and a subtle irony too gay to be called humour, with so trifling a manner that we are hardly prepared for the culminating tragedy. The child is the central figure of it. In their opposing attitudes to her, the two women who have come to love Tony Bream and have a place in his destiny embody the dramatic contrast which is a part of Mr. James's character study. The growth of their passion furnishes him with a story to his purpose. Jean Martle loves the child because it belongs to the man she cannot marry. Rose Armiger hates it while it stands between her and the possibility of her union with its father. When she finds that the real obstruction to that is Tony's love for Jean, she kills the child to incriminate her rival and destroy the love that she cannot herself win. This plot is the plot of strong tragedy; but it seems better fitted to the world of crude and elemental passions than to the sophistications and refinements of Mr. James's art. The essential inhumanity of the

* The Other House. By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story is less its subject than its author's handling.

Those who have watched what one can only call the decline of Mr. James's art during the last few years must have been more and more painfully conscious of its steady retreat from life. His original humour was not only so penetrating but so delightful, his work was so poetic at its best, that one overlooked the excess of refinement that threatened an art otherwise perfect. His early books, too, had a vigour that belonged to life rather than to the artist's studio, and that removed their author as a critic far from the æsthetic dilettante. But the dreary stories which have been appearing within the last few years under Mr. James's name, and now this last novel from his pen, lack the vital spring of art. Merely in point of construction, *The Other House* is as artificial as the stage. Indeed, in its abandonment of narrative and comment, its paucity of scene, its complete dependence on the dialogue, it seems, until its closing chapters, like a play without the necessary excitement of action or the direct and speaking passion that alone carries conviction from the boards. It is like a drawing-room farce interminably and dully prolonged until the last scene. Then, with an artistic shock that is hard to bear, it becomes a tragedy of awful proportions.

In the chapter next the last, one hears the first real note of life that has not yet sounded through all the course of the story. Before the reader seems to walk with abstractions of personality and the embodiments of Mr. James's critical observations. There are no Isabel Archers or Christina Lights, no Hyacinths or Roderick Hudsons in the dramatic list; and he stumbles toward a purpose through a style that extenuates until it blinds one to the author's intention.

"She spoke without discernible excitement, and Tony had already become aware that the face she actually showed him was not a thing to make him estimate directly the effect wrought in her by the incongruous result of the influence he had put forth under the pressure of her ardour."

Sentences like this have to be read more than once to get a hold on the understanding. But there is a chapter of redeeming passion and directness before the story goes out, which seems to rise to the demands of Mr. James's subject. We are glad to quote it as proof of his possible power.

"In an instant he had met her; in a flash the gulf was bridged, his arms had opened wide to her and she had thrown herself into them. They had only to be face to face to let themselves go; he making no answer but to press her close against him, she pouring out her tears upon him as if the contact quickened the source. He held her, she yielded, with a passion no bliss could have given them; they stood locked together in their misery, with no sound and no motion but her sobs. Breast to breast and cheek to cheek, they felt simply that they had ceased to be apart. Their long embrace was the extinction of all limits, all questions—swept away in a flood which tossed them over the years, and in which nothing remained erect but the sense and the need of each other."

This recalls May Garland as she flings herself on Roderick's body, or Isabel Archer at Ralph's death-bed. It is supremely beautiful. It is the one moving passage in the book, unless we count as moving the moral shock that the reader sustains in coming upon a tragedy so awful as the *dénouement* of a book apparently so cool and so little serious. *The Other House* has the virtues of Mr. James's usual conscientious work and his subtle dealing with character—the last most happily illustrated in the study of Tony Bream. But it trifles with its theme; it does not hold the sympathies with the conviction of life. Its general failure in emotion has spoiled a conception which might have been poetic, and made it artistically unpleasurable.

Edith Baker Brown.

IN INDIA.*

It is not often that a critic after weighing a book in the balance can conscientiously bestow upon it infinite praise. *In India*, which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a masterpiece.

As the author is unknown in this country, and little trace of his work is found in the French journals, we must conclude that he has not been long before the public; but, whoever he is, André Chevrillon must be termed an artist in the rich interpretation of the word. He has given to the world a book which takes rank as literature, an event sadly rare in this material and unpoetic age.

In India must be regarded as a series

* In India. By André Chevrillon. Translated from the French by William Marchant. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of exquisite paintings in prose, presenting movement, play of light and shadow, fleeting colours, sounds, and scents, all of which are charged with atmosphere. None of the masters of style, not even Théophile Gautier, possesses greater command of the literary palette than Chevrillon, who has learned his chromatic scale from nature's loveliest and most illusive tones. Do you know the hues that glow in the scarlet and purple panoply of dawn and sunset? those that rise like apparitions of rose and violet on the polished globe of a pearl? and those that lurk and melt away upon the iridescent blue of the peacock's breast?

In such deep, delicious, and fantastic colours Chevrillon dips his pen. He is an impressionist, who seeks for truth and beauty, not for exaggerated and bizarre effects; and he resembles Shelley in possessing what we may perhaps be permitted to call the ethereal sense.

This will be appreciated by all who read his description of the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful one ever written, of which we give a short extract:

"It is a floating dream, an aerial thing without weight, so accurate is the balance of the lines and so faint the shadows on the virginal translucent stone. These black cypresses which frame it; these masses of verdure, through which here and there the blue sky is seen; this turf in the strong sunlight, with the sharp, black shadows of the trees falling across it—all these solid things render more unreal the whiter vision which seems ready to vanish into the light of the sky. . . . The garden is the complement of the building, both uniting to form the one artistic conception. The avenues leading to the Taj are bordered with funereal trees, yews and cypresses, that render still whiter the far-off whiteness of the monument. Behind their slender cones trees of luxuriant foliage are massed, adding depth and opulence to the more sombre growth. The stiff, dark trees, relieved against this light foliage, stirred by the wind, rise solemn out of the thickets of roses and the great masses of unknown, perfumed flowers of this solitary garden. Combinations like these are the work of an artist. Broad, open lawns, the crimson cups of flowers, petals of gold, swarms of humming-bees and parti-coloured butterflies bring light and joy into the gloom which befits a cemetery. The place is at once luminous and serious; it has all the rapture of a Mussulman paradise, amorous and religious; and the poem in verdure unites with the poem in marble to tell of peace and splendour. . . . In the centre are the tombs of the two lovers, two small sarcophagi, on which rests a faint light from some unknown source. This is all. There they lie in the silence, surrounded by these perfect things which celebrate their love lasting into death, isolated from all the world by the mysterious marble lace which enwraps them and seems to float around them like a dream."

What of this for a rapid impressionist sketch as the author leaves Jaipur?

"The hills have closed in about the charming city. Now a golden dust floats in the air. A solitary heron stands motionless on the edge of a lake, which is all rose-colour and blue in the twilight radiance."

And what of this at Bombay?

"Little waves are running in; they rise with a pale transparency, tremble in a silvery gleam, and break with a soft splash. A Parsi has come down to the edge of the water, and, his lips moving in prayer, watches the sun whose throbbing disk is about to disappear. Just as it touches the water-line the Parsi bends his head twice, and then stretches out his arms toward the great rosy radiance which floats in the west."

We wander through the forests and jungles of Ceylon overwhelmed with the masses of vegetation, dripping with silvery dew, and inhaling the perfumes from the exotic flowers; we visit Kandy, the ancient capital of the Cinghalese kings and the Buddhist shrines and temples; feel the coming of the weird, equatorial stars; and when the twilight falls upon the phantoms of gigantic ferns, we hear the monotonous breaking of the waves of the Indian Ocean and the "sad rustling of the cocoanut-trees" that tell us it is not a dream. Here our author gives his theory of the Buddhist cult, which he thinks was evolved by the human being who felt "an immense need of rest and quiet in the presence of natural phenomena that are so violent, disproportionate, and full of change; where all visible things undergo incessant renewal, are forever springing into existence, and forever perishing."

Calcutta impresses him as being all white: "white light, white houses, and white-clad people streaming through the streets." This is a *mélange* of Asia and London—hurrying crowds in a commercial centre, thousands of restless, white-robed Bengalis in "hot pursuit of money." From Calcutta he takes us to the thick forests of the Himalaya. Thence to classic India—Benares, the city of religion. Chevrillon gives us a description of the Hindu devotions at sunrise in the Ganges, which is a *tour de force*. One realises the delirium, the opium-like vision, the fanatical orgy of these thousands of bronze figures, per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forming their rites with their background of temples, pyramids, water-stairs, and the shining river, with its floating patches of flowers, while thousands of pigeons flutter in the luminous air into which rise the blue columns of smoke from the cremation of dead bodies. "You seem to feel," he says, "the infinite *life* of India, the overwhelming sensation, which, repeated for generations, modifying the structure of the Aryan brain, has translated itself into their poems and philosophies."

Another shifting of scenery takes us to Muhammadan India: Lucknow, where there is much beautiful Saracenic architecture, and a colony of English residents; and Agra, city of marble palaces, tombs, and kiosks, suggesting the *Arabian Nights*, the city of the Mogul emperors, who "crushed and kneaded the human material that they might render eternal their own vision of beauty." Thence Delhi, both English and Hindu, and Jaipur. The latter—city of Rajahs, the India of fairy tales, opera, and legends—is pink in effect: "Pink houses, pink temples, pink palaces, pink bell-towers; the pink a most delicate rose-colour." Bombay, another cosmopolitan dew-drop on the earth's surface, is visited; and finally we pass over the burning sands and brushwood, and clamber over rocks to enter the Caves of Siva, where the religious history of India lies in sculptures and bas-reliefs.

It is not an exaggeration to compare Chevrillon's fantasia on India to one of those glassy pools which he speaks of in the jungle, into which are reflected the luscious wealth of vegetation, the pink trails of the lotus, and the yellow and white blooms of the champak and frangipani with such fidelity that the water itself is invisible. Into this book is cast such a vivid reflection of the country, its people, its architecture, and its religion that we become unconscious of the printed page, for we see and feel that mystery of the world—India.

Esther Singleton.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.*

A most interesting study in connection with contemporary literature would be an attempt to ascertain the reasons for the popularity of certain authors. Why some should be taken and others left seems, in many cases, almost impossible to determine. The standards of popularity, moreover, may differ very greatly between countries even so closely allied as England and America. Many of the books published in England are never handled at all by American booksellers, and even the successes of the day in America are by no means assured of an English audience. An interesting case in point is afforded by the novels of Mr. H. G. Wells. Regarded, as they are, with the most unbounded favour by the English public, judging by their rapid sales, and by the praises of the reviewers, they have, nevertheless, been received in America with comparative indifference. *The Time Machine*, *The Wonderful Visit*, and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* are tales in which humour and satire play the leading part; and it would be an interesting question to consider whether the difference commonly held to exist between the conceptions of humour in the two countries may not be held accountable for the inadequate attention which Mr. Wells's work has received in America.

In the case of his latest book, however, there can hardly be any difference of opinion. Not for a long time have we run across a more striking instance of fresh and spontaneous humour. The fantastic quality of Mr. Wells's former work is still in evidence in *The Wheels of Chance*, but so humanised, so transformed by kindliness and sympathy, as to invest the tale with a delightful air of unconventionality and romance. Indeed, it is this all-pervading kindliness of spirit that forces us to recognise in Mr. Wells a not unworthy successor to the author of *Great Expectations*. For we are reminded of Dickens, not alone by the quality of the humour, but also, and more especially by the underlying seriousness, deepening at times into pathos, that serves to throw into relief the high comedy of the situations and that saves it from degenerating into farce. The characters, too, though extremely amusing, are not exaggerated by caricature; and the result is a collection of personages so delightfully and convincingly human as to be almost too unorthodox for a book—on the same principle as that which

* The Wheels of Chance. A Bicycling Idyll. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prompts artists to conventionalise what they see about them, for fear that their pictures will be regarded as untrue to nature. The hostlers and barmaids; Mr. Briggs, the assistant draper; the schoolmistress with advanced ideas; the officious clergyman; the villain who finds villainy unexpectedly tame; the stepmother, with her three attendant cavaliers, Messrs. Widgery, Dangle, and Phipps, who bring to mind faint reminiscences of the immortal heroes of *The Pickwick Papers*—all stand out before us as clearly as if they were in reality people we had known.

As for the hero and heroine, rarely do we meet in life individuals who impress their personality so forcibly upon us. To render attractive a most unattractive hero shows skill of no mean order, yet that Mr. Wells has succeeded undeniably in his task, even the most ardent lover of romance will admit. For though the story deals only with an episode in the life of an awkward, insignificent cockney, the assistant in a suburban draper's shop—"a mere counter-jumper, a cad on castors, and a fool to boot," as the author contemptuously characterises him—we are conscious, nevertheless, of a sentiment toward him of respect, of affection and of passionate sympathy, much warmer than any even the charming, wayward little heroine is able to evoke, though she is his social and intellectual superior. It is this vein of idealism in dealing with the commonplace which has made Mr. Wells's work remarkable, but it is the successful blending of this idealism with the humour of common things that has given his last book a place apart.

Among its other merits this story has the honour of being the first really excellent bicycling romance. Mounted on a bicycle, so antique in character as to render the term "second-hand" but mildly descriptive of it, our very modern Don Quixote has set forth for his allotted ten days of summer vacation; and before half the precious time has elapsed, he has been able to confound villainy and to rescue a damsel in distress, and that in as approved a manner as did ever knight of olden days. For strained as the central situation may appear, the naturalness and probability of the action are so convincing as to make the book not so much a satire upon the New Woman movement as an attempt to present a study of the prevalent spirit of unrest and social discontent. The unhappy little heroine might well be one of the daughters whose revolts find expression in the pages of certain staid British journals, and her most delightful stepmother is, the author confides to us, "Thomas Plantagenet," the writer of the most daringly indecorous "novels with a purpose," though in private life a highly respectable and conventional member of society. We may say in passing that an occasional jarring note is felt in the book, which seems due wholly to a lack of taste on the part of the author; yet, on the other hand, the hero and heroine are treated with such charm of sentiment as to render the romance of the story its most attractive feature. They are hardly more than a pair of children, these simple lovers with their warm hearts and their pathetic ignorance and inexperience, yet their fortunes have so dominated the entire book that at its close we almost forget the unceasing fun and merriment that have rippled through the comedy, so torn are our hearts with a yearning pity for the unheroic hero. We wonder if Mr. Wells remembered that very beautiful sonnet of Mr. Austin Dobson's on Don Quixote. It ends thus:

"Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possesst!
Yet would to-day when Courtesy grows chill
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!"

Mathilde Weil.

A GLANCE AT MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Many English readers of French literature must often have felt the need of an authoritative word to clarify their own impressions and vague knowledge; for the abundance and brilliancy of French criticism is bewildering to an English mind. The modern method of discussing each author as a "human document," interpreting his own work, does not result in a synthetic impression of a period. And as Mr. Wells suggests, French critics take a great deal for granted of which the foreigner has no intuitive comprehension. In his care-

* Modern French Literature. By Benjamin Wells. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful compilation of an English scholar's notes, enriched by an intimate acquaintance with the wisest and most recent French criticism, Mr. Wells has made a brave and successful effort to do for French what he did recently for German literature, "to give some clew to the books that are significant whether as products or as causes of changed critical standards and æsthetic principles." In *Modern French Literature* he supplements the familiar *Short History* of Mr. Saintsbury, and gives us a value that no French history can supply, for he writes from a perfectly English point of view. He sifts out all the facts of French literary development which have general interest with an intellectual rather than a sympathetic appreciation. One noteworthy characteristic is the absolute impartiality of his treatment. In this book of careful gleanings the estimate of each writer or school is untinged by any personal bias. Mr. Wells seems to view his whole subject with even interest, and to form his conclusions after reading the work, in consultation with Lemaître, Brunetière, Bourget, Faguet, Rod, Cellissier, and others. The result is a calm and always interesting exposition from which the author's personality is rigorously suppressed.

However capable as a whole, a history of literature usually becomes unsatisfactory when it discusses recent work, and often leaves the reader in an entanglement of loose ends. In the difficulty of estimating what is close at hand the historian is apt to hurry with perfunctory ungraciousness through a list of names which must be mentioned. Under Mr. Wells's treatment the blurred maze of modern literary tendencies is wonderfully illuminated, and the disciples of romanticism, realism, naturalism, symbolism, and other creeds fall into place. To his possession of one attribute of French style, an incisive clearness, Mr. Wells owes, perhaps, his success in the difficult task. Rigidly defined in his mind is the statement he wishes to make, and he never obscures it with superfluous phrases. He understands judicious omission and avoids confusion by ignoring the names which have not influenced literary growth.

No abler short study of the beginnings of a literature has perhaps ever been made than that of his three introductory chapters, which afford a perfectly distinct view of early forms down to the nineteenth century. Mr. Wells has a gift of conciseness which happily avoids dry abstractions. He impresses salient fact upon us without assuming that we are grossly ignorant, and is always the tactful instructor. He has none of the Germanic pedantry which delights in dissecting technique; and the emotional quality, the principle of development, is what primarily appeals to him. He recounts the fluctuations of French genius from primitive exuberance of feeling to cold formalism, and thence to self-conscious emotion, with just enough historical allusion to connect literary with political events. In national issues he finds partial solution for the expression of now the ardent hopes of the Renaissance spirit, and now the childlike pessimism of disappointed illusion. His graphic form of statement catches the attention, impresses the memory, and vivid phrases translated from the critics play an illustrative part.

In his fourth chapter Mr. Wells begins his study of the nineteenth century with the rise of romanticism inaugurated by Chateaubriand, "renovator in imagination, criticism, and history," and Madame de Staël, "the nurse if not the mother of the romantic school." Under his capable direction we follow its growth and decline, the evolution of naturalism or realism, the transformations of the drama and of lyric verse with those curious products the cenaclists and the symbolists.

A noteworthy chapter traces the growth of modern criticism as a result of modern science from the historic conceptions of Michelet and Thierry to the interpretations of Sainte-Beuve, whom he thus characterises: "What I sought in criticism," said Sainte-Beuve, "was to put in it a sort of charm, and, at the same time, more reality." He succeeded in both endeavours. He made criticism the most popular of the serious forms of literature, and he rescued it from its old intolerant artificiality forever.

Sainte-Beuve called himself a disciple of Bacon, by which he may have meant that books seemed to him inseparable from the men who wrote them, and equally dependent on moral and psychological conditions. Hence arose for him the necessity of a scientific study of character. He would aspire to do for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man what Jussieu had done for plants, and Cuvier for animals. Nothing human can be foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from the gay to the demure, from the philosopher to the jester. Everywhere he finds the best and makes it his own. "He is the very personification of criticism considered as a science of sagacious analysis, and at the same time as the most delicate of the arts." Mr. Wells shows criticism transformed by Taine's materialism, and Renan's dilettanteism, and finding a varied expression to-day of which Lemaître, Brunetière and Bourget may serve as types.

Dominating the intellectual activity of the century, certain great figures stand out as founders of different schools; among them George Sand, Victor Hugo, Renan, Taine, Balzac, Flaubert. To bring out their values in his limited space, Mr. Wells is forced to analyse on general lines and to omit much detail. Of Victor Hugo, "the greatest French writer of this century," he concludes:

"Hugo was distinctly an average man both intellectually and ethically. He had the rancour and vanity of the typical bourgeois; his treasure was in an earthen vessel; his genius wholly disproportionate to his mind."

Les Misérables is

"a chaos of glowing eloquence, deep emotion, weary stretches of commonplace, and a few treacherous quicksands of bathos that reveal a cyclopean lack of humour,"

which seems severe to the great romanticist.

To characterise the gigantic scheme of the great naturalist Balzac, he thus translates and adapts a figure of Zola's:

"The *Comédie Humaine* is like a tower of Babel that the hand of the architect had not and could never have had time to finish. Some walls seem ready to fall with age. The builder has taken whatever material fell to his hand—plaster, cement, stone, marble, even sand and mud from the ditch—and has built his gigantic tower without heeding always harmony of lines or balanced proportions, mingling with the careless power of genius the grandiose and the vulgar, the exquisite and the barbarous, the good and the bad. And so it remains to-day one of those cyclopean monuments, full of splendid halls and wretched corners, divided by broad corridors and narrow passages, with superpiled stories in varied architecture. You may lose your way in it twenty times, and always feel that there are still undiscovered miseries and splendours. It is a world, a world of human creation, built by a marvellous mason who at times was also an artist. Time has worn holes in it. A cornice has fallen here and there, but the marble stands whitened by time. The workman has built his tower with such an instinct of the great and eternal that when all the mud and sand have been washed away, the monument will still appear on the horizon like the silhouette of a city."

In his discussion of those popular literary forms, the drama and the novel, Mr. Wells contents himself with careful enumeration of the influences which have affected their latest development. "It was the beginning of the realistic study of social problems that has changed the face of the drama," as he proves in a study of Dumas *fils* and his successors. He passes lightly over the exuberant lawlessness of the Theâtre Libre as an evil dying naturally of its own excess. This, too, is his attitude toward naturalistic fiction. But he throws no light upon what is likely to succeed, and terminates with a vaguely hopeful word apropos of the latest novel of Paul Margueritte, which he says

"suggests the evolution from the present chaos of a new, profounder, purified realism from which shall spring a healthier literature than could have been hoped from debased naturalists, intense psychologists, canny egoists, moonstruck symbolists, or Bohemian decadents."

Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

A QUIET ROAD.*

The superabundance of poem-makers to-day is of itself conducive to a certain literary epicureanism among those who love poetry. The ear is instinctively dulled to the too-frequent occurrence of well-turned verse, and we look for the Idea, and that satisfying interpretation, which is called Art. There are but fifty poems numbered in Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese's latest book, *A Quiet Road*, but their quality is such as tempts a critic to yield to the delight of simple enjoyment and perhaps turn eulogist. Miss Reese undoubtedly has a literary individuality so entirely her own that she cannot be classified with any of the contemporaneous poets. There is primarily about her poems a note of positive sincerity which is very impressive, her personality being entirely merged into that of the narrator. The Old-World atmosphere surrounding her earlier book, *A Handful of Lavender*, recurs in this volume as the writer's sustained

* A Quiet Road. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

style, which is instinctive, and has no trace of pose or of unreality.

The effect of all Miss Reese's work is distinctly that of the Past, but not that ghostly and inevitable Past whose wail resounds through so much of our modern poetry. She is too truly a poet to be a pessimist. In all her poems there is a certain intellectual restraint which denotes the mastery of one of Art's primal secrets; the holding back of the uttermost word; the finger laid upon the lips while the eyes speak. This expressive reserve is particularly noticeable in Miss Reese's earlier book, which is pent with the odour and colour of Spring. The shorter poems—and none of them are long—are the very essence of thought distilled until most strong and sweet and fine. Here and there in *A Quiet Road* one remarks a freer and more fearless manner, which denotes maturity. Especially is this marked in "To a Town Poet" and "The Thrush in the Orchard." Indeed, we may safely say that in the former Miss Reese has touched a high-water mark; while the poem to Robert Louis Stevenson is by far the finest we have had on the subject.

The following, from "To a Town Poet," is well to remember:

"What if your heritage be
The huddled trees along the smoky ways;
At a street's end the stretch of lilac sea;
The vender, swart but free,
Crying his yellow wares across the haze?

"Your verse awaits you there;
For Love is Love though Latin swords be rust;
The keen Greek driven from gossiping mall and square;
And Care is still but Care,
Though Homer and his seven towns are dust.

* * * * *

"Be reverend and know
Ill shall not last, or waste the ploughèd land;
Or creeds sting timid souls; and naught at all,
Whatever else befall,
Can keep us from the hollow of God's hand."

The poem called "Inspiration" is so unusual and so subtly poetic that it belongs to the spirit and not to the letter of criticism. And one lyric, "Love Came Back at Fall o' Dew," is particularly fine.

"Love came back at fall o' dew,
Playing his old part;
But I had a word or two
That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candlelight
That should come before,
Must betake him to the night
From a barrèd door.

"This the word that made us part
In the fall o' dew;
This the word that brake his heart—
Yet it brake mine too!"

To-day, when the literary waters through which we wade are by no means altogether translucent, it is good, indeed, to read a poem such as the following from *A Quiet Road*:

TRUST.

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day; beneath Thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine?
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown;
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me down;
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die that after I may grow
As tall and sweet again.

Miss Reese's art is more exquisite, perhaps, than if she were a more prolific poet. She plays upon an exceeding quaint and delicate reed, and which is untouched by any other. But the few clear, low notes are a delight; they are the pure breath of perfect poetry.

It is really unnecessary to give Miss Reese higher praise than was bestowed by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman on the advent of her earlier book, *A Handful of Lavender*. "Miss Reese," says Mr. Stedman, "has the touch, the feeling, the English mastery and traditions that we of the craft do love," and of her book he declared that no poem in it could be spared. Three of the poems, "The Garden of Bemerton," "In Sorrow's Hour," and "Anne," were included by Mr. Stedman in his *Library of American Literature*.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GRAY MAN. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Mr. Crockett must be wishing by this time he had never written *The Raiders*. That masterpiece among adventure stories is cast up to him whenever he attempts anything on the same lines. A crime in his past would not be more inconvenient. Well, he must continue to suffer until he gives us something that throws over us the glamour of the earlier book. Perhaps it owed something to its novelty; and perhaps *The Men of the Moss-Hags* and *The Gray Man* suffer a little because of their place in the series. But of this latter we have no intention of judging harshly. It is not the equal of *The Raiders* in the pleasure or in the vividness of its effect; but it is a good second, and would have been even a better had its subject been more agreeable. Yet a romance-writer knowing the legend was driven to use it.

It is the story of a certain Mure of Auchendrayne, a cunning, clever schemer, a conscienceless rascal, a scholar, a canting hypocrite, a consorter, for his wicked ends, with murderers, having himself a guilty knowledge of a cave of Death full of the remains of butchered human victims. He contrives the marriage of his son with Marjorie Kennedy, who thus becomes a witness of their misdeeds, and who brings evidence against them when they are brought to justice. Her sister Nell is the lighter heroine of the story, and Nell's lover, Lancelot Kennedy, a young and active hero, in at all the rides and fights and scuffles, is the main instrument in bringing the Mures to their doom. The burning and raiding and skirmishing never cease. Danger is never out of the air of this stormy Galloway, and the tussles and skirmishes are excellently pictured. Mr. Crockett's genius is not peaceable. When his heroes have something to knock down, and have a horse under them, they are the best fellows in the world, just as his best women are those that are always finding something to gird at with their tongues—only they are less genial company than their lovers. More than once already have we read the chapter called "The Flitting of the Sow," the story of how a sow was tethered from sundawn to sunset on the lands of Kerse, as the wager of battle between the Kennedys and the Craufords. The gathering to the fight is a gay scene, and our excitement rises and grows sympathetically even to the climax, where the messenger brings to Crauford the tidings of the fray. "Is the sow flitted?" is the old man's constant interruption to the continued flow of mournful news.

"'O Kerse, hear me and weep; your braw and bonny son Jock, the flower of Kyle, is stricken through the heart and lies cauld and dead on the ground.' 'Scoundrel, dolt, yammering calf, answer or die. Is the sow flitted?' . . . 'The sow is flitted,' cried the man. . . . The old man fairly danced in a whirling triumph, cracking his fingers in the air with joy like a boy. 'My thumb for Jock!' cried he, 'the sow's flitted!'"

Auchendrayne as the Gray Man, a mysterious figure that looms on the eve and in the neighbourhood of treachery and danger, impresses us less, does not frighten us so much as in his sinister daylight appearances. There is something wrong there, but perhaps only with our dulled susceptibility. His death-scene is striking. Indeed, the book is well provided with dramatic scenes—the appearance of the king, James VI., before the lords and gentlemen of Carrick assembled to try Auchendrayne, Marjorie Kennedy with the body of her old lover Gilbert, and the slaughter in the snow, stand out among the confusion of riding and raiding which is a necessary circumstance of the story. Save on the mysterious side the book is very powerful. Indeed, what seems faulty in the story, this same confusion and monotony of fighting, is really involved in the subject. And when we say, "Ah, but *The Gray Man* is not as *The Raiders*," we are not so much depreciating the power of the later work as we are thinking of the happier material of the other that contained no gruesome Sawny Bean's Cave.

THE WONDERFUL WHEEL. By Mary Tracy Earle. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

With this story the author enters the field into which many others have fol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowed Mr. Gable. But no one of them all—scarcely Mr. Cable himself—has made a more exquisite presentation of Louisiana Creole life. Moreover, the work may be considered not only fine but new, in that it deals with an aspect of the environment which no other writer has touched. The owner of "The Wonderful Wheel" is a poor potter who is an artist at heart, although he does not know it, and who fashions his clay into useless dragons and fantastic vases instead of plain, saleable pots. He lives alone with his motherless baby, whom he calls the little fiddler, because she scuttles about "so quick, like Toululu, the fiddler crab," and the story opens with a beautiful portrayal of the relation of father and daughter.

"One day Giacomo, the potter, started across Potosi, trundling an enormous green vase in the purple hand cart, while the baby ran ahead and behind and around him all at once. . . . A sweet storm wind was already rustling across Potosi Point, clearing the air for a gush of rain.

"'Hurry on there, you little fiddler! I'll catch you,' he began calling, and then the baby flew in front of him, like a little quail, lifting her shoulders as if they were wings, while Giacomo pursued at a measured trot."

But vases and babies are not good companions with which to outrun a shower.

"Giacomo looked at the cart, which needed his two hands, looked at the vase, and looked at the baby. Then, draping the ends of his mustache over his ears, he stooped, and all at once the little fiddler was no longer beseeching him from the ground, but was sitting inside of the vase, while he looked at her through its great round mouth. . . . They sped through the great slant sheets of rain, and the people who saw them thought that Giacomo was hurrying because for once he did not have his baby with him; and they never guessed that the little fiddler was curled up inside the vase, staring out in fascination at the slender, nimble drenched figure of her father, smiling and nodding at her while he pursued her headlong through the rain."

But the lookers-on understand when the father is struck down by the branch of a tree wrenched off by the wind, and the humble, pathetic tragi-comedy begins. No one will nurse the potter or care for his child, because the neighbours believe him to be a hoodoo. The story is wrought out with such simple, poignant beauty as makes the heart ache, while one smiles at the absurdity of the superstition that can be so cruel. The potter's wheel has often been seen through the uncurtained windows, shining with an unearthly light in the darkest night. Even the innocent, light-hearted young Clothilde, his niece, who comes from a far-off parish to nurse him, is terrified at the unexpected sight in the darkness, and flees out into the stormy night. Running on and on until too tired to be afraid, she reaches the shore of the bay and sees the phosphorescent breakers rolling in on the beach. She strikes her hands together, crying:

"It is de sea! de sea! An' de bon Dieu make de light! Oh, sure, sure! Father Henri tole me dat de bon Dieu make de light; an' dat is de way wid de wheel."

She thought on eagerly:

"It is not dat Uncle Giacomo is bad dat de light come faw him, it is because he is so good to de baby dat de bon Dieu sends light to his wheel on de dark nights when de win' blows de lamp out an' de stars is hid. I wish I had de sense of dat little fiddler, who mus' have seed dat wheel many, many times in de night, an' never had de t'ought to be afraid."

It is the parish doctor—one of the several finely drawn characters of the story—who discovers the simple, pathetic, beautiful truth and seeks to set it before the neighbours who are storming the potter's house. But the doctor only learns the futility of arguing against superstition, and it is not his efforts, but the outbreak of an epidemic—the yellow-fever, dreaded by Louisiana Creoles beyond all other diseases—that brings to the potter the opportunity for proving his supreme humanity. The style of the work is of the best; and much of its charm lies in its fresh, spontaneous, sweet humour.

ANDRIA. By Percy White. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.00.

Mr. White has not been fortunate in his recent literary attempts. The title of *Corruption* doubtless prevented many who had read *Mr. Bailey Martin* from even looking at this later work—there's that in a name!—and those who had the courage to read it found nothing to increase their admiration for the author's work. *Andria*, his latest novel, has neither the audacity of *Corruption* nor the freshness of *Mr. Bailey Martin*. The theme is old and the treatment conventional. The story is full, to be sure, of feints at the forbidden. Andria approaches the hedge that surrounds and should shield married life, and looks long and often toward the vast, boundless, downward slope outside that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leads only to darkness and to spiritual death. But there is nothing interesting in the cause or in the manner of her rebellion against the matrimonial bond. The case of the society butterfly married to the literary recluse has been stated often before with far more vividness than Mr. White has succeeded in evoking. Few feminine readers, at all events, will concede that the fact "that Andria's duty in life seemed reduced to the humiliating problem of inducing her husband to be reasonable" was sufficiently distinctive to make her a heroine, or that her perpetual silent demand for "more life and fuller!" in any wise sets her apart.

GOLD. By Annie Linden. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

Gold is an opportune title; but the gold of Miss Annie Linden's story lies remote from the rush and flurry of modern politics, in the little-known district of Dutch India, the "Kingdom of Moa," in the island of Java, to which her hero hies in quest of it. Miss Linden has a picturesque and unusual setting for her narrative, and evidently some familiarity with the ground on which she treads, but she is unfortunately lacking in literary style. Even when her incidents are striking, the baldness of their narration makes them unimpressive, and one reads of the tragic events that befall in her pages with no more emotion than is aroused by the statistics of death and disease in the report of an insurance office. The men in her story have no virility, but read as if imagined by a schoolgirl. They are stilted and hysterical—liable to sudden bursts of tears and to fainting on the floor when under any stress of feeling.

The hero falls in love with a beautiful girl on the outward voyage, but overhearing some trivial gossip about shipboard flirtations, does not propose to her.

"Why did you heap your way with such big stones, Jan? Why did you not tell her there and then that you loved her with your whole heart? Why did you only say, 'Marie, Marie, I don't believe in attachments made in idle days at sea? I am afraid to ask if you love me, dear, but afterward when I come back you won't have forgotten me? You will listen to me then, perhaps?' And Marie replied, 'Yes, I will listen to you then,' and looked up into his face with an expression which he never forgot, never understood."

Yet, in spite of such unmistakable encouragement—

"Was there a God? he asked himself. Where was this mighty God to whom men prayed while sin stalked unchecked? Why, if He were all powerful, did He not crush Satan, sin, and sorrow? Why? Because He wished to send His Son. Why, again, this awful injustice?"

This unbalanced young man finds in an old desk a manuscript in Malay, purporting to be the Song of Olam, King of Moa, the mighty, the golden, singing of the "fat yellow gold" which "has been his curse," and "to seek which shall be death." "This is a queer sort of manuscript," thought Jan, and as he read it carefully "he thought he saw the rays of the dawn of a new age breaking over the world." He persuades an unwilling friend to accompany him, and together they penetrate into the interior in search of the gold mountain described in the poem. At last they see a mighty peak gilded by the rays of the morning sun:

"Jan could not speak, but, shaking from head to foot, pointed with glad fingers over the plain; there was something terribly mad in this unspeakable joy of his. He laughed defiantly, pointed again and again, clutched at his throat, and then, with a mocking cry upon his lips, fell down and fainted."

His quest might have been more successful had Miss Linden's Moa not been situated in Java, an island almost entirely destitute of mineral deposits. About one hundred and eighty miles away there is a small island of Moa, off the southeastern extremity of Timor, in which latter treasures of undiscovered gold have long been surmised, hitherto protected by a malarial climate, extreme inaccessibility, and an unusual abundance of poisonous snakes. However, he and his friend run up against various adventures, of varying degrees of improbability, in which the friend loses his life and our hero what small wits he ever possessed.

"His clothes were torn to ribbons; his neglected hair and beard, his wildly rolling eyes, his lacerated hands and feet, his pitiful weakness, his silly laugh, should have touched even those stone figures that pointed him the way from among the tombs."

In this sorry plight he is, most opportunely, discovered by the Marie whom he so half-heartedly wooed, and who has meanwhile been undergoing some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufficiently uncomfortable experiences of her own, in the house of her most offensive old uncle and half-breed cousins. In this portion of her book Miss Linden treads upon rather firmer ground, but, strangely enough, although no one could by any chance accuse her of realism, she is apt to introduce quite unnecessarily unpleasant details.

DAYBREAK. By James Cowan. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.

The author would perhaps have made a more successful journey had he gone straight to Mars without stopping to rest on the moon. For moon hoaxes were overworked in a much more artistic way long before the present generation was born. Everything that Mr. Cowan has to say on lunar topics has been said before, with perhaps the exception of the information that there are two men in the moon and also one woman. It is, therefore, with somewhat fatigued fancy that the reader follows the balloonists on to Mars. There are several pages of good writing at this point. The author has evidently made a conscientious effort to grasp his subject firmly, to give his treatment of it as far as possible scientific accuracy, and simple fairness demands the admission that the insecurity of his touch is attributable almost entirely to the remoteness of his aim as compared with the length of his reach. He does his best to realise the Martians, those great, beautiful creatures seven feet tall and perfect in mind and body. He describes their domestic, social, and political conditions, but the reader sees it all as through a far-off mist, making everything indistinct, and there is a feeling of not having arrived when the balloonists return to earth "suddenly," as balloonists usually return. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and the illustrations, by Walter C. Greenough, are full of exquisite ideality.

BUSHY. By Cynthia M. Westover. New York: The Morse Co. $1.25.

There is something so curiously real in this romance that the statement contained in the sub-title, that it is founded on fact, seems superfluous. And this feeling of reality, together with the novel character of the work, renders the book readable and almost fascinating, notwithstanding its lack of literary quality, its queer clumsiness, its complete crudity. It purports to be the record of the life of a little motherless girl who is taken to live with her father in a Far West mining camp. There are no women to care for the child, who is a mere baby of four at the beginning of the story, and scarcely twelve when it ends. There is none of the usual sentimental coddling represented in such cases; the miners adore the little thing, but treat her as such men would probably treat a child, and rear her like a boy. Thus it is that Bushy Sukolt's is the first appearance in literature of a girl-child having the adventures that the small boy has so long monopolised in the dime novel. The New Little Girl has arrived! The date of her arrival is not given; but if it may be approximated by the pantalettes of the pictures, it must have been some time ago—about 1849. And whether or not Bushy was a "forty-niner," she found, at all events, plenty of Indians to fight, wild horses to ride, and rattlesnakes to kill with her bare hands, tiny as they were. It may be well, perhaps, at this juncture to mention that in speaking of the impression of reality made by the story, the term was used in a general sense and without reference to any small special incidents. However, possibly Bushy really did put out a miner's lamp by throwing her brave little body upon it as it rolled toward a keg of powder on which she sat in the mine. Anyway, it all goes to make a stirring story that, once begun, will be read to the end.

SOME MODERN HERETICS. By Cora Maynard. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.

Now what can one say of a huge, heterogeneous mass of cant and frivolity that discourses of the Salvation Army in one paragraph and of crimps in the next; that has so many characters as to necessitate their being enumerated in perpendicular lines, like actors on a playbill; that from aimless trivialities glides at once into a sermon given at length to the extent of some five thousand words—and not a good sermon either? All attempts to find a motive in the four hundred inconsequent and irrelevant pages are more hopeless than the search for the needle in the proverbial haystack. It is, however, but fair to say that bright bits glitter here and there over the mountain of rubbish, as, for example,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when it is said of one of the characters, that

"for a whole week he wished he had been truer and nobler, wished it intermittently for a month;"

and there are detached sentences that have a profound sound even though they are not true; as, for example, when somebody says:

"All useless expenditure of force is immoral. Power misapplied is as prime a generator of evil as power viciously applied."

THE VIOLET. By Julia Magruder. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

A more incongruous combination than Mr. Gibson's drawings with Miss Magruder's work would be hard to find. One is the spirit of cosmopolitan modernity; the other is the essence of old-fashioned provincialism. It is impossible to identify the smug, smart persons of the pictures with the vague, indistinctly drawn ideals of the story. The only character having distinctness and originality is the grandmother, "little, timid, ignorant, deprecating, and anxious for every one to know that she was insignificant and not to be considered, so that in that way she might escape worry and shirk responsibility." The heroine herself is a pale shade of the figure long familiar in novels of a certain conventional pattern—the blameless woman whose past must not be mentioned; the irresistible enchantress whose charm is not realised. The hero with "fervour in his voice and fire in his eyes; the clasp of the strong hand that he laid over hers" is also a time-honoured institution of fiction, and in a way eminently satisfactory. It is restful, if nothing else, to find such a revival of antiquated literary methods now and then. One may not read all the seven long verses of poetry which the hero recites to the heroine, nor follow the five longer stanzas of the song that she sings to him, nor grasp all the minute details of her costumes, but it is, nevertheless, gratifying to find them all there. Could anything, then, be more unlike the modern art of Mr. Gibson or the unstable methods of the new fiction than this concluding paragraph:

"So Violet dropped forever the name of Bertrand, and had a pretty little visiting card with 'Mrs. Pembroke Jerome' engraved upon it, and with this name she entered upon a new, a beautiful, and a most happy life. The sobriquet given her by her friend's husband never left her, however, and wherever she went and shed the blessed atmosphere of her sweet and gracious presence she was known as 'The Violet,' and nowhere was she so tenderly cherished by that name as in the heart of her husband."

A PURITAN'S WIFE. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

In the weaving of the silver thread of a tender, quiet love-story through a woof of stirring historic events there is no one more skilful than Mr. Pemberton. *The Little Huguenot* is a charming example of this kind of work, and the new novel, *A Puritan's Wife*, follows similar lines. The teller of the story is one Hugh Peters, "the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was chaplain to the Lord General Cromwell." But it is not of his uncle's, but of his own adventures that Master Hugh, the second, has to tell, and beginning with his experiences during the great battle of Worcester, he relates the incidents and portrays the perils ensuing therefrom. And through it all runs his love for the Lady Marjory, who becomes, upon marrying him, a Puritan's wife, and his tender regard for Israel Wolf, the ideal friend, so that the heart of the story holds the two finest and greatest things in life and in fiction—love and friendship. It is a very quiet work, as has been said, but it gives much intellectual satisfaction and is full of noble and poetic feeling. In this story, as in *The Little Huguenot*, Mr. Pemberton successfully evokes that romantic atmosphere which apparently pertains exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, and the absence of which from the Protestant fiction of England and America has always been a great artistic loss.

THE IDOL MAKERS. By Adeline Sergeant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

MY LADY'S HEART. By Ellis Markoe. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

THE ROGUE'S MARCH. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The first two stories belong to the eminently respectable and ever-increasing class of novels that seem to have been made according to an old and warranted receipt—so much of this, so much of that, all gradually and cautiously mixed. Both are indeed so perfectly familiar that only the date of the copyright can convince one that he hasn't read them long ago. *The Idol Makers* jog along the well-beaten path that the semi-relig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ious novel always travels, and conscientiously threshes the same old straw. The generous, soft-hearted guardian who covers up his virtues with sternness is drawn with the customary care. The ward's step-grandmother, whom, as is usual in such cases, he hates as a scheming old witch before he sees her, he loves as an unselfish young enchantress when they meet. But it is useless to follow the parallel farther; suffice it to repeat that the condiments are all there and all thoroughly served up according to order, even the lachrymose verse that concludes the tale.

As for *My Lady's Heart*, it would be hard to say when the story *per se* appeared in its original form. At all events, it is as old as Potiphar's wife, and has come straight on down in an unbroken succession to the present variation. The difference, so far as the lady is concerned, appears to consist mainly in a less enterprising and resolute disposition than was evinced by her celebrated predecessor. And then she did not attempt to revenge herself by making any misstatements. Indeed, Lady Lancaster is altogether a nicer person than Mrs. Potiphar, and possibly she did not understand her own story any better than the author seems to have understood it. As for the peasant artist, the youth in the case, he is beautiful and brilliant, like *his* predecessor, but lacks Joseph's firmness of character, and is saved by running away through fear rather than through principle.

The Rogue's March also is a stereotyped story of another and more robust type, having to do with murder, and mystery, and sudden death. Tom Erichsen, the hero, is a guilty innocent who has committed many sins, although he has not killed the man for whose death he is arrested, tried, and condemned to penal servitude. There is the usual mysterious reason why he cannot proclaim, much less prove his innocence, and there is the usual fastidious, high-principled, cultivated young woman of rank who always loves such a ruffian in novels, although she never meets and rarely hears of him in real life. Here, however, in accordance with the habit in such romances, she follows him to New South Wales, and leaves the guests of her brother's drawing-room for the convict servant in his kitchen. Thus the love-story passes through the traditional channels to the exposure of the real criminal, the release and ultimate happiness of Tom. There are indications that the author may have been impressed by Mr. Louis Becke's recent work, and if such were the case, it is much to be regretted that he has not followed this newer model rather than the antique.

THE METROPOLITANS. By Jeanie Drake. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

In making what she intended as an exposition of the foibles of New York society, Miss Drake seems to have been much concerned lest the satire should escape her readers' notice. To prevent this, she has adopted the Thackerayan idea of furnishing many of her characters with absurd names, putatively descriptive of their idiosyncrasies. Despite such devices, however, as well as her bold predations upon recent actual happenings in certain social circles for the local colour of minor touches, the author's sympathies toward the last get the better of primary intentions, and her praiseworthy design of showing up contemporary conditions in their true relations is lost in her interest in the development of her characters and in the events among which they move. It must be said, however, that, pardonable as is the absorption of the author in the children of her fancy, it is in this case not more warranted than in many another where parental pride is unduly exalted by flesh and blood offspring. Katherine de Mansur is the typical heroine of romance, the like of whom was never seen on sea or land; her lover, Rexford, is an equally impossible embodiment of all desirable qualities, who being suddenly thrown on his own resources, or rather having spurned a rich inheritance, dashes off three operas in about as many weeks, thereby earning fame and fortune, both of which he casts aside on account of a slight misunderstanding with Katherine. We have many things to forgive this gentleman, among which is the fact that he is half-brother to Lord Canteloupe, son of Lord Mellon of the Marquisate of Gourdes, but we are almost reconciled to him when he rushes off on a tour of Arctic exploration instead of the customary big-game trip by way of manifesting his grief. The respite is short-lived, however, as we find when, from among igloos, kayaks, and other surroundings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gratefully unfamiliar to us in the pages of a novel, rise up the very paraphernalia—rescue of the hero by heroine No. 2, a gypsy of the kind romancers have made us heartily tired of ; her death in consequence of the rescue, etc.—of half the other books of the same class. Miss Lavender is not such a bad travesty on the fashionable instructress of the day, and few New Yorkers are likely to fail to recognise Archibald Pundit, the major-domo of the set among which he circulates ; but such broad caricatures as these belong to low comedy, and, being rather thrown into the story and of no importance to its development, suggest the idea, recently adopted on some of our stages, of vaudeville *entr'actes*, as a means of helping the entertainment along.

But even if these rather laboured attempts at humour and broad ridicule were eliminated, there would still be need of ruthless pruning of "fine writing" and over-ornamentation to bring the manner within the narrow limits of the matter, and there is positive anachronism, to say the least, in putting into the mouths of very ordinary people of this day and generation the flowery phrases and choice expressions that were not out of place in the time of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. In a word, in spite of occasional smart touches and not always inapt allusion, this book illustrates afresh the well-established rule that the commonplaceness begotten of too great facility is not to be etherealised by phrase-making.

Had the gifts which Miss Drake commands been used to set off a true picture of metropolitan vanities, her powers would not have been wasted, and she would have been less likely to rely upon sporadic sallies, interesting only to the comparatively few persons who recognise the originals aimed at.

Essaying a study of society after the sort Thackeray presented, and at the same time the more burlesque style of the *Potiphar Papers*, Miss Drake has only fallen between two stools.

ONE OF THE VISCONTI. By Eva Wilder Brodhead. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

Mrs. Brodhead's (Eva Wilder McGlasson) former work prepared a welcome for anything further she might write, and those who take up this new volume from her pen expecting entertainment will not be disappointed. The scene of the story is Naples, and the author has made the most of the picturesqueness and warm, flashing colour which it put within her power to present. The descendant in question of the former dukes of Milan is a young girl, Piccarda Visconti, who is beautiful and attractive in every way, but Italian to the core, with all the limitations of creed and prejudice that implies, and engaged to an unscrupulous fellow-countryman—a widower whose cruel treatment caused the death of his wife, an American. Signorina Visconti makes the acquaintance of Richard Cabell, a Kentuckian, travelling with his mother in Europe, and he falls in love with her ; but, though he knows the character of her *fiancé*, chivalry (of a mistaken kind, it would seem) seals his lips. Fortunately for Piccarda, however, his mother—a clever delineation of the American old lady, by the way, nervous and hesitating, but kindly, despite propensities for gossip—who has been itching all along to disclose Orsini's conduct toward his wife, whom she knew, is at last unable, in spite of many resolutions, to contain herself any longer, and in a moment of excitement blurts out the whole story. The signorina, who on her part had already discovered much, joyfully accepts the announcement as the pretext for a release from a man she has never really loved, and the outcome is, as might be expected, her marriage to Cabell. There would be another very interesting novel, we fancy, in the subsequent life—in Kentucky—of this oddly assorted pair ; but that, of course, in the words of Mr. Kipling, is another story, with which we are not now in any wise legitimately concerned. As to the tale we have, there need be no cavil ; it is a pretty romance, the graceful, tinkling treble of which is accompanied by a deeper note, struck by two secondary characters, Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, who have become estranged through the fondness of the latter for life in Europe, where her husband, an American like herself, is unable to remain with her. The wife is finally made to realise her selfishness by the death of their child—a harrowing device frequently adopted by novelists for the removal of marital difficulties—and reconciliation follows. To offset this sombre theme, an element of bur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lesque is supplied by the aimless skirmishings and eventual engagement of a *blasé* tourist to a strong-minded woman, whom he has begun by loathing, but whose bickerings he presently discovers supply a needed stimulus to his existence.

WHITE SATIN AND HOMESPUN. By Katrina Trask. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

This is a simple little tale plainly and pleasantly told. The hero, Morton Hunnewell, in real life would be frankly detestable, being a priggish individual with one idea, and much given to sermonising casual acquaintances at social gatherings upon their duty to mankind; but safely imprisoned between book-covers, he fulfils tolerably well the functions of the obligatory *jeune premier* of fiction. In the intervals of visiting the poor and preaching to working people in a manner that might give points even to Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters, he condescends to bestow his affections upon a very charming girl, incidentally rich unto millions, whom he casually informs, just after she has rapturously accepted his offer of marriage, that she will of course be expected to share the abode which he has elected to take up in the tenement district. A very natural hesitation on her part to turn her back upon all the good things of this world, though she agrees to give up the greater part of them, is met with an instant retraction of his offer, and things remain *in statu quo* for several days, until the misguided young woman meekly capitulates. The man magnanimously accepts her sacrifice, and the book ends with the lovers in each other's arms, with an alluring vista before them of life in two rooms and diurnal dish-washings.

There is a naïveté about Mrs. Trask's description of the adventures of her heroine while slumming that is altogether refreshing. This and the character of Hunnewell, with his prating righteousness, suggest the idea that the book was written not without a view to the shelves of a Sunday-school library, or at least to the wants and limitations of Du Maurier's "blue-eyed babe in its little bassinet." Indeed, the most interesting thing in the little volume is the evident admiration of the author for aggressive Pharisaism and colossal self-satisfaction.

Mrs. Trask is primarily a poet, and her fame is still likely, so far as this book is concerned, to rest upon her verse.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. With portrait. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.50.

This is the first of the really great novels of D'Annunzio to be translated into English, and as its author becomes better known to English and American readers we think that all the others are bound to be available ere long to those who know only the vernacular. THE BOOKMAN has so recently given space to an elaborate appreciation of Signor d'Annunzio that an extended review of the present work is quite unnecessary. *The Triumph of Death* is a masterpiece of its kind—morbid, sombre, terrible, yet full of sensuous pictures, and now and then relieved by pictures of exquisite beauty set forth in a style that is the perfection of artistic grace. In view of the attacks that have been made upon D'Annunzio for his alleged plagiarism, it is interesting to note that in this book occurs the chapter upon which Zola built a portion of his *Lourdes*, so that if D'Annunzio has borrowed he has also lent. Mr. Hornblow's translation is excellently done, with only here and there a touch of foreign idiom, and it preserves much of the rhythm and warmth of the original. Perhaps the use of the English form "Aunt Jane" detracts a little from its national colour, and we think that in writing "georgic" with a capital letter (p. 229) the translator has mistaken the exact meaning of the word.

THE EPISTOLARY FLIRT. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.00.

The woman who flirts writes verses, the man who responds writes verse, and the man who looks on writes poetry. The three are revealed in four exposures, forming a vivid picture of the sort of sentimental philandering that goes on among literary people of a certain type. The situation is familiar enough to the initiated either through participation or observation. It has indeed done picturesque service in fiction since the time of George Sand and Madame de Staël, and possibly back still farther even to the reign of Aspasia. But it has never received the recognition in American literature that it has had in French, per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps for the reason that it has not prevailed in this country to the same extent. At any rate, it has never been so subtly, so wittily, and so mercilessly treated by any other American writer. The little work, which is in the form of a dialogue containing only the three parts already mentioned, begins as lightly as such affairs usually begin. The man who writes verse sends a congratulatory letter to the woman who writes verses, and the customary outpouring of "sympathy," "soul," "artistic appreciation," "spiritual communion," etc.—all the jargon of the literary shop forthwith ensues. There is, of course, "nothing in it" but the purely æsthetic, the loftily impersonal; and the fact that the man is engaged to be married to a girl who does not write is of no consequence whatever. But after much such correspondence the man and the woman meet, and the relation between them is suddenly altered. The work grows serious, and cuts straight to the quick, laying bare the truth. Whether the *dénouement* is the unusual or the usual outcome of such an experiment only the literary philanderers themselves can say.

MARIS STELLA. By Marie Clothilde Balfour. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

There is much in this strong, original, finely wrought-out story to suggest *An Iceland Fisherman.* The environment—a desolate fishing hamlet on the north coast of France—is much the same; and in this, as in Pierre Loti's tale, the young wife who waits for her rough sailor husband's return from the sea is almost a fine lady as compared with him. But in the new novel the wife's waiting is not in vain, and the resemblance ceases with the husband's return. For from that point the work deals with a darker and more unsolvable problem than enters into Pierre Loti's story. The storm that wrecks Laumec is not the sudden sea tempest before which Ian goes down, but the whirlwind that has been gathering force since it was sown in his youth. Cooler, older, and wiser men than he have shrunk when confronted by a decision between the duty of a father to a child who has a lawful claim and one who has not. More worldly men have perhaps also been equally helpless before the soft, mute hardness of an obstinately mild wife, who is as conscientious in her way as he is trying—at the eleventh hour—to be in his. It is a tragedy—as such stories must always be whether lived or imagined—and the development reveals the author's art as well as her knowledge of life. The wife can pardon what has happened before her husband had ever seen her, and she speaks no word of reproach, but she recoils with uncontrollable horror from all contact with the motherless little waif. The husband forgets his remorse in defiant anger as the sympathy and help that he needs so desperately are withheld. It is the same old story often told, but rarely with such power and such pathetic beauty.

THE JOY OF LIFE. By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.

Had the author christened her book *The Problem of Life* the title would have expressed the motive of her story better than the one selected. *The Joy of Life*, or even the thought of it, seems far from the strenuous types which struggle through the pages of the work without having apparently any definite aim. No one of them is drawn distinctly; consequently little if any impression of reality is made by any of the characters, yet the feeling of spiritual stress by which the principal ones are moved is in some way communicated to the reader. Anthony Trent, reared on epigrams of bitter cynicism, is perhaps more distinct than his younger brother Cecil, who can never be made to believe, as Anthony believes, that "Life is a series of concessions, and the most obligatory ones are those which conscience or the higher intellect pays to practicality; for might is right, and Sunday is only one day in seven;" or that "Commerce enters into every undertaking—we get only that for which we pay. Everything is marketable, noticeably the great motives, friendship, honour, love;" or that "You may get credit on a good name, and that is well; but you will get discount for cash, and that is better;" or that "Sentiment is the open sesame to all the misery and folly to which flesh is heir. A cool heart makes a cool head, a cool head carries you to the summit." Anthony accepts these teachings, Cyril holds to and practises the contrary; and it is the psychological contrast of the inner rather than the outer life of the two men that forms the motive of the story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Luigi Arditi, with illustrations. Edited with introduction by the Baroness von Zedlitz. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

There are certain books which stand half way between literature and journalism—chronicles which give permanence to ordinary detail, eventually to become history. Their value will be measured in regard to their capacity to interest the reader. What student, to whom history means something more than tracing the political and religious movements of the world, could spare from his list of authorities such gossips as Brantôme and Pepys, and all the famous memoirs and letters of frivolous courtiers, court ladies, valets, and tiring-women? Such books mirror the life and pleasures of the period, and give intimate glimpses of famous men and women.

The painter, the sculptor, the poet, and the author may leave work to speak for them to the coming generations; not so with the actor and the musician. One knows little enough about the players who delighted Elizabethan audiences, and records are scarce enough regarding the famous singers of Handel's operas that charmed London in such rapid succession a hundred years later. The present age has the advantage of the phonograph and the vitascope; but it is possible that the man of a future century may prefer sympathetic descriptions of Emma Calvé, Victor Maurel, Jean de Reszké, Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, and other great singers and actors of our time to such ghostly devices of electricity.

In an honoured career of sixty years Arditi has known everybody of fame connected with the musical world. He has written his *Reminiscences* in a simple and natural manner, speaking modestly of his many triumphs, and kindly of his associates; writing, as he feels, that the public is a congregation of friends. From the time he left Italy, a young violinist, to try his fortune in Havana, he has had many adventures and experiences; but he possesses the rare and enviable charm of remembering the sunshine and forgetting the trials, disappointments, and troubles of life. He makes the artist's life seem a happy one, and his note-books only retain pleasant memories of the musical celebrities with whom he has been associated.

Although Arditi has won some fame as a composer, one of his operas, *La Spia*, on Cooper's novel, *The Spy*, being represented in New York in 1855, with Madame La Grange and Brignoli in the chief rôles, he is universally known by his waltz song *Il Bacio*. This was written for Piccolomini, and first sung by her in 1860. That it still holds a place in popular esteem may be appreciated by Arditi's own account. He says:

"I sold *Il Bacio* to the firm of Cramer, together with three other compositions, for the sum of £50. From that day to this I have never increased my profit to the extent of sixpence in connection with that song! Flaxland, of the Place de la Madeleine, who gave 400 francs for the French copyright, on the contrary, made a fortune of 400,000 francs out of the transaction, and boasts that the beautiful business house he was able to build in Paris was the outcome of the enormous profits he derived from my composition, while I heard lately that the copper plates and copyright of *Il Bacio* were sold a few years ago in London for the sum of £640 ($3200)".

One cannot fail to admire Arditi's cultivated and catholic taste in music. He seems to love art, and not one cult of it. In this the rabid Wagnerian might imitate him with profit. It is a gigantic span from Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini to Wagner and Humperdinck, yet Arditi appreciates the great music dramas of Wagner, and this is what he thinks of the exquisite fairy opera written on the Wagnerian model, rich in harmonies, fantastic in tone colour, and elaborate in orchestration—far enough away from the Italian school: "Of the music in *Hänsel and Gretel* I can only say that I love every note of it, and that I discovered a fresh delight, a new charm each time I conducted the opera."

The book is a beautiful specimen of the publisher's handiwork, within and without. It is printed in clear, bold type; illustrated with portraits and reproductions of autograph letters, and bound tastefully in dull green and gold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor of English and Rhetoric in the Pennsylvania State College. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

"'Literature is the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression, as poetry, essays, or history, in distinction from scientific treatises and works which contain positive knowledge.'" Webster's definition of literature is taken as the text for Professor Pattee's discourse upon the literature of America; and the matter of beauty of style or expression is the criterion by which he judges the authors. His book is almost purely descriptive, "a text-book for schools and colleges," treating one after another the most prominent authors of our country, in their life and writings, and the influences which produced them or directed their work. There is little comparative or æsthetic criticism about it. Consequently Professor Pattee gives us a book well adapted to the undergraduate work in this particular line of art—work which is to be supplemented later by particular study of the prominent authors and the reasons for their excellence, and by acquaintance and study of the lesser writers whom Professor Pattee has considered hardly worth a place in his lists, and has mentioned only casually or not at all.

The purely scientific character of the book is maintained in the form as well as in the matter. Along with the course of the literary history runs a line of marginal notes indicating the parallel events in political and social history and in foreign literature. As literature is necessarily directed or at least influenced by social conditions, so the epochs of literary history must correspond to those of political history. The writers on this side of the water are scarcely American at all until about the time of the troubles of 1688; and were never more than colonial Englishmen until after the Revolution. Real American literature began with Irving, and Cooper, and Bryant, about 1820.

Professor Pattee goes quite to the beginning, however, in his work, even before the discovery by Columbus, and studies the influences and the men who created the spirit of the new people. Then he treats individually each man and each group of men that appeared above the surface of commonality, and the influence their work had upon that spirit. From the time of Chaucer to the death of Eugene Field is the scope of his work.

In the preliminary essay upon the nature of literature, Professor Pattee touches the old quarrel as to whether there is any really American literature, or whether Irving, and Poe, and Hawthorne, and Willis were not Englishmen who happened to live in New York. Can there be peculiarities of thought and expression in the writers of this country that make their works as distinct from those of Englishmen as if they used a different language? Evidently there are such qualities. Indeed, he says that "in no other case in all history have there been two distinct literatures written in the same language."

The influence of English thought and English men of letters is frequently suggested, as is necessarily the case in such a history, and a variety is given to the work by frequent quotations from these English and other authorities in corroboration of the author's own estimates. Each American writer is studied not only in the light of our present view of him, but as well in the way he was seen by his contemporaries, biographers, and critics. Copious references, too, are suggested as collateral reading in the works of the authors themselves—in each case the most characteristic of his works.

The book is altogether necessarily so condensed and suggestive that there is much which we miss in its pages. A number of our favourite authors, both ancient and modern, are omitted. John Saxe, George Arnold, and Richard Grant White, for instance, are not referred to. But these are men whom one learns to know and value later in his literary life, when he has gone beyond the school books of history, and studies the personages and influences in their own particular character and works. A descriptive history, in order to escape the form of a catalogue, and retain a character of interest to the end, must limit the characters it studies, however hard it is for the author to choose. The book, which brings together in a pleasant, interesting way the chief apostles of beauty in the career of American art, is very welcome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWPORT. By W. C. Brownell.
BAR HARBOUR. By F. Marion Crawford.
LENOX. By George A. Hibbard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents each.

These three pretty volumes, each of some fifty or sixty pages well supplied with illustrations, will be pleasant little souvenirs of three of the most typical of American watering-places. The descriptive matter, even though obviously written to order, is entertaining, the best work being done by Mr. Brownell and the worst by Mr. Crawford, who drops into journalese with deplorable frequency. The same book is also least to be commended for its illustrations. Mr. Reinhart, who is responsible for these, has given us some human types that by no means do justice to the stalwart and good-looking youth of both sexes who may be found scattered all over the rocks at Bar Harbour. Some of his male models in particular must have been Yankee tin-peddlers. Nor has he selected from the available scenes those that are especially characteristic of Bar Harbour; but some of them might just as well have been drawn in Hoboken or on the Riviera, or in any other place where young men and young women can loaf about and make love.

MODERN FRENCH MASTERS. Edited by Professor J. C. Van Dyke. New York: The Century Co. $10.00.

This is one of the finest of the holiday books that have come to us, and deserves a mention by itself. It is a series of critical estimates of French painters by American artists, with some slight biographical details; and it contains a goodly number of illustrations, some in half tone and some engraved on wood. What is noticeable about the text is that it is not perfunctory work spun out to fill space or to give an excuse for the illustrations, but contains a great deal of sincere, vivacious, sometimes prejudiced, but always interesting criticism. The contributors' names include those of Mr. Healy, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Will H. Low, Mr. Carroll Beckwith, Mr. Wyatt Eaton, Mr. Alden Weir, and Mr. H. W. Watrous.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have lost no time in following up the three first volumes of their new edition of the writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe with three more, comprising *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (in two volumes) and *Household Papers* and *Stories*. The present edition of *Uncle Tom* is the most complete in bibliographical matter that has yet been published. It contains, besides a biographical sketch and introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, and an exhaustive bibliography, including all tongues into which the book has been translated, the key to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. (Price, $1.50 per volume.) Also a large paper edition, with Mrs. Stowe's autograph (Price, $4.00 net.)——*Nugæ Litterariæ*, by William Mathews, is a series of brief essays on literary, social, and various themes which make very entertaining reading. (Roberts Brothers, price, $1.50.)——*Rainy Days in a Library*, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., published by Francis P. Harper, New York, contains a number of choicely written papers on some thirteen books which are all *outré* and unusual; certainly not one of them is likely to come into the hands of the general reader during a lifetime. But this esoteric quality will endear them the more to the scholar and the recluse among books in a country house; for him this book will be full of charm. (Price, $1.50.)

Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage, by C. E. L. Wingate, is the complement of his book published last year on *Shakespeare's Heroines*. The new volume is, of course, illustrated with portraits of the actors in the various parts, as was the previous volume with those of the celebrated Shakespearian actresses. (Price, $2.00.) Another histrionic book, in editing which Mr. Wingate has collaborated with Mr. F. E. McKay, is entitled *Famous American Actors of To-day*, by no means, however, barring actresses, whose portraits and biographies adorn the pages side by side with their fortunate fraternity. It is the sort of book that is likely to be popular, as most of the prominent men and women now on the stage or lately retired from it are represented in the work. Both books are published by Messrs. Crowell and Company. (Price, $2.00 per volume.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have added translations of George Sand's *François the Waif* and *The Devil's Pool* to their collection of that author's works, and uniform with the volumes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already published. (Price, $1.25.)——The J. B. Lippincott Company have issued, in conjunction with the Messrs. Methuen of London, a beautiful edition of Keble's *Christian Year*, with an introduction and notes by Walter Lock, M.A., and five designs by R. Anning Bell. (Price, $1.50.)——The fifth volume in the Oaten Stop Series, which has been received with unusual favour, is *Songs of Exile*, by Herbert Bates. There are fine fancy and rhythm in Mr. Bates's verse, but his muse does not soar high enough to gain distinction. Still these are pleasant verses, and frequently one comes across a line of beauty which is cast in a higher mould, and there are whole poems wherein "the common face of Nature speaks to him rememberable things," on whose account we have a niche for this little book. (Copeland and Day, price, 75 cents.)——*Green Arras*, published by Messrs. Way and Williams, in conjunction with John Lane, is a book of beauty, with its exquisite illustrations and verse from the artistic and poetic pen of Laurence Housman. $1.50 net.

Mr. John Buchan, whose *Sir Quixote of the Moors* we praised some months ago as a strong piece of fiction, has gathered some papers—"pieces of sentiment, fragments of criticism, the baggage of a vagrant in letters and life," their author calls them—into a volume which, by the way, is beautifully made all through. *Scholar Gipsies* (the title borrows from the first vagrant sketch) is a series of links—"continuations and exemplifyings of the conception of the art of life," as set forth in that introductory paper; "a conception as old as the hills, but ever new to its enthusiastic conceivers." More than this, the picturesque diction reflects the beauty of the upper valley of the Tweed, where most of the contents of the book were written, and the grace of old times that seems to linger there has gently fallen on the printed page. The photogravure frontispiece, "A gentleman of leisure," very artistically shadows forth that which follows in substance. (The Macmillan Company, price, $1.75.)——Mr. Buchan has also composed an anthology of fishing songs and angling verse, "all, I trust," says the anthologist, "possessing the fragrance and piquancy of poetry which busies itself with things not far removed from the tastes of humankind." *Musa Piscatrix* is published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, who also publish *English Epithalamies*, by Robert H. Case, a collection, made for the first time, of the nuptial songs of the Elizabethans and their successors. Both volumes are issued in the Bodley Anthologies, and made in London by John Lane. (Price, $1.50 net and $1.75 net, respectively.)——*Under the Greenwood Tree*, subtitled "a rural painting of the Dutch school," has been added to the uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels, being issued by the Messrs. Harper. It was the first work to call its author to fame. Rustic life, with its quiet, deep loves and joys and sorrows, all gently touched with serenity and peace, has never been better depicted than in this plotless, almost storyless book. It retains the abiding charm of the country, and is stamped with the permanence of the finest, most enduring art. (Price, $1.50.)

SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have published a handsome illustrated edition in two volumes of *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske. The illustrations consist of portraits and historic places of interest done in photogravure, besides which there is a profusion of pictures in the text and numerous coloured maps, plans of battles, fac-similes of documents, etc. The work is the result of great care and painstaking, and everything about it, even to the binding, has evidently received the last finish that could be expended on it to make this edition one of great value. It is one of the most attractive books for the holidays that we have seen, and will undoubtedly be much in demand. (Price, $8.00.) There is also a large-paper edition printed on hand-made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English paper. (Price, $16.00 net.) The same firm has prepared an edition of Thoreau's *Cape Cod* in two volumes, which in its mode of illustration presents a welcome variation from the half-tone and photogravure processes. Miss Amelia M. Watson, well known as a water-colour artist, has made a hundred vignette pictures for this edition, and the reproduction in the original colours on the margins, and at the beginning and the end of the chapters has been skilfully and artistically executed. The size is handy and the book-making charmingly complete and inviting. (Price, $5.00.) We have already referred in a previous number to a seasonable volume composed of chapters from the writings of John Burroughs and illustrated with full-page pictures from photographs taken by Clifton Johnson. *A Year in the Fields*, as it is called, also published by the Messrs. Houghton (price, $1.50), makes a fitting gift book to lovers of the wild woodland and outdoor life. The illustrator of this book is also responsible for both text and illustrations in a work on New England rural life entitled *A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine*. Mr. Johnson has made us acquainted with his descriptive qualities as a writer, and his keen observations of New England life in town and country will be found invaluable by the student as well as entertaining by the reader. His *Country Clouds and Sunshine*, published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard (price, $2.50), is more racy and readable than anything he has yet written, and contains a good deal of the idyllic spirit, which makes such work truly delightful and gives it what claim it may have for permanent interest. As for the illustrations, the fact that the book is made square octavo renders their reproduction and presentation more pleasing and beautiful. Mr. Johnson has also bent his photographic art, which, by the way, is more a pictorial art, in the direction of Scotland during this past year, and the fine fruit of his labours is seen in the illustrated editions of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, by Ian Maclaren. Five of these illustrations were printed directly from the photographs in the September BOOKMAN, where they were greatly admired. Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums*, illustrated after the same manner from Mr. Johnson's pictures, is issued uniform with these by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. (Price, $2.00 per volume.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, as usual, have quite a display of holiday books for the present season. The most important of these is a fine new library edition of Fenimore Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales in five volumes, with an introduction by Brander Matthews, and numerous full-page illustrations in photogravure by Frank T. Merrill. "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances," says Professor Matthews, "is at all to outlive himself, it is unquestionably the series of the Leather-Stocking Tales." The workmanship of these volumes is highly commendable, and Mr. Merrill's illustrations have the virtue of being faithful transcriptions of the life depicted, and not mere embellishments. (Price, $7.50.) Next in importance, we should say, is this firm's edition of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in two volumes. A number of fortuitous circumstances makes this publication very timely. The apparent revival of interest in Scott's writings, the new life of Lockhart by Andrew Lang, and the simultaneous issue of two editions of the Waverley Novels are certain signs of the enduring and increasing popularity of the Wizard of the North. The present edition of Lockhart's excellent abridgment, classed among the few great biographies in our literature, is said to be the first ever printed in America. It is embellished with a number of portraits and other illustrations. The edition used is the standard one reissued in 1871, with a prefatory letter by Hope Scott. (Price, $3.00.) Another edition of *Don Quixote!* And yet as long as men and women combine a brotherly pity for all human weakness and a spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness there will be fresh readers for Cervantes' great creation to the end of time. Messrs. Crowell's edition is in two volumes, and is based on the translation, notes, and bibliography of John Ormsby. It contains a portrait, a map, and over thirty illustrations from etchings by Lalauze. (Price, $3.00.) This firm continues its praiseworthy custom of issuing new illustrated editions of the poets for holiday gifts. The additions this year comprise *Poems of Robert Browning*, from his own selection, edited, critically and biographically, by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, the editors of *Poet Lore*; and the *Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*, edited with notes and a memoir by Dr. A. W. Ward. These editions have been carefully prepared, and are admirably constructed to serve the purposes of the school and club, as well as the library. Each work comes in two volumes. (Price, $3.00 per set.) Duruy's *History of France*, abridged and translated from the seventeenth French edition by Mrs. M. Carey, and brought up to date by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, forms one of the Messrs. Crowell's holiday books for the people. It is in two volumes, and is profusely illustrated. Duruy's work is considered to be the best of all short summaries of French history, and is especially recommended as being among the most trustworthy. (Price, $3.00.) All these books are published in uniform style and binding, with gilt top, clear, bold type, and substantial covers.

The beautiful collections of drawings made by Messrs. R. H. Russell and Son from the works of C. D. Gibson, A. B. Wenzel, E. W. Kemble, and others are sure to meet with a warm reception from those who indulge in the popularised fine arts. Indeed, Mr. Gibson's *Pictures of People* has already enjoyed a large sale, and, with Mr. Wenzel's *In Vanity Fair*, promises by present indications to be a leading feature during the holidays. *Pictures of People* contains eighty-five of the artist's latest drawings, consisting of the studies of English society recently exhibited in London, characteristic French scenes, and a number of his satirical American studies. *In Vanity Fair* includes, among its seventy drawings, many new ones done especially for this book. Mr. Wenzel's portrayal of fashionable society scenes is done with rare fidelity and charm; indeed, it is without doubt the work of a master hand, unequalled for its artistic rendering of the social life of to-day. Each volume measures 12 × 18 inches, is handsomely bound and beautifully printed, and is encased in a box. (Price, $5.00 each.) *Kemble's Coons* gives a picturesque representation of the Southern negro, as studied by Mr. Kemble during a recent trip through the South. No word of commendation is needed for Mr. Kemble's work; he is at his best when drawing on the coloured people for the subjects of his pictures. There are thirty of them in a large quarto volume with an appropriate holiday binding. (Price, $2.00.) Collectors of posters will be attracted by the volume of *Posters in Miniature*, for which Mr. Edward Penfield has written an introduction and designed a title-page. French, English, and especially American art in this field is represented by over 250 reproductions, and an additional feature is the new portraits given of many well-known designers. (Price, $1.50.) An amusing and farcical book, also prepared by the Messrs. Russell, to increase the hilarity of the holidays, is *Fables for the Times*, by H. W. Phillips, illustrated by T. S. Sullivant. (Price, $1.25.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made an attractive book of the *Memoirs of Monsignor de Salamon 1790–1801*, which was promised a few months ago. These memoirs remained unpublished for nearly a century, and were discovered by Abbé Bridier, who edited the manuscript in 1891. The narrative relates some of the most wonderful and thrilling events that took place during the French Revolution; the chapters in which he describes his pursuit and escape from proscription under Robespierre convey a vivid impression of the Reign of Terror. Besides being concerned with high matters of State and Church, the memoirs abound in piquant anecdote and present new pen pictures of the intrepid men and women who crossed the stage of history at that time, as well as a many-peopled gallery of scamps, dastards, and assassins who defiled in their company. There is a number of portraits, and the memoirs are well edited and supported by the Abbé Bridier, who is responsible for the work. (Price, $2.00.) A new and beautiful edition of Nuttall's popular *Handbook of Birds*, in two volumes, reissued by this firm, will be a favourite gift-book for bird-lovers and ornithologists. It still remains a standard authority, and with the corrections and additions now made it takes its place ably with the later treatises on the subject. What gives the present edition a unique value and superior finish is the series of exquisitely coloured plates, twenty-two in number, containing one hundred and ten full-length figures of the most important land and water birds. In the execution and process of transferring the original colours from the press to the paper these plates are *par*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

excellence far and away the best we have yet seen in any work of its kind. (Price, $7.50 net.) This Boston house has done well in giving M. E. Francis's charming chapters written *In a North Country Village* a chance for permanent place in the affections of many more readers by the beautifully illustrated and artistically bound edition which they have issued for the holidays. A book that has been put side by side with *Cranford*, whose village has been cited as a "north country Thrums," and one of whose characters—the Canon—has been ranked with Goldsmith's Vicar, ought to be well worth having in this final form. The illustrations, which are very sympathetic with the text, have been reproduced with unusual clearness of outline and printed with great care. A daintily bound volume consisting of Prosper Merimée's *Carmen*, with a number of etched illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett—both etchings and translation—has been issued by the same house. But there is more than this, and indeed its primary interest and consistence for us and for many others, we are certain, is Miss Guiney's delightful memoir, which serves—in this instance nobly—as a preface. It can be said of few books that we like them better for the preface, and of fewer still that we cherish them for the sake of the preface, as we do in the present case. Miss Guiney's characterisation is full of delicious touches and subtle penetration couched in a style fresh, spontaneous, and sparkling with flashes of humour—the sparkle that gleams in clear water. Somehow we find ourselves thinking of Austin Dobson and his exquisite "Vignettes," so vividly does she make this Frenchman, who was a "dillettante to the marrow," appear to us as he was essentially through the atmosphere in which she has environed him. (Price, $4.50.) Mention may be made here also of the subscription edition of Marryat's novels which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are issuing, as the set, when complete, will make a handsome and permanent addition to the library that lacks it. Four new volumes have just been added to those already subscribed for, which only leaves six out of the twenty-four volumes to complete the edition, and two volumes are issued monthly. (Price, $3.50 per volume.)

There remain several volumes to be added to Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company's list. Theuriet's *Rustic Life in France*, translated by Mrs. Helen B. Dole, with Léon Lhermitte's illustrations, makes an exquisite gift book; not only so, it is a book that many lovers of letters and the fine arts, to whom the French edition is inaccessible, will prize in a translation. Nothing need be said to commend the charm and beauty of the work to those who are acquainted with it. (Price, $2.50.) Robert Browning's dramatic ecstasy, *Saul*, has been set up by this firm in an ample style, the text being printed on one side of the page only, and on fine plate paper, accompanied by a number of fine half-tone pictures reflecting the sensuous beauty of the scenes of the poem. (Price, $1.50.) Three volumes have been added to their popular Faïence Series, *Fadette*, by George Sand; *An Iceland Fisherman*, by Pierre Loti; and the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. (Price, $1.00 per volume.)

One of the most beautiful books of the season is the Stamboul edition of Edmondo de Amici's *Constantinople*, in a translation from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. It contains twenty exquisitely engraved full-page illustrations and is printed on fine coated paper. The binding is very handsome. (Price, $2.25.) Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, who publish de Amici's great book also, have a holiday edition of Charles Kingsley's ever-popular novel, *Hypatia*, with illustrations in pen and ink by Lancelot Speed. (Price, $1.00.) Uniform with this is Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which appears simultaneously with the same book in the new edition of Carlyle's works which has just been inaugurated by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The typography in the Messrs. Putnam's volume is excellent. This is a volume to be prized even by those who have Carlyle in a complete edition. There is a fine photogravure portrait of the famous picture by Whistler as a frontispiece. (Price, $1.00.)

The Century Company presents us with Theodore Roosevelt as a ranchman on the frontier in his *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, which he describes with dramatic and picturesque effect. This is a cheaper edition of the original sumptuous volume, and many of Mr. Frederic Remington's spirited pictures which adorned that work are also included.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The book has been made very attractive, and is enclosed in a binding which gives it a holiday dress.

Bird-Land Echoes, by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, is another attraction to those who love to watch and study the habits of birds in the open air. Dr. Abbott's book is opposed in method, but perhaps not so much in spirit as he thinks, to the "handbook." A loving tenderness for bird life, even to the alien sparrow, breathes through these pages and induces a spirit of kindliness for all winged creatures; but there is also a keen, observing eye at work, and none can read Dr. Abbott's book without being left both wiser and better for the reading. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by the Lippincott Company. ($2.00.)

Two very beautiful and daintily apparelled books have been produced by the Messrs. Scribner of the best half dozen stories of "my people" to whom "this fragmentary record of their life is dedicated" by Thomas Nelson Page, under the happy title *In Ole Virginia*, embellished by some fine illustrations from Frost, Howard Pyle, and others (price, $2.50), and an illustrated book of travel, entitled *The Edge of the Orient*, by Robert Howard Russell (price, $2.00). The same firm have issued an attractive and artistic volume by E. Boyd Smith, entitled *My Village*—a picturesque French sea-coast village—in which the sympathetic and delicate depiction of village life has risen to an exceptional height of excellence and distinction. The book is one to be seen to be fully appreciated and admired, and its contents, especially its pictorial contents, will at once delight the book lover and the lover of art. (Price, $2.00.) An edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, edited by Andrew Lang, and sympathetically illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, is published by the Macmillan Company. The book is made by the Messrs. Dent, and is, in consequence, very dainty and artistic in its finish. (Price, $2.00.)

Myths and Legends of Our Own Land, by Charles M. Skinner, is prettily gotten up in two volumes with eight photogravure illustrations and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. But there is a permanent worth in this collection of myth and folk-lore which looks for an abiding interest beyond the holidays. The glamour that history and fable have flung around Europe for the traveller who follows it and finds it in actual sight-seeing or on the charmed page is pursued and captured for our own land in this bibliography of American legends. The field across which Hawthorne and Irving made paths is further explored, and the result is a great gain in the accretion of story and tradition which is embodied in this work. The subject is a picturesque one, and the author has spared neither time nor trouble in his long and fruitful research. (Price, $3.00.)

An appropriate gift-book for Shakespearian lovers is *Shakespeare's Town and Times*, by H Snowden Ward, with numerous illustrations by Catherine Weed Ward. We find it necessary to say a word for the distinction of this work among so many works of the kind already published. A very laudable purpose has moved the author and illustrator to the making of this book, namely, to write in plain words the tale of Shakespeare's life, to picture what remain to us of the scenes that Shakespeare saw. "We have tried to be simply true," they say, "and, while giving our own deductions from some of the facts, to keep the facts themselves distinct." The typography and presswork are excellent, and the collection of illustrations enhances the distinctive value of the book, which is published by Messrs. Truslove and Comba, New York. (Price, $3.00.)——Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added *Richelieu*, Lord Lytton's famous play, to their popular series, which already includes *Faust*, *Becket*, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. The illustrations in wash and photogravure are by the well-known artist, Mr. Frederick C. Gordon. (Price, $2.00.)

The Lippincott Company have just issued a dainty edition of Shakespeare in twelve handy volumes, gilt top, deckel-edges uncut, flexible binding, and printed from clear type on good, light paper, encased in a handsome box made of the same material as the binding, with gilt stamps. The set is evidently intended for presentation with what we should consider the most pleasing effect. For those who like Shakespeare in a pocket edition, free from the lucubrations of notes, editing, bibliography, and the endless trammels that repel the incurious reader, we know of no better edition. (Price, $9.00.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was Emerson who said that Michael Angelo's Sonnets and Letters must be read in our day with his Life by Herman Grimm. There is no praise too high for the magnificent illustrated edition which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have published of this great biography and famous art work. The care and ingenuity which have been expended on the text (from the last German edition) and the titles and photogravure plates (from celebrated paintings and sculptures) could not be exceeded. It is one of the most beautiful books issued this season. (In two volumes, maroon cloth, gilt top, boxed, price, $6.00; also in half crushed levant morocco, price, $12.00.)

An acceptable book for New Yorkers, young or old, will be found in Mr. Charles H. Haswell's *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian*, which cover the years between 1816 and 1860. There is a copious index, an admirable desideratum often found wanting in a book of this sort, and this enables the reader to explore the mine of information contained in these reminiscences for many topics of interest, which but for the revivifying memory of their narrator would remain unknown to us. There are upwards of one hundred pictures illustrating sites and scenes of importance and historic account during the period. (Harper and Brothers, price, $3.00.)

In the Volcanic Eifel, by Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid, with fifty-five illustrations and three maps, is another book to be added to itinerary literature. Besides being invaluable as a guide to the tourist intending to explore these parts in fact or fancy, it is a charmingly told narrative, and every chapter, with its anecdotal observations and enlivening scenes, bears evidence that Miss Katharine Macquoid's art of story-telling has not forsaken her. (Dodd, Mead and Company, price, $3.00.)——*Syria from the Saddle* is also of that ilk, and is published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett and Company. The author, Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, has approached the Holy Land neither as a scientist nor as a theologian, so that we have that *rara avis* in describing and depicting Scripture scenes, a keen, unbiassed, open-eyed traveller. As we read here and there in its pages we found it difficult to get away from its spell ; there is the charm of style as well as the enlivenment of vivid description and bright characterisation about Mr. Terhune's book. It is by no means a book of the ordinary stamp, and deserves to be widely read and recognised for its unusual qualities. There are eighty illustrations, many of them full-page pictures. (Price, $1.50.)

Showers and Sunshine, by Will T. Hale, is a collection of verse printed and bound in holiday attire by the Gayoso Bookstore, Memphis.——*Captive Memories*, being commemorative verses interwoven with California flowers for anniversaries and presentation occasions, written and collated by James Terry White, is published by Messrs. J. T. White and Company, New York. It is beautifully printed and illustrated on fine plate paper, with a hand-painted frontispiece. There are several editions, varying in price, the one on our table being the author's edition (price, $4.50).——We have only seen Joel Chandler Harris's *Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times* as we go to press, and can merely mention it now. It forms one of the stories from the American History Series, and is profusely illustrated. It promises to be a picturesque as well as an authoritative historical work in its field, and will doubtless be much sought after in the holiday season. But the book has merits which call for weightier criticism hereafter.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker publishes *Some Historic Churches of Paris*, a book of 216 pages, with 46 illustrations and a descriptive text by Walter E. Lonergan. It gives a good account of the churches of Paris that have really some architectural and historical interest, and is an excellent guide to those who are attracted by mediævalism, which, curiously enough, can be better studied in some of its phases in certain churches right in the heart of Paris than in many of the more magnificent cathedrals of other cities.——*The World Awheel*, edited by Volney Streamer, and illustrated with fac-similes of designs in water-colours by Eugène Grivaz, would make a dainty present for a cyclist of either sex. The stories and poems which it contains are from many sources, and are well selected, and the illustrations are very fetching, being obviously drawn from French (and very French) models, though they are supposed to represent ladies of various nationalities. A merry, *plein air*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sort of book. (New York : Frederick A. Stokes Co.)——Two exquisite little volumes in the Thumb-Nail Series are *Break o' Day*, by George Wharton Edwards, and *Tracings*, by E. Scott O'Connor, the latter with an introduction by Miss Repplier. These "tracings" are very striking and suggestive little apothegms and have something of the unexpectedness of the best of Mr. Stephen Crane's "Lines" in his *Black Riders*, while recalling in form the terseness and sparkle of La Rochefoucauld. We should like to quote from them extensively did space allow. (The Century Company, $1.00 per volume.)

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Umbrage has been taken at the injustice and inadequacy of the press reviews of juvenile literature, and we fear that the charge is only too true. When one thinks of it, surely there is no class of books that ought to be more carefully scanned, and the good separated from the bad, than that which goes into the hands of the young. One reason why these books do not receive the attention and scrutiny they deserve is obvious enough. With the exception of a sprinkling in the spring, the great bulk of books for boys and girls is thrown upon the book mart just before Christmas. More than nine-tenths of the books to be noticed in this summary have come to our table during the last month. It is, therefore, impossible in the space at our command to do more than characterise the books in a brief manner, and define their qualities. But things are not so bad as they seem. The fresh imagination and feeling of earliest youth is a severe touchstone, and there is no more frank or brutal critic than your young reader. He knows just what he wants, and he discovers his favourite authors for himself. As for the new writers, they have to take their chances. To the dauntless young pioneer, who is as eager as his elders for any new thing, the best writers are soon taken and the others left. After all, the reviewing of juvenile literature is of service, as a rule, only to the benevolent clergyman, the Sunday-school teacher, the fond uncle, or the wakeful old maid who has views about other people's children. There is a foreordained decree in the laws of the young mind that predestinates every book and decides its election. "I think I'll have a book again," writes Primus to his uncle, "but not a fairy tale or anything of that sort, nor the *Swiss Family Robinson*, nor any of the old books. Last year you gave me *The Formation of Character*, and I read it with great mental improvement and all that, but this time I want a change—namely (1) not a fairy tale, (2) not an old book, (3) not a mental improvement book."

The Hathaways' Sisters, by Anne Kendrick Benedict, is a story for girls with a decidedly religious tone about it. (American Baptist Publication Society, price, 75 cents.)——*Not Without Honour*, by W. D. Moffat, is a book for boys. It is "the story of an odd boy," who proves, in spite of evil prognostications, to have the right, manly stuff in him. Robust in tone, and in touch with a boy's life, it sets before him the noble purpose to live so that in the end he will be "not without honour in his own country." (Arnold and Company, price, $1.25.)——*Plants and their Children*, by Mrs. W. S. Dana, illustrated by Alice Josephine Smith. The author of *How to Know the Wild Flowers* has adapted her knowledge of the plant world to the minds of children in a series of simple lessons having all the charm of a story. The book deserves to be as popular among the young observers and students as was her previous book with the older people. (American Book Company, price, 65 cents.)——Messrs. Benziger Brothers, the Catholic publishing house, have issued *Ethelred Preston*, the adventures of a newcomer, by Francis J. Finn, S.J., who has already written a number of boys' stories. The object of the story is to strengthen conviction in the Holy Catholic Church. It is exciting in narration, and there is a frontispiece illustration that would be a flattering accompaniment to *Dick Turpin*. (Price, 85 cents.)——Messrs. A. I. Bradley and Company have published

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some good juveniles this year, a few of them by tried and popular authors. There is *Admiral J. of Spurwink*, by James Otis; *Ship Daphne*, a story of the city and the sea, by the Rev. T. S. Millington ($1.25); *Don Malcolm*, by I. T. Thurston, all three good boys' stories. *Marred in the Making*, by H. W. Shrewsbury, is a religious story for younger children ($1.00), and *Little Nin* makes delightful reading for the wee ones who have just learned to read or can be read to. *Strange Conditions*, by Fannie E. Newberry, and *A Vanished Hand* are both stories for girls by writers who are practised hands. These books are all illustrated and bound in attractive covers.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have a strong collection of books for boys and girls—books which are made doubly attractive by their picturesque qualities inside and out. To mention those for girls first—though girls are said to read boys' books instead, even if boys don't exchange the courtesy—James Otis has written a story, *A Short Cruise*, which tells how a little girl can penetrate the rough shell of an old sea-dog's heart. (50 cents.) Anna Chapin Ray has followed up her success in *Half a Dozen Boys* of last year with *Half a Dozen Girls*. Needless to say she makes her girls lively and interesting, and the story is remarkably well told. ($1.50.) *Dick* is a Western boy who learns manners and the art of living from a very prim and precise maiden lady. This story is also by Miss Ray, and her fund of humour and love of fun have developed some very comical situations, and made the book all through very delightful and entertaining. ($1.25.) Two exquisitely bound and illustrated books for children are Hawthorne's *Wonder Book for Boys and Girls* and *Housekola Stories* from the collection of the Brothers Grimm. The latter is translated by Lucy Crane, and the coloured frontispiece and drawings are by Walter Crane. (75 cents.) *J. Cole*, by Emma Gellibrand, with six illustrations by G. A. King, is a bright, humorous, happy little story. ($1.00.) *The Boy Tramps, or Across Canada*, by J. Macdonald Oxley, who is a favourite with boys, is an entertaining narrative of adventure, whose main thread is the convoying of two fine sturdy boys afoot across the great stretch of prairie and mountain. The plan is novel, and finely conceived and constructed. Mr. Oxley has been fortunate in having Mr. Henry Sandham as an illustrator. His pictures are almost as great an attraction as the story, and this is as it should be. ($1.50.) Mr. Oxley has another book, called *The Romance of Commerce*, in which he recounts in a vivacious manner the more famous enterprises in commercial history. ($1.25.) Miss Sarah G. Morrison has her Chilhowee boys to the front once more; this time it is *Chilhowee Boys at College*. It is, perhaps, the best story of this excellent series for boys. ($1.50.) George Manville Fenn is one of the few great story-tellers for boys whose tales of adventure and daring are pervaded with a bracing morality. *Beneath the Sea*, a story of the wild coast of Cornwall, where the exploiting of a tin mine leads to complications, inculcates lessons of self-reliance and hardihood while holding the interest keenly to the narrative. ($1.50.) The name of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts attached to a book is a guarantee of good faith. He is an excellent workman, and he can tell a story, as these enlivening yarns told *Around the Camp Fire* readily prove. Professor Roberts's personal acquaintance with the New Brunswick country gives the record of this canoeing trip credence and geographical value. He has been as fortunate in his illustrator, Mr. Charles Copeland, as Mr. Oxley was in having Mr. Sandham. ($1.50.) Mr. Copeland has also made the illustrations for a book of boys' stories, entitled *Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss*, by Edward W. Thomson, the author of *Old Man Savarin*. Mr. Thomson has a natural, vivid style, which carries his stories, remarkable in themselves, straight to a boy's heart. Their appeal is strong, and they rarely miss the mark. ($1.25.)

Messrs. Henry T. Coates and Company have published *Shod with Silence*, a tale of frontier life, by Edward S. Ellis; *The Mystery of Lost River Canyon*, an exciting story of adventure, by Harry Castelmon, and *Frank Hunter's Peril*, by Horatio Alger, Jr., all three authors being well-known writers for boys. Lucy C. Lillie has written another story for girls, entitled *Elinor Belden*, which is published by the same firm. Each volume contains a frontispiece illustration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Century Company brings out a number of attractive juveniles in time for the holidays. Chief among them is *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, being the visit of a number of young people to the historic homes of our greatest men. Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks furnishes the very interesting text, and the book is full of admirable illustrations of men, houses, battle scenes, and places of patriotic interest, north, south, east and west. Merely as a "picture-book" it is exceedingly fine, and will attract the oldest as well as the youngest readers. ($1.50.) *Gobolinks for Young and Old*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine, is a book of grotesque imaginings conveyed in nonsense verse and illustrated by an imaginative pencil. ($1.00.) *Paper Doll Poems*, by Pauline King, also from the Century Company, details the surprising adventures of sundry paper dolls, who encounter strange creatures, such as Wagglety Birds, decalcomanie animals, and amiable owls. (75 cents.) Mr. Peter Newell is always doing something new and clever. This time it is his *Shadow Show*, a book whose pictures in colour when held up to the light show on the blank side of the page entirely different objects—an Indian and owl becoming a kicking pony, a man with a tumbler changing into Punch and Judy, and so forth. It is an amusing and surprising little volume for children and for not a few grown people, too. A new and very picturesque edition of *Daddy Jake, the Runaway*, by "Uncle Remus," has been issued as a companion volume to the Jungle Books. It is illustrated by E. W. Kemble. ($1.25.) *The Swordmaker's Son*, by W. O. Stoddard, with illustrations by George Varian, is a dramatic story of boy life in the Holy Land at the beginning of the Christian era. Mr. Stoddard, we understand, visited Palestine for the sake of getting the local colour for his story. ($1.50.) *Sindbad, Smith & Co.* is another Arabian Nights extravaganza, like the previous book by Mr. Albert Stearns, *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp*. Mr. Stearns, in the story of Sindbad in partnership with Tom Smith, an up-to-date young American lad, and Mr. Birch, in his cleverly drawn pictures, have provided a fund of mirth and frolic for the young people. ($1.50.) Mr. J. T. Trowbridge loses none of his industry, but steers right onward year in, year out, with here a book and there a book, and now it is *The Prize Cup*, in which a full half dozen of manly young fellows gyrate round a silver trophy that mysteriously disappears, and have a good time generally. ($1.50.)

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have added another boys' book by George Manville Fenn to their list of juveniles. *In Honour's Cause* is a tale of the days of George the First of England. There are a number of illustrations by Lancelot Speed. The movement of the story is rapid, and is rich in dramatic incidents and climaxes. ($1.50.) *The Mistress of Sherburne* is a new volume in the Sherburne Series of stories for girls. ($1.50.) Amanda M. Douglas, the author, has also written about *A Little Girl in Old New York*, in which she has brought back some of the old time flavour of bygone days in the great metropolis "when we were young." This story is, perhaps, one of the best that the author has told; certainly she has never surpassed it. ($1.50.) *We Ten; or, The Story of the Roses*, by Barbara Yechton, of many titles, none of which we have perused, but, judged by the present one, she must have come proudly by them. It is one of those books to which at this season and under our limitations we despair of doing justice in a few words. The happy idea of setting the chapters into a running narrative, told in sequence by Jack and Nannie and Betty and so on, is an excellent one—so direct in its appeal, so deliciously insinuating in its simplicity—but it is also a difficult idea to carry out to perfection. Barbara Yechton is herself the part she takes for the nonce, and therein lies the secret of her success and mastery—the secret of becoming once more "as a little child." Miss Minna Brown's very clever, spirited, and charming drawings really illustrate the story, and should help it to reach a large popularity. ($1.50.) *The Wallypug of Why*, by G. E. Farron, with illustrations by Harry Furniss and his clever little daughter, Dorothy, was one of the great holiday successes in England last Christmas. The book was produced too late to publish in America then, but it was copyrighted, and is now issued here for the first time. It is a delicious compound of nonsense and fairy tale; but here is its own manifesto:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" Journeying through the land of Why
You'll meet the strangest company,
Various creatures, great and small,
And something odd about them all—
A socialistic Cockatoo ;
A most mysterious thing—a Goo ;
The quaintest men ; a charming maid
Two ancient ladies, prim and staid ;
The Wallypug—Pray who is he ?
I mustn't tell you ; read and see."

The Dwarfs' Tailor, and Other Fairy Tales, collected by Zoe Dana Underhill, is a compilation of typical folk tales from the literature of each country, to which is added the best examples of fairy story-tellers. Illustrated. ($1 75.) *Rick Dale*, by Kirk Munroe, is a story of the Northwest Coast, full of all sorts of thrilling adventures and stirring events. It is also full of pictures. ($1.25.) Both books are published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.——*Three Little Daughters of the Revolution*, by Nora Perry, is a charming story beautifully illustrated by F. T. Merrill, and daintily bound in green cloth. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 75 cts.)——Messrs. Laird and Lee send us two holiday books for boys in attractive covers with ornamental designs. *Air Castle Don*, or "from Dreamland to Hardpan," by B. Freeman Ashley, forms the fourth volume of the Young America Series. Other volumes in the series by the same author are *Tan Pile Jim* and *Dick and Jack.* Last Christmas the publishers included in this series the immensely popular Italian story *Cuore*, which they entitled *The Heart of a Boy. Air Castle Don*, like its predecessors, lacks neither humour nor sentiment, and indeed the story might very well be enjoyed by the older readers. ($1.00.) The other book, *My Young Master*, is one of an edition of Opie Read's select works in five volumes. The titles of the others are *The Jucklins*, *A Kentucky Colonel*, *A Tennessee Judge*, *On the Suwanee River*. (Price, $1.00 per volume.) All these books are illustrated.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have published several new books by old authors who have won favour in their own field. First comes Oliver Optic with *On the Staff*, a new volume, the fourth, in the "Blue and Gray Series—on Land." Mr. Adams takes his hero into fresh battlefields now with Grant at Shiloh, again at the final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and anon at the siege of Corinth. Illustrated. ($1.50.) A new volume is also contributed to the "War of 1812 Series," by Everett T. Tomlinson—namely, *Tecumseh's Young Braves*. The story that centres around one of the bravest of Indian warriors is full of exciting incident, while kept true to the history of the stirring times in which it is set. Illustrated. Both these books are attractively bound in picturesque covers. Stories for the little ones are Penn Shirley's *The Merry Five*, the second volume of the "Silver Gate Series;" and *The Rosebud Club*, by Grace Le Baron, both written with simplicity and feeling. Illustrated. (75 cents each.)

The J. B. Lippincott Company publish *Betty of Wye*, by Amy E. Blanchard ($1.25), and *Philippa*, by Mrs. Molesworth ($1.25), both well-accredited favourites with girl readers. *Captain Chap; or, the Rolling Stones* is a story which Frank R. Stockton wrote some fifteen years ago, but the Lippincott Company have deemed it worthy of resuscitation, and it is now issued with half a dozen beautiful illustrations by Charles H. Stephens. ($1.50.) For the third time we have to report a new boys' book by the prolific Mr. Manville Fenn. *The Black Tor* is a tale of the reign of James the First of England. Like all his books, the story is dramatic in the telling, and holds the interest unflaggingly from start to finish, as it threads the dark ways of danger and death in those perilous times. There are eight illustrations by W. S. Stacey. ($1.50.) *Two Little Wooden Shoes* is a beautiful and touching story, by the charming author of *Bimbi*; but Ouida is safer in grown-up hands than in untried and weak ones. The illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett lend a strong atraction to the book, which is beautifully printed and bound. ($1.50.) *Swept Out to Sea*, by David Ker, starts at no less an out-of-the-way corner than the Shetland Isles, and goes—well, for one place, to the West Indies. The story attracted us as we read, and it proved rather interesting, albeit the humour is a little forced and unnatural at times. Illustrated. ($1.50.) *Historical Tales*, in two volumes, one Greek, the other Roman, by Charles Morris, is a sort of Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* in the ancient classics. The tales are exceedingly well told, and the pictures greatly enhance their interest. ($1.25 per volume.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Andrew Lang's *Animal Story Book*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, is packed full of good reading gathered from a great variety of sources, and set off by sixty-six illustrations very cleverly drawn and with an eye to local accuracy, for in the story of M. Dumas, whose scene is laid in Havre, any one can recognise the drawing (p. 107) as an excellent view of a corner on the Grand Quai. ($2.00.)

The Lothrop Company hold the field well this year with their new juveniles. There is, of course, a new Pansy book, *Making Fate*, by Mrs. Alden. This is a story for thoughtful, observant young people, not for children, as many people take for granted the Pansy books must be. ($1.50.) *The Gingham Bag*, the tale of an heirloom, by Margaret Sidney, is a bright and cheerful story thrown against a New England background in the first half of the century. *The Ponkaty Branch Road, and Other Stories for Young People*, is by an ever-welcome author. Sophie Swett's name is familiar to the young readers of the best juvenile periodical literature, and her new book will gain her many more new friends. ($1.00.) *Mopsy; Her Tangles and Triumphs*, by Kate Tannatt Woods, is an excellent story for girls, inculcating perseverance, kindheartedness, and gentleness. Mopsy herself becomes quite an inspiring and attractive figure. ($1.25.) *The Boys of Clovernook* is a sympathetic story of five boys on a farm, their ups and downs, strung on a thread of plot interest, by Mary Barnes Beal. We are struck, by the way, with the unusual quality of the drawing in the illustrations, by Ethelred B. Barry. Is she a new arrival? There are certainly some illustrations in this book which Mr. Birch might not be ashamed to own. ($1.50.) *The Children's History Book* contains short stories based on events in American history. ($1.50.) *Bible Boys and Girls* is an attempt, admirably accomplished, to illuminate boyhood and girlhood in Bible days, by making plainer and more interesting the environment and historical background of the youth of the Bible. ($1.50.) *What the Dragon Fly Told the Children*, by Frances B. Coursen, is a unique idea for interesting children in poetry. A slender story links the poetic selections deftly together, accompanied with portraits of the great poets. Mrs. Coursen is certainly to be congratulated on the novelty of her plan, which is well worth an experiment. ($1.50.)

Marguerite Bouvet's new story for children, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, is entitled *Pierrette*. It is a charming child-idyll, and Mr. Hooper's exquisitely drawn illustrations add a great deal to its attractive beauty. ($1.25.)——*Santa Claus's New Castle*, by Maude Florence Bellar, with twenty-two illustrations by Dixie Selden, is written just as books should be written for young children, in an easy, simple style, yet with nothing inane about it, for it has a story to it with a pleasing blend of the traditional and the modern. The pictures are also well imagined, and some of them have greatly tickled our fancy. (Columbus, O.: Nitschke Brothers, $1.00.)——Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have done well in issuing the popular stories of Mayne Reid in a new edition. There was a time when Reid was all the rage with boys. The Nimrod Edition will consist of the better books of adventure which Captain Reid wrote, and this choice is wise, for he wrote much that deserved to pass into oblivion. Three volumes have appeared thus far, in a very attractive binding, and illustrated: *The Young Voyageurs*, *The Bush Boys*, and *The Boy Hunters*. ($1.25.)

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have, as usual, a goodly array of books for children, among which are *A Cape May Diamond*, by Evelyn Raymond ($1.50); *Little Daughter of the Sun*, a charming little story, by Julia P. Dabney ($1.25); *Jerry the Blunderer*, a fable for children, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, illustrated from photographs of dog life ($1.25); *The Black Dog, and Other Stories*, by A. G. Plympton ($1.25). All these books are illustrated and artistically bound. *The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun*, by Ernest Vincent Wright, with illustrations by Cora M. Norman, seems in rhymed story and picture to be modelled on Palmer Cox's *Brownies Around the World*, substituting elves, however, for brownies. It makes a beautiful and appropriate book, nevertheless, for the little ones. ($1.25.)

The Messrs. Scribner have three books by the popular G. A. Henty, who vies at least in fecundity with George Manville Fenn. The titles are *On the Irrawaddy*, *With Cochrane the Dauntless*, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Agincourt. The binding is very substantial, and is attractive in colour design; the illustrations are equally attractive and enticing. ($1.50.) *The Log of a Privateersman*, by Harry Collingwood, is bound uniform with Henty's books, and is also beautifully illustrated. ($1.50.) Another boy's book by Kirk Munroe, *Through Swamp and Glade*, is published by the same firm. It is a tale of the Seminole War, and the principal incidents related in the story are historically true. Illustrated. ($1.25.) In *The Court of King Arthur* Mr. W. H. Frost has sought to tell over again the stories from the land of the Round Table for boys and girls. He has been assisted pictorially in presenting these scenes afresh to the young mind by Mr. Burleigh's charming and delightful illustrations. ($1.50.)

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company publish a very interesting book, *The Orchid Seekers*, a story of adventure in Borneo, by Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle, with numerous illustrations ($1.75); also a book of *Very Funny Stories* told in rhyme in the Red Nursery Series. The stories really are funny, and the accompanying pictures have the great merit of suggesting and therefore truly illustrating the stories. (50 cents.)

Thomas Whittaker sends us three dainty little booklets of stories, *Little Winter Green*, by Caroline F. Little, *The Sign of the North Star*, by Annie Key Bartow, and *On Schedule Time*, by James Otis. Other titles of interesting juveniles issued from this house are *Abigail Templeton*, by Emma Marshall; *Playmates*, by L. T. Meade, bound in all gilt covers with coloured back ($1.00 each); *The Girl at the Dower House and Afterward*, by Agnes Giberne, with eight illustrations by J. Finnemore ($1.50); *Behind Manhattan Gables*, a story of New Amsterdam, 1663–1664, by Edward Augustus Rand ($1.25); *By the North Sea*, by Emma Marshall, with many illustrations by Miller-Smith ($1.25), and a new book by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, *The Wardship of Steepcoombe*, a story of the times of Richard the Second, with illustrations by W. S. Stacey. ($1.25.)

Messrs. W. A. Wilde and Company, of Boston, have issued a number of commendable volumes for boys and girls, some of them by popular authors. *The Land of the Kangaroo*, by Colonel Thomas W. Knox, relates the adventures of two boys in the great island continent. Illustrated. ($1.50.) *Three Young Continentals* is a story of the American Revolution, by Everett T. Tomlinson, and has five pictures by Charles Copeland. ($1.50.) *The Orcutt Girls*, by Charlotte M. Vaile, is a highly interesting story for girls, and is illustrated by F. T. Merrill. ($1.50.) *Malvern*, called after a small suburban town in New Jersey, in whose neighbourhood the story is laid, is by Ellen Douglas Deland. Miss Deland's work has attracted wide attention, and she has been compared with Miss Alcott and Nora Perry as a writer for girls. Illustrated. ($1.50.) *The Fast Mail* is the story of a train boy and a companion volume to *The Young Reporter*, both of them written by William Drysdale, who endeavours in this entertaining way to furnish boys with an amount of special information which many of them desire. It is illustrated by Charles Copeland. ($1.50.) *A Medal of Honour Man*, by Charles L. Norton, is a story of adventure on land and sea, which brings the hero, Jack Benson, into contact with the famous *Alabama*. Illustrated. ($1.25.) *Above the Range*, by Theodore R. Jenness, is a story of the Northwest for girls. Illustrated. ($1.25.) *Seraph, the Little Violiniste*, is one of the most charming stories that Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the author of *Toinette's Philip*, has ever written. Mrs. Jamison will win the sympathies of her young friends anew by the pathetic little figure of the violin player, little Seraph. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. These books are all well bound and beautifully illustrated. ($1.50.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 5, 1896.

The sales during the early part of the past month showed a continuance in the demand for text-books generally, and particularly for works suitable for supplementary reading and for such as were suitable for use in connection with the study of literature.

Library business has again assumed large proportions, and lists to be priced, inquiries and orders have been numerous. These, to a great extent, are for the current publications in all classes of literature, although fiction is naturally in the lead.

During the entire month a good number of out-of-town buyers have been in the city. Their orders have compared favourably with those of previous years, although a tendency is shown to confine purchases to the cheaper grades of goods, and the publishers of the various lines of sixteenmos and twelvemos have at times been out of stock in consequence.

Unquestionably the feature of the month has been the enormous output of the publishers, one jobbing house having received during that period for stock no less than three hundred and fifty new titles, to say nothing of the many new books not so purchased. These publications have included the works of many authors prominent in all departments of writing.

In fiction *Kate Carnegie*, by Ian Maclaren; *Taquisara*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Gray Man*, by S. R. Crockett, and *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie, are among the most prominent, while in addition there are new novels by Frank R. Stockton, Henry James, John Kendrick Bangs, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles King, and Henryk Sienkiewicz.

On miscellaneous subjects, *Whitman: A Study*, by John Burroughs; *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and *The Last Quarter Century in the United States*, by E. Benjamin Andrews, are now ready.

Juvenile literature has been very conspicuous among recent publications, and includes in most attractive forms the books of such well-known authors as Joel Chandler Harris, Sarah K. Bolton, W. O. Stoddard, P. S. Newell, Oliver Optic, George Manville Fenn, and G. A. Henty.

An event of interest has been the placing upon the market of a trade edition of Messrs. Funk and Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary*. It is being extensively advertised, and bids fair to rival Webster's *International Dictionary* in popularity.

Interest in colonial subjects still continues, and among the recent publications are *Colonial Days in Old New York*, by Alice M. Earle; *The Regicides*, by Frederick Hull Cogswell, and *The Colonial Parson of New England*, by Frank S. Child.

Handsome illustrated books suitable for the holiday season are now coming into prominence, and include, among many others, *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske; *Modern French Masters*, by John C. Van Dyke; *Pictures of People*, by Charles Dana Gibson, and new illustrated editions of Ian Maclaren's popular books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

While trade during October has, on the whole, been rather quiet, a noticeable increase was shown during the latter part of the month, particularly in the city. With a settlement of political questions, a decided improvement will, no doubt, occur, and a rushing business is predicted until after Christmas.

The best selling books for the month have been as follows:

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (2 vols.). $2.00.

A Child-World. By James Whitcomb Riley. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2 00.

Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. $1.25.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. $1.25.

March Hares. By Harold Frederic. $1.25.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford $1 50.

The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. $1.25.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Gray Man. By S R. Crockett. $1.50.

Checkers. By H. M. Blossom, Jr. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1896.

Trade during October showed few signs of activity, and the volume of business done was not so large as it ought to have been at this time. Politics absorbed the attention of the trade, to the exclusion of everything else, and for once even business was a secondary consideration.

Purchases during the month were mostly of the every day order, and were confined for the most part to stock for immediate sales. Purely holiday stock moved slowly, and sales were light in this line. In the numerous twelvemo

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sixteenmo lines sales were fair, but suffered like every other line from the stringency of the times. New fiction sold better than anything else, and was bought eagerly. Political and campaign literature continued to diminish in interest, and sales were light.

The October output of new books was, like that of September, very heavy. The most important book, taking the demand as a criterion, was *Kate Carnegie*, the sale of which was helped somewhat by the visit of Ian Maclaren to this city. Next to this came J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*. The most successful of the other works were *A Rebellious Heroine*, by J. K. Bangs; *Revenge*, by Robert Barr; *Sons and Fathers*, by H. S. Edwards; *A Garrison Tangle*, by Captain King; *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*, by F. R. Stockton; *The Gray Man*, by S. R. Crockett; *Quo Vadis*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz; *The Joy of Life*, by Emma Wolf, and *The Wizard*, by Rider Haggard.

The death of George Du Maurier caused a slight increase in the demand for *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*, but the demand did not last very long, and was not so marked as one might have expected.

The Honourable Peter Stirling, by Paul Leicester Ford, is meeting with quite a vogue, which it owes in a measure to its political background. This is a field into which, though fruitful enough abroad, the American novelist has not made many excursions. Perhaps it is the next to be exploited.

King Noanett, which has met with such marked success in the East, is now capturing the West, and went very well last month, and the present indications show a steady increase in its demand.

Including all its various editions, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* ran ahead of everything else last month in point of sale. In its sixteenmo form the book still leads the demand, even among cheap books, and nothing else compares with it in popularity.

With the advent of each new book James Whitcomb Riley finds a greater circle of readers, and his works easily outsell, in the West, those of any other living poet. Speaking generally, the demand for poetry of all kinds has declined during the last few years, but the sales of Riley's works steadily increase. His *A Child World*, issued last month, sold better than anything else among the very recent books, which is a remarkable record for a book of poems.

Another book, *The Murder of Delicia*, from the pen of Marie Corelli, was received last month, and, as is usual with her books, is starting off well. There is no denying the fact that, in spite of adverse criticism, her books are among the most saleable stock that appears on a bookseller's counter. Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *A Singular Life* is still one of the best selling books of the day.

Nearly all the popular books of the day met with good sales last month, especially those published recently. The older favourites also went very well, particularly such book as Ian Maclaren's *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, J. K. Bang's *House Boat on the Styx*, F. H. Smith's *Tom Grogan*, Thomas J. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, and Fletcher's *Menticulture*.

The following books were in lively demand during the month:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, $1.25; 16mo, 20 cents.
A Child World. By J. Whitcomb Riley. $1.25.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (2 vols.). $2.00.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M Barrie. $1.50.
Field Flowers. By Eugene Field. $1.00 net.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
A House Boat on the Styx. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
The Joy of Life. By Emma Wolf. $1.00.
Artie. By George Ade. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. $1.25.
Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas Jay Hudson. $1.50.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.
A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 21 to October 24, 1896.

It is satisfactory to all parties concerned to be able to record that trade has been very good during the period in question. As soon as the wants of the schools had been supplied, the booksellers commenced stocking their shops in good earnest, with the result indicated above. Beyond this, trade is with them, evidently, very good, to judge by the daily requirements. This tendency to improvement is apparently universal, the colonial and foreign branches having been working at full pressure.

The staple item of trade is still the six shilling novel. The issue of new fiction in this form has been one of the most popular ventures ever recorded in trade annals, tens of thousands of copies being in some instances needed to satisfy the demand. Marie Corelli leads with her *Murder of Delicia* (which is 5s., by the bye), and Mrs. Humphry Ward with *Sir George Tressady*, and Miss Braddon with *London Pride* must be mentioned as great favourites. Some publications of this class are keeping a longer hold on public favour than usual, such as *Under the Red Robe*, *The Sowers*, *A Quaker Grandmother*, and *Illumination*, which must again be included in the list appended.

Among boys' books Mr. Henty's writings stand first in favour, his 5s. and 6s. books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being just the style of thing to delight the young people. Miss Yonge is also very popular with her *Wardship of Steepcoombe*.

Reprints of standard works, very marvels of enterprise and cheapness, are in great demand. Bliss, Sands and Co.'s Burleigh Library and Service and Paton's Series, embracing many favourites, such as *Sartor Resartus*, *Jane Eyre*, *Esmond*, and others, are taken up freely.

The 2s. and 2s. 6d. issue of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels shows no abatement in sales, and will, apparently, be as popular as ever this season.

Griffin and Co.'s Technical Series of Books is a good line, embracing many subjects ranging from Physiology to Steam, all of which sell well, and some very well indeed. It is sad to be obliged to record that Dickens is not now appreciated as he deserves to be. This column is for facts, or it would be interesting to analyse the reasons for this state of things, which are not far to seek.

Clark Russell's nautical tales are always sure of a good reception, and the publication of his *Heart of Oak* was well timed.

The Trafalgar number of the *Navy and Army* was very successful. There is a general improvement in the magazine branch, such as is usual at the approach of autumn. Surely if bad weather will help the bookseller he has not much to complain of during the last few weeks.

Works on travel, sport, and adventures in search of big game are appearing in good numbers. These invariably sell readily, but of course the prices at which they are issued make the market somewhat limited.

The appended list may be taken as a fair selection of what the public likes at the moment of writing.

The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.

Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.

Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.

The Gray Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.

The Inn by the Shore. By Florence Warden. 6s.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.

The Burleigh Library. 1s. 6d. per volume.

Service and Paton's Series. 2s. per volume.

The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. 5s. net.

Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.

Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.

Henty's Boys' Books. 5s. and 6s.

The Wardship of Steepcoombe. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s and 2s. 6d.

The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.

Might Have Been. By Joseph Parker. 6s.

Heart of Oak. By Clark Russell. 3s. 6d.

Chrystal, the Newest of Women. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1 and December 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Gibson's Drawings. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell.)
6. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Reminiscences of an Octogenarian. By Haswell. $3.00. (Harper.)
3. Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.25. (Stokes.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Nephelé. By Bourdillon. $1.00. (New Amsterdam.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
3. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Brown Studies. By Hepworth. $1.25. (Dutton.)
6. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1 50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Knight of the Nets. By Barr. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
4. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. Macmillan.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. A Year in the Fields. By Burroughs. $1.50. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Child World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Sir George Tressady. 2 vols. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Joy of Life. By Wolf. $1.00. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Child World. By Riley. $1.25. Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
3. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Clarke.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes)
2. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone.)
5. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
6. A Child World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. A Child World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. A Guest at the Ludlow. Bill Nye. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Artie. By Ade. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)
5. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton).
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Lesser Bourgeoisie. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Sweetheart Travellers. By Crockett. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. A Garrison Tangle. By King. $1.25. (Neeley.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Violet. By Julia Magruder. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Illumination. By Frederic. $1.00. (Methuen.)
6. The World's Roof. By Oxley. $1.25. (Nisbet.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Mind of the Master. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Upper Room. By Watson. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. William H. Seward. By Lothrop. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6 Briseis. By Black. $1.75. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. Scribner.
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
5. Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. 'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus. By Didier. $1.25. (American News Co.)
3. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4 Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Mrs Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. Scribner.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
6. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. Lippincott.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt & Co.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. Kindergarten Books.
5. Books on Assaying, Minerals and Mining.
6. Books on Finance.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50 (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Knight of the Nets. By Barr. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TORONTO, ONT.

1. The Gray Man. By Crockett. 75 cts.; paper, $1.25, cloth. (Unwin's Colonial Edition.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.25. (F. H. Revell Co.*)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By Mason. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Macmillan's Colonial Edition.)
5. Flotsam. By Merriman. 75 cts and $1.25. (Longman's Colonial Edition.)
6. Illumination. By Frederic. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Heinemann's Colonial Edition.)

* Canadian copyright.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Constantinople. By De Amicis. $5.00. (Coates.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Year in Fields. By Burroughs. $1.50. (Houghton.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY.

ABBOTT, LYMAN.—Christianity and Social Problems. 16mo, pp. viii–370, $1.25. Houghton, M.

Book of Job, The. With Designs by Herbert Granville Fell and an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. 4to, $3.50 *net*....Dodd, M.

Book of Ruth, The. Pictured and Designed by W. B. MacDougal. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. 4to, $3.50 *net*...Dodd, M.

COOKE, R. J.—The Historic Episcopate: a Study of Anglican Claims and Methodist Orders. 12mo, pp. iv–224, $1.00..Eaton & M.

FLOURNEY, Rev. PARKE B.—The Searchlight of St. Hyppolytus: the Papacy and the New Testament in the Light of Discovery. 12mo, pp. 250, $1.00.....Revell

GORDON, J.—Three Children of Galilee: a Life of Christ for Young People. 8vo, pp. vii–279, $1.50.....Knight

HARRIS, S.—God the Creator and Lord of All. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. x–579; viii–576, $5.00 *net*. Scribner

HARRIS, W. T.—The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia. 12mo, pp. xxii–193, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

HODGES, G.—Faith and Social Service: Eight Lectures Delivered before the Lowell Institute. 12mo, pp. ii–270, $1.25..Whittaker

HORDER, W. GARRETT.—The Hymn Lover: an Account of the Rise and Growth of English Hymnody. 12mo, pp. xvi–526, $1.75 *net*. Macmillan

KNIGHT, W.—By-Paths of Bible Knowledge, XXII. The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Temple. 16mo, pp. 126, $1.00...Revell

MOULTON, R. G.—The Judges. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. 18mo, pp. xii–260, 50 cents.....Macmillan

PULLAN, LEIGHTON.—Lectures on Religion. 12mo, pp. iv–342, $2.00.....Longmans, G.

SPURGEON, CHARLES H.—Sermons on our Lord's Miracles. 2 vols., 8vo, $5.00.....Revell

TOWNSEND, LUTHER TRACY.—Evolution or Creation: a Critical Review of the Scientific and Scriptural Theories of Creation and Certain Related Subjects. 12mo, pp. 318, $1.25.....Revell

WAKEMAN, H. O.—An Introduction to the History of the Church of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. 12mo, pp. xx–505, $2.00.....Macmillan

FICTION.

ALLEN, WILLIS BOYD.—A Son of Liberty; or, The Spirit of our Fathers. 12mo, pp. 262, $1.25.....Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

ASPINWALL, ALICIA.—Short Stories for Short People. 4to, pp. x–254, $1.50.....Dutton

BANGS, J. K.—The Mantel-Piece Minstrels, and Other Stories. 18mo, pp. 84, 75 cents. Russell

BANGS, J. K.—A Rebellious Heroine: a Story. 16mo, pp. viii–225, $1.25..... ...Harper

BARR, AMELIA E.—A Rose of a Hundred Leaves: a Love-Story. 12mo, pp. 238. Dodd, M.

BARR, ROBERT.—Revenge. 12mo, pp. x–308, $1.25.....Stokes

BARRIE, J. M.—Sentimental Tommy. 12mo, pp. viii–478, $1.50.....Scribner

BARRY, J. D.—The Intriguers: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iv–295, paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

BENSON, E. F.—Limitations: a Novel. 12mo, pp. ii–313, $1.25.....Harper

BESANT, Sir WALTER.—The City of Refuge: a Novel. 12mo, pp. vi–304, $1.50.....Stokes

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE.—The Bridal March and One Day. 16mo, pp. vi–197, $1.25. Macmillan

BLANCHARD, AMY E.—Betty of Wye. 12mo, pp. 258, $1.25.....Lippincott

BRAINE, SHEILA A.—To Tell the King the Sky is Falling. Square 12mo, pp. 171, $1.75. Scribner

BROOKS, E. S. and ALDEN, J.—The Long Walls: an American Boy's Adventures in Greece. A Story of Digging and Discovery of Temples and Treasures. 12mo, pp. viii–328, $1.50.....Putnam

BURGIN, G. B.—Gascoigne's Ghost: a Novel. 12mo, pp. vi–216, $1.00.....Harper

CRANE, STEPHEN.—The Little Regiment. 12mo, pp. vi–196, $1.00.....Appleton

CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Taquisara. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. iv–309; iv–317, $2.00..Macmillan

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Gray Man: a Novel. 12mo, pp. viii–406, $1.50.....Harper

D'ANNUNZIO, GABRIELE.—The Triumph of Death. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. 12mo, pp. iv–412, $1.50.....Richmond

DAVIS, J. A.—The Young Mandarin: a Story of Chinese Life. 12mo, pp. 396, $1.50. Con. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

DRAKE, JEANIE.—The Metropolitans. 12mo, pp. vi–267, $1.25.....Century Co.

EARLE, MARY TRACY.—The Wonderful Wheel. 12mo, pp. viii–152, $1.25.....Century Co.

EDWARDS, G. W.—Break o' Day and Other Stories. Narrow 18mo, pp. x–163, $1.00. Century Co.

FENN, G. M.—In Honour's Cause: a Tale of the Days of George the First. Large 12mo, pp. 409, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

FRANCE, ANATOLE.—Tales from a Mother-of-Pearl Casket. Translated by Henri Pène Du Bois. 16mo, pp. vi–247, $1.25. Richmond

FRANCIS, M. E.—In a North Country Village. 12mo, pp. viii–263, $2.00..... Little, B.

FROST, W. H.—The Court of King Arthur: Stories from the Land of the Round Table. 12mo, pp. xii–302, $1.50.....Scribner

HAGGARD, H. R.—The Wizard. 12mo, pp. x–293, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

HARDY, T.—Under the Greenwood Tree: a Rural Painting of the Dutch School. 12mo, pp. xii–273, $1.50.....Harper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRIS, J. C.—Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Short Stories Told After Dark by "Uncle Remus." 12mo, pp. x-198, $1.25. Century Co.

HARRIS, J. C.—The Story of Aaron (so named), the Son of Ben Ali, told by his Friends and Acquaintances. Square 8vo, pp. vi-198, $2.00 ..... Houghton, M.

HARTE, BRET. — Barker's Luck, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. iv-265, $1.25. Houghton, M.

HERVEY, M. H. — Amyas Egerton, Cavalier. 12mo, pp. viii-354, $1.50..... Harper

HUNTINGTON, G.—The Rockanock Stage. 12mo, pp. 551, $1 50 ..... Con. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

JAMES, H.—The Other House. 12mo, pp. iv-388, $1.50 ..... Macmillan

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE. — The Country of the Pointed Firs. 16mo, pp. vi-213, $1.25. Houghton, M.

KING, Capt. CHARLES.—A Tame Surrender: a Story of the Chicago Strike. Narrow 16mo, pp. 277, 75 cents..... Lippincott

LE QUEUX, W.—A Secret Service: Being Strange Tales of a Nihilist. 12mo, pp. 302, $1.00. Ward, Lock & B.

LILJENCRANTZ, OTTILIE.—The Scrape that Jack Built. 12mo, pp. 248, $1.25..... McClurg

LILLIE, Mrs. LUCY C. — Elinor Belden; or, The Stepbrothers. 12mo, pp. ii-328, $1.25. Coates

LINDEN, ANNIE. — "Gold": a Dutch-Indian Story. 12mo, pp. vi-258, $1.25. Century Co.

MACLEOD, FIONA.—Green Fire: a Romance. 12mo, pp. viii-287, $1.25 ..... Harper

MARRYAT, Captain.—King's Own. 12mo, pp. xvi-429, $1.50..... Macmillan

MARSHALL, EMMA.—By the North Sea; or, The Protector's Grand-Daughter. 12mo, pp. xii-303, $1.25 ..... Whittaker

MARSHALL, EMMA. — Only Susan: Her Own Story. 12mo, pp. viii-304, $1.50.... Dutton

MEADE, L. T.—A Son of Ishmael: a Novel. 8vo, pp. vi-312, $1.25. New Amsterdam Book Co.

MERIMEE, PROSPER.—Carmen. Translated from the French and Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. With a Memoir of the Author by Louise Imogen Guiney. 12mo, pp. xxx-118, $2.00 ..... Little, B.

MORRIS, C.—Historical Tales: The Romance of Reality. Greek. 16mo, pp. 366, $1.25. Lippincott

MORRIS, C.—Historical Tales: the Romance of Reality. Roman. 16mo, pp. 340, $1.25. Lippincott

MORRIS, W.—The Well at the World's End: a Tale. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. viii-378; vi-279, $7.50... ..... Longmans, G.

MORRISON, SARAH E.—Chilhowee Boys at College. 12mo, pp. iv-441, $1.50..... Crowell

NORRIS, W. E. — Clarissa Furiosa: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iv-488, $1.50 ..... Harper

OTIS, JAMES.—On Schedule Time. 16mo, pp. ii-131, 75 cents..... Whittaker

PAGE, T. N.—In Old Virginia. 8vo, xii-275, $2.50..... Scribner

POOL, MARIA LOUISE.—In Buncombe County. 16mo, pp. ii-295, $1.25..... Stone

PATERSON, A. — For Freedom's Sake. 12mo, pp. 322 $1.25..... Lippincott

PATER, W.—Gaston de Latour: an Unfinished Romance. 16mo, pp x-206, $1.50 Macmillan

PARKER JOSEPH.—Tyne Folk: Masks, Faces and Shadows 16mo, pp. 200, 75 cents. Revell

POOL, MARIA LOUISA.—In the First Person: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iv-315 $1 25 .... Harper

RAIMOND, C. E.—The Fatal Gift of Beauty, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp vi-249, $1.25. Stone

RALPH, JULIAN.—Alone in China, and Other Stories. 12mo pp. xii-282, $2.00 .. Harper

RAND, E A.—Behind Manhattan Gables: a Story of New Amsterdam, 1663-1664. 12mo, pp. x-382, $1.25 ..... Whittaker

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH.—A Quiet Road. 16mo, pp. x-79, $1.00..... Houghton, M.

REID, Capt. MAYNE. — The Young Voyagers; or, the Boy Hunters in the North. 12mo. pp. xiv-395 $1 25 ..... Putnam

ROSS, C.—The Scarlet Coat: a Tale of the Siege of Yorktown. 16mo, pp. 310, $1.25. Stone & K.

SKINNER, C. M.—Myths and Legends of Our Land. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 318; 335, $3.00. Lippincott

SMITH, E. BOYD. — My Village. 16mo, pp. viii-325, $2.00..... Scribner

STEARNS, A.—Sinbad, Smith & Co. 12mo, pp. xii-271, $1.50..... Century Co.

STODDARD, W. O.—The Swordmaker's Son: a Story of the Year 30 A.D. 12mo, pp. xii-277, $1.50..... Century Co.

TRACY, L.—The Final War. 12mo, pp. x-464, $1.75 ..... Putnam

TROWBRIDGE, J. T.—The Prize Cup. 12mo, pp. xii-234, $1.50..... Century Co.

UNDERHILL, ZOE DANA.—The Dwarf's Tailor, and Other Fairy Tales. 12mo, pp. vi-260, $1.75 ..... Harper

UPWARD, ALLEN. — One of God's Dilemmas. 16mo, pp, vi-212, $1.00..... Arnold

WELLS, H. G.—The Wheels of Chance: a Bicycling Idyll. 12mo, pp. viii-321, $1.50. Macmillan

WHITE, ELIZA ORNE.—A Little Girl of Long Ago. Square 12mo, pp. vi-151, $1.00. Houghton, M.

WHITE, PERCY. — Andria. 12mo, pp. ii-287, $1.50..... Richmond

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—Marm Lisa. 16mo, pp. iv-199, $1.00. ..... Houghton, M.

WOLF, EMMA.—The Joys of Life. 16mo, pp. 253, $1.00..... McClurg

WRIGHT, JULIA MCNAIR.—The House on the Bluff: a Western Flood-Story. 12mo, pp. 347, $1.50..... Amer. Tract Soc.

YOUNG, Mrs. VIRGINIA D.—A Tower in the Desert. 12mo, pp. iii-321, $1.25. Arena Pub. Co.

POETRY.

ALDRICH, T. B.—Judith and Holofernes: a Poem. 12mo, pp. 78, $1.25.. Houghton, M.

BELLAMY, W.—A Second Century of Charades. 18mo, $1.00..... Houghton, M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELLWANGER, G. H.—Love's Demesne: a Garland of Contemporary Love-Poems Gathered from Many Sources. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. xxiv–234; vi–286, $2.50.....Dodd, M.

HOPPER, NORA.—Under Quicken Boughs. 12mo, pp. viii–151, $2.00.....Richmond

MONEY-COUTTS, F. B.—Poems. 16mo, pp. xii–93, $1.50.....Richmond

NEWKIRK, GARRETT.—Rhymes of the States. 8vo, pp. viii–96, $1.00.....Century Co.

PETERS, W. T.—Posies Out of Rings, and Other Conceits. 18mo, pp. viii–77, 75 cents. Richmond

PLARR, V.—In the Dorian Mood. 16mo, pp. viii–111, $2.00.....Richmond

SYMONS, A.—London Nights. Thin 12mo, pp. xii–104, $2.40.....Richmond

SYMONS, A.—Silhouettes. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Thin 12mo, pp. xvi–91, $2.00.....Richmond

Tearless Land, The. A Collection of Poems on Heaven. Compiled by M. C. Hazard. 12mo, pp. 303, $1.50..Con. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

TODHUNTER, JOHN.—Three Irish Bardic Tales: being Metrical Versions of the Three Tales known as the Three Sorrows of Story-Telling. 16mo, pp. viii–160, $1.50 *net*. Way & W.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AMICIS, EDMONDO DE.—Constantinople. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. 8vo, pp. vi–326, $2.25.....Putnam

ANDREWS, C. M.—The Historical Development of Modern Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time. Part I. 1815-1850. 8vo, pp. viii–457, $2.50.....Putnam

ANDREWS, E. B.—The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, 1870-1895. 2 vols., pp. xiv–409, $6.00...Scribner

AUBREY, W. H. S.—The Rise and Growth of the English Nation. With Special Reference to Epochs and Crises. 3 vols., 12mo, pp. xxxii–448; xx–512; xvi–491, $4.50. *Appleton*

BIGELOW, POULTNEY.—History of the German Struggle for Liberty. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xviii–250; viii–263, $5.00.....Harper

BOISSIER, GASTON.—The Country of Horace and Virgil. Translated by D. Havelock Fisher. 8vo, pp. xii–346, $2.00.....Putnam

BROOKS, E. S.—The Century Book of Famous Americans: The Story of a Young People's Pilgrimage to Historic Homes. 4to, pp. xii–254, $1.50.....Century Co.

CARTWRIGHT, JULIA.—Jean Francois Millet, his Life and Letters. 8vo, pp. viii–396, $5.00. Macmillan

CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, H. C.—The Land of the Castanet: Spanish Sketches. 16mo, pp. 255, $1.25.....Stone

EARLE, ALICE MORSE.—Colonial Days in Old New York. 12mo, pp. x–312, $1.25.Scribner

FISKE, JOHN.—The American Revolution. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xxxviii–351; xxiv–321, $8.00. Houghton, M.

GRIMM, HERMAN.—Life of Michael Angelo. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett. 2 vols., 8vo, xiv–558; viii–536, $6.00.Little, B.

HASWELL, C. H.—Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816 to 1860). 8vo, pp. xiv–581, $3.00.....Harper

HAWEIS, Rev. H. R.—My Musical Life. Thick 12mo, pp. xxviii–673.....Longmans, G.

HUME, M. A. S.—The Year After the Armada. 8vo, pp. xii–388, $3.00.....Macmillan

KIRKLAND, ELIZABETH, S.—A Short History of Italy from 476 A. D. to 1878 A. D. 12mo, pp. 486, $1.25.....McClurg

Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors. 16mo, pp. viii–388, $1.75 Putnam

LONERGAN, W. F.—Historic Churches of Paris. 8vo, pp. xvi–216, $4.50.....Whittaker

LOTHROP, THORNTON KIRKLAND.—William Henry Seward. 12mo, pp. vi–446, $1.25. Houghton, M.

LYSONS, Sir DAN.—Early Reminiscences. 8vo, pp. 246, $3.60.....Scribner

MACDONNELL, JOHN COTTER.—The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Peterborough. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. viii–296; vi–320, $7.50.....Whittaker

Modern French Masters. A Series of Biographical and Critical Reviews by American Artists. Edited by John C. Van Dyke. 8vo, xvi–262, $10.00.....Century Co.

NYE, EDGAR W.—Bill Nye's History of England from the Druids to the Reign of Henry VIII. 8vo, pp. 213, $1.25.....Lippincott

PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART.—Chapters from a Life. 12mo, pp. vi–278, $1.50.Houghton, M.

ROCHEFORT, HENRI.—The Adventures of My Life. Arranged for English Readers by the Author and Ernest W. Smith. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. x–438; iv–428, $7.50.....Arnold

ROWAN, A. S., and RAMSEY, M. M.—The Island of Cuba: a Descriptive and Historical Account of the "Great Antilla." 16mo, pp. x–279, $1.25.....Holt

RUSSELL, R. H.—The Edge of the Orient. Square 12mo, pp. xvi–288, $2.00...Scribner

SALAMON, Mgr. de.—Unpublished Memoirs of the Internuncio at Paris During the Revolution, 1790-1801. 8vo, pp. xlvi–337, $2.00. Little, B.

STOCKTON, F. R.—New Jersey from the Discovery of Scheyichbi to Recent Times. Large 12mo, pp. 254, $1.50.....Appleton

THATCHER, O. J., and SCHWILL, F.—Europe in the Middle Age. 8vo, pp. xiv–681, $2.00. Scribner

THOREAU, H. D.—Cape Cod. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. viii–173; vi–208, $5.00....Houghton, M.

TYTLER, SARAH.—Tudor Queens and Princesses. 12mo, pp. vi–418, $150.....Whittaker

SCIENCE AND ART.

BAILEY, L. H.—The Survival of the Unlike: a Collection of Evolution Essays Suggested by the Study of Domestic Plants. 12mo, pp. 515, $2.00.....Macmillan

BURROUGHS, JOHN.—A Year in the Fields: Selections from the Writings of John Burroughs. 12mo, pp. x–220, $1.50. Houghton, M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONAVIA, E.—Studies in the Evolution of Animals. Square 8vo, pp. xxxiv–362, $6.00. Longmas, G.

CRAMER, F.—The Method of Darwin: a Study in Scientific Method. 16mo, pp. 232, $1.00. McClurg

FORD, NELLIE WALTON.—Nature's Byways: Natural Science for Primary Pupils. 12mo, pp. x–118, 40 cents.....Morse

GIBSON, C. D.—Pictures of People. Oblong folio, $5.00.....Russell

LANG, A.—The Animal Story Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. 16mo, pp. xiv–400, $2.00. Longmans, G.

MARQUAND, A., and FROTHINGHAM, A. L., Jr.—A Textbook of the History of Sculpture. 12mo, pp. xx–293, $1.50.....Longmans, G.

MERRIAM, FLORENCE, A.—A-birding on a Bronco, 16mo, pp. x–227, $1.25..Houghton, M.

NUTTALL, T.—A Popular Handbook of the Ornithology of Eastern North America. Second Revised and Annotated Edition, by Montague Chamberlain. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. lvi–473, xii–431, $7.50 *net*.....Little, B.

SMITH, J. B.—Economic Entomology for the Farmer and Fruit-Grower, and for Use as a Text-Book in Agricultural Schools. 8vo, pp. 481, $2.50.....Lippincott

STURGIS, RUSSELL.—European Architecture: a Historical Study. 8vo, pp. xxviii–578, $4.00. Macmillan

THOMPSON, ERNEST E.—Studies in the Art Anatomy of Animals. Folio, pp. xii–96, $10.00 *net*.....Macmillan

WIGGIN, KATE D., and SMITH, NORA A.—Kindergarten Principles and Practice. 16mo, pp. vi–205, $1.00.....Houghton, M.

WOGLOM, G. T.—Parakites: a Treatise on the Making and Flying of Tailless Kites for Scientific Purposes and for Recreation. 4to, xvi–91, $1.75.....Putnam

MISCELLANEOUS.

About Children: What Men and Women have Said. Chosen and Arranged by Rose Porter. 16mo, pp. iv–221, $1.00.....Putnam

Angling. By Leroy M. Yale, J. G. A. Creighton, and Others. 12mo, pp. xii–305, $1.50. Scribner

BAIN, JOHN, Jr.—Tobacco in Song and Story. 18mo, pp. 126, 75 cents.....Gray

BINET, A.—Alterations of Personality. Translated by Helen Green Baldwin. 12mo, pp. xii–356, $1.50.....Appleton

Briefs for Debate on Current Political, Economic, and Social Topics. Edited by W. Du Bois Brookings, and Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. 12mo, pp. xlix–213, $1.25. Longmans, G.

CAMP, W., and DELAND, LORIN F.—Football. Large 12mo, xxviii–425, $2.00.Houghton, M.

Concerning Friendship: a Year-Book. Compiled by Eliza Atkins Stone. 16mo, pp. viii–209, $1.00.....Putnam

COWLES, J. L.—A General Freight and Passenger Post: a Practical Solution of the Railroad Problem. 12mo, pp. xiv–155, 75 cents.....Putnam

DOBSON, AUSTIN.—Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Third Series. 12mo, pp. xvi–362, $2.00.....Dodd, M.

DRAGE, GEOFFREY.—The Labour Problem. 8vo, pp. 424, $5.60.....Scribner

Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1897. Pictures and Stories for Little Folks. Edited by Robert Ellis Mack and Alfred J. Fuller. 4to, boards $1.25.....Dutton

FIELDS, ANNIE.—Authors and Friends. 12mo, pp. viii–355, $1.50.....Houghton, M.

HARLAND, MARION, and HERRICK, CHRISTINE TERHUNE.—The National Cook Book. 12mo, pp. viii–550, $1.50.....Scribner

HAWEIS, Rev. H. R.—Music and Morals. Thick 12mo, pp. xiv–556, $2.50. Longmans, G.

HILL, G. B.—Talks About Autographs. 8vo. pp. vi–191, $3.50.....Houghton, M.

HOLDEN, FLORENCE P.—Audiences: a Few Suggestions to Those who Look and Listen. 16mo, pp. 221, $1.25.....McClurg

HOWELLS, W. D.—Impressions and Experiences. 12mo, pp. iv–281, $1.50.....Harper

HUGO, VICTOR.—The Letters of, to His Family, to Saint-Beuve and Others. Edited by Paul Meurice. 8vo, pp. vi–277, $3.00. Houghton, M.

INGERSOLL, JUSTINE.—My Salad Days. 8vo, pp. 40, paper 50 cents.....Judd

KING, PAULINE.—Paper Doll Poems. Oblong 8vo, pp. 66, 75 cents.....Century Co.

LEMCKE, GESINE.—Chafing-Dish Recipes. 8vo, pp. viii–82, 75 cents.....Appleton

LEWIS, W. H.—A Primer of College Football. 16mo, pp. x–205, paper 75 cents.....Harper

LIVINGSTON, L. S.—American Book Prices Current for 1896. 8vo, pp. xiv–518, $6.00 *net*. Dodd, M.

MATTHEWS, B.—Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism. 12mo, pp. iv–234, $1.50.....Harper

More Nonsense for the Same Bodies as Before. Written and Illustrated by A. Nobody. 8vo, $1.00.....Young

NEWELL, P. S.—A Shadow Show. Oblong 8vo, pp. xvi–72, $1.00.....Century Co.

NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON.—When Worst Comes to the Worst. 16mo, pp. 64, 50 cents. Dodd, M.

PARRY, C. H. H.—The Evolution of the Art of Music. 12mo, pp. x–342, $1.75...Appleton

SHALER, N. S.—American Highways: a Popular Account of their Conditions and of the Means by which they are Bettered. 12mo, pp. xvi–293, $1.50.....Century Co.

SMITH, THOS., Esq.—The Life of a Fox, Written by Himself, and Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman. A New Edition. 8vo, pp. xvi–304, $4.00.....Arnold

STREATFIELD, R. A.—The Opera: a Sketch of the Development of Opera. With full Descriptions of every Work in the Modern Repertory. 8vo, pp. xx–336, $2.00..Lippincott

STUART, RUTH MCENERY, and PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW.—Gobolinks; or, Shadow Pictures for Young and Old. Oblong 8vo, pp. xvi–73, $1.00.....Century Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPTON, BERTHA. — Golliwogg's Bicycle Club, The. Pictures by Florence K. Upton. Oblong 8vo, pp. 63, $2.00 .....Longmans, G.

WATSON, E. H. LACON.—Unconscious Humorist, and Other Essays. 12mo, pp. viii-244, $1.50.....Richmond

WHITNEY, Mrs. A. D. T.—Friendly Letters to Girl Friends. 16mo, pp. vi-243, $1.25. Houghton, M.

WILSON, WOODROW.—Mere Literature and Other Essays. 12mo, pp. vi-247, $1.50. Houghton, M.

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARNOLD, T. W.—The Preaching of Islam. 12/-. Constable

Christ, the Redeemer. Extracts from Herrick, Herbert, and Ken. 5/6.....Hardy

HOWATT, Rev. J. R.—The Children's Preacher. 6/-.....Nisbet

HOWATT, Rev. J. R.—Jesus, the Poet. Brief Readings on His Metaphors and Similes. 6/-.....Stock

HUNT, Rev. J.—Religious Thought in England in the 19th Century. 10/6.....Gibbings

Lay Preacher's Guide. With Preface by Sir G. Williams. 3/6.....Passmore

MACKAY, Rev. J. — Jonathan, the Friend of David. 3/6.....Bliss

Method of St. Sulpice for the Oranizing of Catechisms. 5/-.....Griffiths

Pistio Sophia. 7/6 *net*...Theosophical Pub. Co.

REICHEL, O. J.—Church Discipline. 12/-. Hodges

RIVINGTON, Rev. L.—Rome and England. 3/6. Burns & O.

ROBERTSON, G. C.—Elements of Psychology. 3/6.....Murray

ROBERTSON, G. C.—Elements of General Philosophy. 3/6.....Murray

SINCLAIR, W. M.—Simplicity in Christ's Sermons. 3/6.....Constable

SURR, E.—The King of Love. 3/-....Houlston

WHYTE, A.—Bible Characters: Adam to Achan. 3/6.....Oliphant

FICTION.

ALLEN, G.—A Splendid Sin. 6/-....Ward & D.

ARMSTRONG, F.—A Girl's Loyalty. 5/-..Blackie

BALFOUR, M. C.—Mans Stella. 3/6 *net*...Lane

BEALBY, J. T.—A Daughter of the Fen. 6/-. Chatto

BLISSETT N. K.—The Wisdom of the Simple. 6/-.....Innes

BRADDON, Miss.—London Pride. 6/-..Simpkin

BULLER. H. F.—Where Two Tides Meet. 2 vols., 12/-.....Hurst

CHALMERS, C.—The Inseparables. 2/6..Digby

CHARRINGTON, C.—A Sturdy Beggar. 3/6. Constable

CLAVERING, V.—Sin for a Season: 6/-...Hurst

CROMPTON, F. E.—The Green Garland. 2/6 *net*. Unwin

DAUDET, M. E.—Rafael. 6/-.....Low

DICKENS, M. A.—Some Women's Ways. 3/6. Jarrold

EVERETT-GREEN, E. — The Sign of the Red Cross. 3/6.....Nelson

Fifty-two Stories of Pluck and Peril for Boys, by Henty and Others. 5/-.....Hutchinson

FITZGERALD, S. J. A.—The Zankiwank and the Bletherwitch. 3/6 *net*.....Dent

GERRARE, W.—The Men of Harlech. 6/-. Ward & D.

GRAY, E.—Belfield: a Novel. 3/6..Skeffington

GRAVES, C.—A Well-Meaning Woman. 6/-. Hutchinson

GREEN, Mrs. C. E.— The Mother's Three Friends. 3/6.....Philip

GRIER, S. C.—An Uncrowned King. 6/-. Blackwood

HUTCHINSON. J. R.—Way down East. 3/6. Ward & Co.

JENKINSON, A.—God's Winepress. 3/6..Warne

KING, Capt. C. — Trooper Ross and Signal Butte. 6/-.....Lippincott

LANGLEY, H.—The Tides Ebb out to the Night. 6/-.....Henry

LEGH, M. H. C.—How Dick and Molly saw England. 5/-.....Arnold

LYNTON, E. L.—Dulcie Everton. 2 vols., 10/- *net*.....Chatto

MACLEOD, F.—Green Fire. 6/-.....Constable

MACDONALD, Rev. J. M.—The Baba Log: a Tale of Child Life of India. 3/6.....Nutt

MACDONALD, N. A.—For Stark Love and Kindness. 6/-.....Oliphant

MARRRYAT, F.—The Dream that Stayed. 6/-. Hutchinson

MEADE, L. T., and HALIFAX, C.—Dr. Rumsey's Patient. 3/6.....Chatto

METCALFE, W. C.—On the Face of the Deep. 3/6.....Jarrold

MONGAN, R.—True Stories of Adventure. 3/6. Dean

MUDDOCK, J. E.—Young Lochinvar: a Tale. 3/6.....Chatto

NICHOLSON, C.—Ugly Idol. 3/6.....Lane

OMOND, G. W. T.—The Story of Maurice Lestrange. 6/-.....Black

PARKER, Mrs. K. L.—Australian Legendary Tales. Introduction by A. Lang. 3/6.Nutt

PARRY, E. A.—Butterscotia; or, a Cheap Trip to Fairyland. 6/-.....Nutt

PEASE, H.—The White-Faced Priest, and Other Northumbrian Episodes. 6/-.....Gay & B.

PICKERING, E.—King for a Summer. 5/-. Hutchinson

RAIMOND, C. E.—Below the Salt. 6/-. Heinemann

REYNOLDS, Mrs. F. — A Tangled Garden: a Novel. 6/-.....Hutchinson

ROE, Mrs. H.—The Romance of Mrs. Wodehouse. 6/-.....Hutchinson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROKEBY, C.—Dorcas Hobday. 6/-..Longmans
ROSS, R.—The Spirit of Storm. 6/-...Methuen
RUSSELL, F.—The First Cruise of Three Midies. 3/6.....Gardner
RUSSELL, W. C.—What Cheer? 6/-.....Cassell
SCOTT, M. C.—Benjamin's Sack. 2/6.Ward & L.
STABLES, G.—The Pearl Divers and Crusoes of the Sargasso. 5/-..... Nisbet
STREDDER, E.—The Hermit Princes. 2/6.Nelson
SWAN, M. S.—A Neglected Privilege: the Story of a Modern Woman. 3/6..Ward & L.
WHITE, R.—The Changeling of Brandlesone. 6/-.....Innes
WHISHAW, F.—The Emperor's Englishman. 5/-.....Hutchinson
WHITING, L.—The World Beautiful. 3/6. Gay & B.
WICKHAM, A. E.—Fortune's Fingers. 6/-. Hutchinson
WIDDINGTON, G.—Lady Levallion. 5/-..Henry

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

CASE, R. H.—English Epithalamies. 5/-..Lane
COUTTS, F. B. M.—Poems. 3/6 *net*.....Lane
Greek Lyric Poets. Selected and Translated by F. Brooks. 3/6.....Nutt
Lays of the Bards: (1) The Holy Isle. 2/6. Leadenhall Press
LUCAS, W.—Units. 3/6.....Lane
OWEN, J. L.—Piccadily Poems. 3/6. Roxburghe Press
PIGOTT, M. T.—Songs of a Session. 2/6 *net*. Innes
RAMAKRISHNA, T.—Tales of the Ind, and Other Poems. 3/6 *net*..... ..Unwin
SOLLY, H.—Herod the Great: an Historic Drama. 6/- *net*.....Paul
WINSER, L.—Lays and Legends of the Weald of Kent. 5/-.....Mathews

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ABRAHAMS, I.—Jewish Life in the Middle Ages. 7/6 *net*.....Macmillan
ALLCROFT, A. H.—The Making of Athens: a History of Greece. 405-431 B.C. 4/6.Clive
ALLCROFT, A. H., and MASOM, W. F.—Early Grecian History. 6/6.....Clive
Armenia and the Armenians. By an Old Indian. 5/-.....Stock
BLISS, Rev. E. M.—Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities. 10/6.....Unwin
BUTLER, J. E.—Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade. 7/6.....Marshall
BUTLER, D. S.—Life and Letters, 2 vols., 24/-. Murray
Digby, Sir. K., Life of. By One of his Descendants. 16/-.....Longmans
Gordon, A. J.—A Biography, by E. B. Gordon, 6/-.....Hodder
HARRIS, W. B.—From Batum to Baghdad. 12/-. Blackwood
HARPER, M. M.—Rambles in Galloway. 6/-. *net*.....Unwin
HERBERT, W. V.—Chronicles of a Virgin Fortress: some Unrecorded Chapters of Turkish and Bulgarian History. 16/-...Osgood
KENNEDY, W. S.—Reminiscences of Walt Whitman. 4/6.....Gardner
MACDONNELL, J. C.—The Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Magee, 2 vols..Isbister
MOLTKE, COUNT.—Letters to his Wife and Other Relatives. Translated by J. R. McIlraith. 2 Portraits, 2 vols., 30/-.....Paul
PAWLE, F. D.—A Flying Visit to the American Continent. 2/6.....Cox
SKELTON, J.—Second Series of Table Talk. 2 vols., 10/- *net*.....Blackwood
TAYLOR, T. E.—Running the Blockade: Adventures during the American Civil War. 7/6.....Murray
WELLS, J. A.—A Short History of Rome to the Death of Augustus. 3/6 .....Methuen
WHIBLEY, C.—A Book of Scoundrels. 7/6. Heinemann

SCIENCE, ART, ETC.

AFLALO, F. G.—A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia. 6/-.....Macmillan
BUDGE, E. A. W.—An Egyptian Reading-Book for Beginners. 15/- *net*.....Paul
BUTLER, A. G.—Foreign Finches in Captivity. 126/- *net*.....Reeve
COCHRANE, C. H.—The Wonders of Modern Mechanism. 7/6.....Lippincott
CUMMING, L.—Mechanics for Beginners. 3/- *net*.....Rivington
EWART, W.—Gout and Goutiness and their Treatment. 12/6. .....Bailliere
GARNER, R. L.—Gorillas and Chimpanzees. 12/6.....Osgood
GREENE, Dr. W. T.—Feathered Friends, Old and New. 5/-. .....Gill
HARTLAND, E. S.—The Legend of Perseus. Vol. III., 7/6 *net*.....Nutt
HIRSCH, Dr. W.—Genius and Degeneration. 17/- *net*..... .....Heinemann
JOYCE, S.—Examples in Electrical Engineering. 5/-.....Longmans
LE BLANC, M.—The Elements of Electro-Chemistry. 6/-.....Macmillan
NORTH, W.—Roman Fever. 25/-.....Low
PEARMAIN, T. H., and MOOR, C. G.—Applied Bacteriology. 12/6 *net*.....Bailliere
RUSSELL, M.—Mount Lyell Mines, Tasmania. With Views and Maps. 21/- .....Wilson
SMITH, A.—Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms. Delivered in 1763. Edited by Cannan. 10/6 *net*..... ..Frowde
WEBSTER, J. C.—Practical and Operative Gynæcology. 7/6.....Pentland

MISCELLANEOUS.

BERTRAM, C.—Isn't it Wonderful?: a History of Magic and Mystery. 7/6.....Nutt
BUSS, F. M.—Leaves from the Note-Books of. Edited by G. Toplis. 2/6 *net*....Macmillan
Civilization of our Day. Essays by Expert Writers. Edited by J. Samuelson. 15/-.Low
CRACKANTHORPE, H.—Vignettes. 2/6 *net*..Lane
DAWSON, J.—The Light that Came, and Other Dreamings. 2/6 *net*.....Unicorn Press
FAWCETT, A.—A Practical Manual of Building Societies. 15/-.....Whittingham

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORMBY, Rev. C. W.—Education and Modern Secularism. 3/-.....Longmans

KEENE, J. H.—The Mystery of Handwriting. 10/-..... Gay & B.

MILLER, J. R.—Things to Live For. 3/6. Hodder

RILEY, J. W.—A Child-Worker. 5/-. Longmans

PARKER, Rev. JOSEPH. — Might Have Been. 6/-.....Chatto

TOYNBEE, E.—True Stories from Scottish History. 2/6.....Griffith

VEITCH, J.—Border Essays. 4/6 *net*..Blackwood

CONTINENTAL.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

BAUMGARTNER, M.—Die Philosophie des Alanus de Insulis. 5 M.

BEYSCHLAG, W.—Aus meinim Leben 7 M. 50 Pf.

DESDOUITS, T.—La Responsabilité Morale. 4 fr.

GOETZ, K. G. — Das Christentum Cyprians. 3 M. 60 Pf.

LIBOWITZ, N. S.—Rabbi Jehudah Arieh Modena (1571–1648). 4 M.

POGGEL, H.—Der zweite und dritte Brief des Apostels Johannes. 4 M. 50 Pf.

SCHWARTZKOPFF, P.—Die Gottesoffenbarung in Jesu Christo. 4 M. 50 Pf.

TRIAC, J. DE.—Guerre et Christianisme. 3 fr.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BEAUCHET, L.—Histoire du Droit Privé de la République Athénienne. 4 vols.. 36 fr.

CAHU, T.—Le Soldat Francais à travers l'Histoire. 3 fr. 50 c.

COMBES, P.—L'Abyssinie en 1896. 3 fr. 50 c.

DAUDET, E.—Histoire Diplomatique de l'Alliance Franco-Russe. 7 fr. 50 c.

HUGO, V.—Correspondance, 1815–1835. 7 fr. 50 c.

Kobeko. La Jeunesse d'un Tsar. 3 fr. 50 c.

Tsar Le, et la Tsarine en France. 10 fr.

SCIENCE AND ART.

BLOCK, M.—Annuaire de l'Économie Politique (1896). 9 fr.

BLOCK, M. — Petit Dictionnaire Politique et Social. 16 fr.

CAMENA, D'ALMEIDA P., et DE JONGH, F.—L'Armée Russe. 40 fr.

FURTWÄNGLER, A.—Intermezzi, kunstgeschichtliche Studien, 12 M.

MÉLIOT, M. A.—Dictionnaire Explicatif de Finance, de Bourse. 6 fr.

NELHAC, P. DE, et PERATÉ, A.—Le Musée National de Versailles. 6 fr.

SCHMIDT, R.—Der Textus Ornatior der Cukasaptati. 4 M.

SCHWARTZ, E.—Fünf Vorträge über den Greichischen Roman. 3 M.

SÉBASTIAN, V.—Les Vins de Luxe. 5 fr. 50 c.

WÜLKER, R.—Geschichte der englischen Litteratur. 16 M.

POETRY.

ALBERGE, E.—Comédies Poésies. 5 fr.

DOUMIC, R.—Essais sur la Théâtre Contemporain. 3 fr. 50 c.

LEMAÎTRE, J.—Impressions de Théâtre. 3 fr. 50 c.

MAETERLINCK, M. — Aglavaine et Selysette, Drame en cinq Actes. 3 fr. 50 c.

OLLIVIER, P.—Cent Poètes. 3 fr 50 c.

VERHAEREN, É.—Poèmes. 3 fr. 50 c.

VILLON, F.—Les Ballades. 76 fr.

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS.

AUZIAS-TURENNE.—Cow-boy. 3 fr. 50 c.

BARGÈNE, J.—Pour un Baiser. 3 fr. 50 c.

BEAUME, G.—Rosière et Moi. 3 fr. 50 c.

BENTZON, TH.—Un Divorce. 3 fr 50 c,

BRUNO, C.—Madame Florent. 2 fr. 50 c.

BURGGRAF, J.—Schiller's Frauengestalten. 5 M.

CARRAGUEL, J.—La Raison Passionnée. 3 fr. 50 c.

COPPÉE, F.—Le Coupable. 3 fr. 50 c.

DECOURCELLE, P.—La Buveuse de Larmes, 3 fr. 50 c.

DELTHIL, C.—Lucile Chabanau. 3 fr. 50 c.

DU CAMPFRANC, M.—L'Idole du Baron Thausas. 3 fr.

DUMUR, L.—Pauline. 3 fr. 50 c.

FLORAN, M.—De Mariage de Clément. 3 fr. 50 c.

GAVILLOT, A.—L'Angleterre épuise l'Egypte. 4 fr.

HOPPIN, J. C.—Euthymides. 5 M.

LOUYS, P.—Aphrodite. 3 fr. 50 c.

MACRAMEY.—Amours de Sable. 3 fr. 50 c.

MAËL, P.—Le Drame de Rosmeur. 3 fr. 50 c.

MAISONNOEUVE, H.—Les Petites Vattier. 3 fr. 50 c.

MALOT, H.—Le Roman de mes Romans. 3 fr. 50 c.

Mars. La Vie d'Ostende. 10 fr.

MARTRIN-DONAS, CH. DE.—Légendes et Contes de Provence. 3 fr. 50 c.

MEUNIER, Madam S. Pour le Bonheur. 3 fr. 50 c.

MOTÉPIN, X. DE.—La Joueuse d'Orgue, 2 vols. 6 fr.

MORCEAU, H.—Petits Contes à ma Soeur. 60 fr.

MOUTON, M.—Chair de Dieu. 3 fr. 50 c.

NODIER, C.—La Neuvaine de la Chandoleur. 2 fr. 50 c.

PARDIELLAN, P. DE.—La Vie Militaire en Russie. Illustrated. 3 fr. 50 c.

PERT, C.—Le Frère. 3 fr. 50 c.

RABUSSON, H.—Vaine Rencontre. 3 fr. 50 c.

REEMAKER, M.—N'Importe. 3 fr. 50 c.

ROBIDA, A.—Le Cœur de Paris. 25 fr.

ROCHEL, C.—Rasta. 3 fr. 50 c.

ROË, A.—Papa Félix. 3 fr.

SALES, P.—Fille de Prince. 3 fr. 50 c.

SCHWOB, M.—Spicilège. 3 fr. 50 c.

STOURM, R.—Le Budget. 10 fr.

UZANNE, O.—Voyage autour de sa Chambre. 125 fr.

VIRENQUE, G.—L'Album d'un Saint-Cyrien. 6 fr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED